TRAVELS IN EUROPE AND THE HOLY LAND.

VETROMILE.

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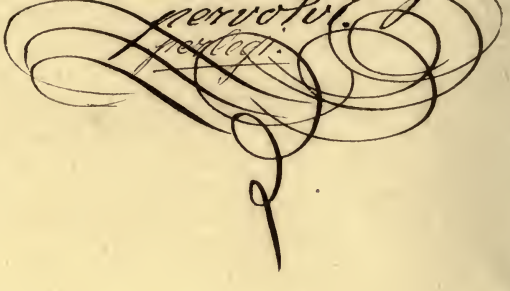

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TRAVELS

IN

EUROPE, EGYPT, ARABIA PETRÆA, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

BY THE

REV. EUGENE VETROMILE, D.D.,

APOSTOLIC MISSIONARY,

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY; MEMBER OF THE NEW-ENGLAND HISTORIC-GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY; OF THE NUMISMATIC ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.; OF THE YORK INSTITUTE, ETC., ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK:

D. & J. SADLIER & CO., 31 BARCLAY STREET.

MONTREAL:—COR. NOTRE DAME & ST. FRANCIS XAVIER STS.

1871.

LOAN STACK

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TO

HIS MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND MOST REVEREND EMINENCE, THE LORD

ALEXANDER BARNABÒ,

CARDINAL OF THE ORDER OF PRIESTS OF THE SACRED COLLEGE,

PREFECT OF THE CONGREGATION

DE

PROPAGANDA FIDE,

WHICH IS

SO SUCCESSFULLY EXTENDED BY HIS EMINENT VIRTUES INTO THE MOST DISTANT REGIONS OF THE EARTH,

This Book,

AS A TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP AND ESTEEM,

IS

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

ONE OF HIS MISSIONARIES,

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INDEX TO VOL. I.

CHAPTER I.

CROSSING THE OCEAN.

Departure from Maine, 17; Canada, 18; Quebec, 18; Hon. D'Arcy McGee, 19; Canadians, 19; St. Lawrence, 22: Gulf of St. Lawrence, 23; Anticosti, 27; Steamer *North American* aground, 27; Newfoundland, 29; Labrador, 29; Icebergs, 29; Straits of Belle Isle, 31; Belle Isle, 31; Ocean, 32; Sighting the Coast of Ireland, 32; Lough Foyle, 34; Tender to Londonderry, 34; Giant's Causeway, 35; Isle of Man, 36; Landing at Liverpool, 37.

CHAPTER II.

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

Liverpool, 38; The Great Eastern, 39; Railways in England, 40; Bolton, 41; Canon Carter, 43; Manchester, 44; York, 45; Cathedral, 46; Scotland, 48; Berwick, 48; Edinburgh, 49; Loss of my baggage, 49; Edinburgh Castle, 50; Calton Hill, 51; Palace and Abbey of Holyrood, 51; Mary Stewart, 52; Rizzio, 53; John Knox, 54; Execution of Mary, 55; Sir Walter Scott, 56; Glasgow, 57; The Venerable Bishop of Glasgow, 57; The Clyde, 58; Ireland, 59; Belfast, 59; Downpatrick, 63; St. Patrick's Grave, 63; Armagh, 64; Dublin, 66; Galway, 67; Killarney, 67; Cork, 68; England again, 69; Wales, 70; Bristol, 71; London, 72; St. Paul's, 74; Westminster, 77; Tower of London, 79.

CHAPTER III.

FRANCE.

Departure from England, 82; Steamer between New Haven and Dieppe, 82; France, 82; Dieppe, 83; Normandy, 84; Rouen, 85;

Nantes, 86; Paris, 86; Church of St. Sulpice, 88; Application to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith to assist the Indian Missions of the Etchemin Tribes, 89; Father Nycolin, 93; The Exhibition, 97; Notre Dame, 100; The Louvre and Tuileries, 101; Hotel des Invalides, 103; La Madeleine, 104.

CHAPTER IV.

BELGIUM, HOLLAND, PRUSSIA.

Departure from France, 106; Compiègne, 106; Cambray, 106; Belgium, 107; Brussels, 108; Cathedral, 109; Antwerp, 110; Cathedral, 110; Holland, 111; Dutch Custom House, 111; The Scheldt, 115; Dutch manners, 115; Rotterdam, 118; The Hague, 119; Leyden, 120; Haarlem, 121; Amsterdam, 121; Utrecht, 123; Prussia, 123; Berg and Cleves, 123; Düsseldorf, 124; Cologne, 125; Cathedral, 125; St. Ursula and Companions, 126.

CHAPTER V.

ASCENT OF THE RHINE.

Ascent of the Rhine, 129; The Siebengebirge, 129; Bonn, 130; The Drachenfels, 131; The Weissenthurm, 132; Coblentz, 133; Germany, 133; Nassau, 134; Wiesbaden, 134; St. Goarhausen, 135; Altar of Bacchus, 136; Bishop Hatto, 137; An American family, 137; Mayence, 138; Frankfort, 139; Œcumenical Council rejected by the Pope, 140; Worms, 141; Mannheim, 141; Baden, 142; Heidelberg, 142; Carlsruhe, 143; Baden-Baden, 143; Strasbourg Cathedral, 143; Astronomical Clock, 145.

CHAPTER VI.

SWITZERLAND.

Departure for Switzerland, 148; Bâle, 149; Erasmus, 149; Œcumenical Council of Bâle ending in a Conciliabulum, 150; Insolence of those Bishops, 150; Their Acts rejected by the Pope, 151; Supremacy of the Pope, 151; Eugene IV. orders the Council to be transferred to Ferrara, 155; Constance, 156; Œcumenical Council of Constance rejected by the Pope, except a few Sessions, 157; Shaffhausen, 157; Berne, 157; Freiburg, 158; The Organ, 158; Lausanne, 161; Lake Leman, 161; Geneva, 162; Mont Blanc, 163; Cathedral, 165; Departure for Ouchy, 166; Martigny, 167; Ascent of the Great St. Bernard, 171; Hospice, 173; Dogs, 180.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ALPS.

Descent from the Great St. Bernard, 184; Sion, 184; Valley of the Rhone, 185; Mont Rosa, 185; Ascent of the Alps by the Simplon, 186; Hospice at the Simplon Pass, 188; Descent from the Simplon, 189; Italian frontier, 189; Italy, 190; Domo D'Ossola, 190; Procession, 190; Lago Maggiore, 191; Borromean Islands, 193; St. Charles Borromeo, 195; Alessandria, 196; Genoa, 196; Neyve, 196; A Leaf from the Note-Book of a Missionary, 198.

CHAPTER VIII.

ITALY.

Turin, 207; Cathedral, 208; Sanctuary of La Superga, 209; Novara, 209; Milan, 210; Cathedral, 211; Body of St. Charles Borromeo, 212; St. Ambrose and his Church, 212; Œcumenical Council rejected by the Pope, 213; Magenta, 214; Piacenza, 215; Parma, 215; Bologna, 216; Pistoja, 217; Lucca, 218; Pisa, 219; Cathedral, 219; Galileo, 220; Baptistery, 221; Campo Santo, 221; Leaning Tower, 221; Œcumenical Council rejected by the Pope, 223; Leghorn, 224; Protestant Meeting-House in Leghorn, 224.

CHAPTER IX.

FLORENCE AND NAPLES.

Arrival at Florence, 226; Duomo, 227; Bell-Tower, 227; Pitti Palace, etc., 229; Departure for Rome, 229; Foligno, 230; Narni, 230; Cholera in Rome, 230; Departure for Naples, 231; Ceprano, 231; Capua, 231; Caserta, 232; Naples, 232; Arrival at Giugliano, 232; Meeting with my Uncle, D. Luigi Vetromile, 233; Giugliano, 234; Naples again, 235; Departure, 235; Benevento, 237; Hesperia, 238.

CHAPTER X.

APULIA.

Crossing the Apennines, 239; Ariano, 240; Bovino, 240, Foggia, 241; Apulia or Japygia, 241; Daunus and Dauni, 241; Mount Garganus, 242; St. Michael, Archangel, 243; Barese or Paucetians, 243; Canne, 243; Venosa, native country of Horace, 244; Basilicata or Lucania, 244; Bari, 245; Sanctuary and Body of St. Nicholas, 245; Council of Bari, 245; Description of the People of this part.

of Apulia, by Fénelon, 249; Leccese or Messapia, 247; Brindisi, 248; Meeting with my Brother, 251; Lecce, 252; Salentum, 252; Departure for Gallipolis, 253; Meeting with my other Brother, etc., 253; Reception at Gallipolis, 254; The City, 256; Phalantus, 257; Customs of the People, 259; Departure, 266; Failure to create a sensation to having Rome for the Capital, 267; The Apennines again, 269; Monteforte, 269; Custom House in Naples, 270; Naples again, and meeting with my Uncle, 272.

CHAPTER XI.

NAPLES.

Naples, 274; Manners of the Neapolitans, 277; Lazzaroni, 279; St. Francis de Paula, 280; The Gesù, 280; St. Chiara, 281; Miracle of the Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius, 280; Portici, 282; Pompeii, 283; Salerno, 285; Pæstum, 286; La Cava, 287; Herculaneum, 287; Resina, 289; Royal Palace at Naples, 290; Catacombs, 290; Cathedral, 291; Campo Santo, 291; All Souls' Day, 291; Vesuvius, 294; Sailing for Civita Vecchia, 297; Entrance to Rome, 298.

CHAPTER XII.

ROME—RETURN TO NAPLES.

Rome, 300; St. Peter's, 302; Cardinal Barnabò, 305; Scala Santa, 306; St. John Lateran, 306; St. Maria Maggiore, 307; Audience with the Pope, 307; Pius IX., 308; King of Naples, 309; Rev. Christian Kauder, 317; Return to Naples, 319; Pozzuoli, 319; Amphitheatre, 319; Cumæ, 320; Acherusia, 321; Averno, 322; Grotto of the Sybil, 322; Baths of Nero, 223; Miseno, 323; Baiæ, 324; Return to Naples, 325.

CHAPTER XIII.

ITALY AND THE ITALIANS.

Manners of the People, 329.

PREFACE.

THE appearance of a book of travels in the present state of the world, in which the most distant parts are brought comparatively close together by the application of steam and electricity, and continually visited by numerous travelers, is somewhat hazardous; and the reflection that this subject has been so brilliantly handled by many writers of eminence, seems to call for some explanation of the motives by which I was actuated in penning these pages.

It has repeatedly been observed that the Catholics of this country are fond of reading, and of becoming acquainted with the manners and customs of other nations, but that they have no books of travel other than those written by Protestant tourists, who frequently misrepresent, perhaps unintentionally, the real customs of Catholic countries, and sneer at the practices, manners, religion, etc., of Catholic nations. Their narratives entirely suppress or barely mention the beauty, progress, civilization, and philanthropy which the Catholic religion develops, and the good which it operates throughout the world. The preëminence which Catholic nations hold over Protestant and heathen countries is entirely over-

looked by them ; and they even fail to notice that the best monuments of art and science, now existing in Protestant lands, owe their origin, or existence, to the influence of the Catholic religion in the days previous to the apostacy of those countries from that faith.

With regard to visitors to the East, who have been of late very numerous, the less they say concerning the sacred places of the Holy Land, the greater service they will render to the cause of knowledge and religion. Tourists to the East have lately assumed a certain air of skepticism and intelligent contempt ; they know and think little of monuments erected by the piety and zeal of Christians, upon those holy sites which owe their celebrity to the Mystery of the Incarnation — a dogma tacitly withdrawn from the creed of modern Protestantism. They speak of the Oriental Schismatic Rites as they would of so many different Protestant sects,—nay, they have even asserted that the Eastern Schismatics admit Protestants to their communion, and administer to them the Blessed Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist.

When traveling in the East, I made a special investigation of this subject, and found that these tourists had fallen into a great error, unavoidable, perhaps, to travelers not properly acquainted with Oriental theology and the ceremonies of the Eastern ritual. It was not the consecrated bread which was given or offered them, but simply blessed bread. According to some Oriental lit-

urgies, a number of small loaves of bread are blessed by the officiating priest at the commencement of Mass; after having been blessed, one or more of these loaves, according to the number of communicants, if there be any, is reserved to be consecrated at the Mass; the rest are laid aside in some part of the Sanctuary, away from the altar, that they may be distributed after Mass to all present, a portion being kept for those who may come during the week. This blessed bread was offered to me also, but I, of course, refused it. The consecrated bread is given only to the clerk, and to those who are strictly communicants, immediately after the communion of the celebrant. The blessed bread is distributed after the Mass by the same celebrant, but he is first disrobed of the sacred vestments of the altar.

Circumstances beyond my control compelled me, upon several occasions, to alter the original plan of my journey, which was one more of duty than of mere recreation. The cholera in Europe, the banditti in Southern Italy, the lack of a trusty companion in Egypt, the necessity of a caravan in Arabia, my illness in Jerusalem, together with the limited time allowed for absence from my mission among the Etchemin Indians, hindered me from visiting several localities marked down in the original plan of my route.

In the Holy Land there are many places to which Indulgences, either plenary or partial, are attached, and they are gained by honoring the places, and saying there one "*Pater*" and an

"*Ave.*" I have been particular to notice them in my travels.

In these pages will be found, for the most part, the record of my own observations. I have simply and candidly expressed the impressions and feelings I experienced in traveling; but in my statistics, and in speaking of the Oriental rites, I have made use also of the authority of others, and have been careful to balance and weigh their testimony.

It would be tedious to enumerate the authors whose works I have consulted, and from which I have derived assistance; once for all, I here make my acknowledgments for their aid. As I have had occasion, in this book, to treat of religious matters, and, especially, in opposition to the Gallican opinions, which I hold to be erroneous and tainted with heresy, I submit its every word and thought, without any reservation, to the infallible authority of the Church.

E. V.

EASTPORT, Sybayk Indian Mission,
St. Francis Xavier's Day, 1869.

TRAVELS

IN

EUROPE, EGYPT, ARABIA PETRÆA,

ETC.

CHAPTER I.

CROSSING THE OCEAN.

DEPARTURE FROM MAINE — CANADA — QUEBEC — HON. D'ARCY MCGEE — CANADIANS — ST. LAWRENCE — GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE — ANTICOSTI — STEAMER "NORTH AMERICA" AGROUND — NEWFOUNDLAND — LABRADOR — ICEBERGS — STRAITS OF BELLE ISLE — BELLEISLE — OCEAN — SIGHTING THE COAST OF IRELAND — LOUGH FOYLE — TENDER TO LONDONDERRY — GIANT'S CAUSEWAY — ISLE OF MAN — LANDING AT LIVERPOOL.

It is surprising that, notwithstanding the progress, commerce, and enterprise of the Americans, they have no line of steamers across the Atlantic, but depend upon foreign steamships. Being much subject to sea-sickness, I selected from the many European lines that of the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company, because, for the first eight hundred miles, we would sail over a land-locked river and gulf, besides enjoying the grandest of North American scenery.

Before my departure, I visited the Penobscot, Passamaquoddy, and Lewis Island Indians, who gave me several messages for the Holy Father,

and begged his benediction. They requested me to remember them in the big wigwam of prayer of St. Peter, in Rome, and at the holy places of Palestine. These good souls could not realize the remoteness of those localities, nor the immensity of the ocean, and asked me if there were Indians there, and if they could cross the ocean in a large canoe, and similar questions. Giving them my blessing, I left them, to see them again in one year, should such be the will of the Great Spirit.

On the 19th of July, 1867, I left Biddeford and Portland by railway for Quebec. Nothing worthy of note occurred on the way to Canada. At the frontier only one trunk was opened, and nothing disturbed. We crossed the St. Lawrence early in the morning of the next day.

Quebec, the capital of Lower Canada, is the best fortified city in America. It was settled by the French in 1608, but its name is of Indian origin, *Kebèke* (it becomes narrow). The river St. Lawrence, which is twelve miles wide above the city, narrows, as its waters contract, to a mile in breadth by Cape Diamond, on which is built the strongest citadel in America. It is a very peculiar city, compactly built of stone, its principal portions surrounded by walls and gates ; and its populous streets narrow and winding. It exhibits in its environs the beauty of an European capital, but although in the same latitude with the finest parts of Europe it endures in winter the cold of Siberia, the thermometer falling to forty degrees (Fahrenheit) below zero, while its

summers are very warm, rising to one hundred degrees. In the midst of a great continent, its beautiful, safe and spacious harbor, about four hundred miles from the ocean, shows fleets of foreign vessels. The soil is fertile and well cultivated, and it enjoys an extensive commerce, principally with England. Its exports are three times greater than its imports, showing that Canada, of which Quebec is the seaport, produces more than she needs, and the exchange is nearly always in her favor. For this reason it was that the lamented Hon. D'Arcy McGee,* the learned and true Irish patriot, tried to draw the emigration of his countrymen to Canada. Quebec was surrendered to the English by the French, from whom it was captured in 1763; in 1775 it was unsuccessfully attacked by Americans from the United Colonies, under Gen. Montgomery, who fell there with some seven hundred of his men. Nine-tenths of the Canadians, not only of the city of Quebec, but of all Lower Canada, are Catholics, descendants, for the most part, of the French, and retain the religion, the politeness, uprightness, and easy manners of their forefathers; they are good Catholics, refined, and intelligent, and

* Hon. D'Arcy McGee, a learned and distinguished member of the Canadian Parliament, was assassinated in Ottawa, Upper Canada, while opening the door of his house on his return from Parliament, on the night of April 6–7, 1868. His assassin, James P. Whalen, a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, was tried, and hung in the same city, Feb. 11, 1869. The loss of the life of the assassin, Whalen, was no loss to society, and a thousand such lives are not worth the life of one D'Arcy McGee.

their devotional practices, whether in the church or in their private families, are a matter of astonishment to Americans traveling in Lower Canada.

In the United States, the Canadians are, as a general thing, accused of lukewarmness, of abandonment of their religion, and of a want of liberality in providing for the support of their religion and their clergy. But these accusations are unjust and untrue. That there are individuals of this description is undeniable; but they are the exception, and cannot be taken as samples of the Canadian people; exceptions of this kind are found, more or less, among the emigrants of every nation. These charges come from New England and the north-western border of New York State, where the Catholics are mostly Irish, with language and customs different from those of the Canadians. Many practices of the Irish are national, unknown to the Canadians, who have also their national customs, unknown to the Irish. They are accustomed to live in parishes, where provision is made for the support of the church and the clergy; they pay a tithe of what they raise; they are accustomed to a strict observance of the ceremonies of the Church, to the solemn administration of the sacraments, to a frequent ringing of bells, to devout processions, to solemn funerals, consisting, not in a long line of carriages and single teams, as is unfortunately the case in many parts of the United States, notwithstanding the efforts of many zealous missionaries to prevent it, but solemnized in the church,

with a solemn Mass of *Requiem*, a funeral sermon and service, low Mass, etc., according to the custom of Catholic countries, like Canada; they are accustomed to canonical law, and to the fixed rules by which the Catholic Church is governed; they abominate profane music in the church, and are scandalized to see the church turned, so to speak, into a theatre or public hall.

Upon emigrating to the United States, not understanding the English language, they see different customs, regulations not in accordance with the canon law, but accommodated to circumstances; they naturally wonder at it; they see unaccustomed collections, apart from the pew rents, fees, etc., taken up in the churches, and can neither understand nor habituate themselves to the practice; on this account they are accused of lukewarmness and lack of religion. For nearly fifteen years I have had many Canadians in my missions—sometimes they have formed the principal portion of my congregation—and when I have explained to them the difference between their own country and this, they understood, and cheerfully submitted to the regulations and practices obtaining here, and I have found them as pious, zealous, and liberal as any other Catholics. They possess many good qualities: they are sober; do not open grog-shops in their settlements; and are not led by demagogues, as are the people of some other countries, unfortunately; nor do they join secret societies, of which they have a horror. They take good care of their families, in-

struct their children, assemble their family together, and say with them their evening prayers, and every evening recite their beads; parents and children perform the month of May devotions together, and great pains are taken to prepare their children for first communion, etc. Where there are Catholic schools, they always send their children to be educated in them in preference to the godless schools of America; and to these things is mainly due the control which the parents retain, even after their children's marriage, over them; they watch the company kept by their children; parents are, in reality, masters in the house, and do not keep simply a boarding-house, in and out of which the children can come and go at their pleasure, without permission or notice, appearing to be, in reality, the masters; as too often happens, unhappily, in this country. Several clergymen have remarked that the Canadians have been and still are neglected in this country, but that they are, by far, more susceptible of an ascetic life than are the people of some other nations.

In Quebec, I purchased some articles and a bed for a sick girl returning to Ireland, and on Saturday, July 20th, embarked on board the fine steamer *Hibernian*, belonging to the Montreal Steamship Company, and under command of Captain Brown. I had one of the best state-rooms. At 10 A.M. we sailed for Liverpool, and commenced to descend the great St. Lawrence, one of the largest rivers in the world, and the outlet of

the great lakes, Superior, Huron, Michigan, Erie, and Ontario. The St. Lawrence is known by different names in different parts of its course; between Lakes Superior and Huron it is called *St. Mary's* or the *Narrows;* between Lakes Huron and St. Clair, the *St. Clair;* between Lakes St. Clair and Erie, the *Detroit;* between Lakes Erie and Ontario, the *Niagara;* and from the sea to Lake Ontario, the *St. Lawrence.* Sometimes the part between Montreal and Ontario is called *Cateraqui*, or *Iroquois.* It is navigable for ships of the line to Quebec, and for vessels of 600 tons to Montreal, and there have been instances of vessels sailing from the lakes by the St. Lawrence to Europe. Its breadth, between Montreal and Quebec, is from half a mile to four miles; below Quebec it gradually widens, and when it enters the Gulf it attains a breadth of over a hundred miles, as between Cape Rosier and the Mingan settlement on the Labrador coast; its rapids are avoided by a canal. The scenery from Quebec to the Gulf is grand! The city of Quebec presents itself in groups as in an amphitheatre, surrounded by the grandest of North American scenery, and, as the steamer rapidly descended the river, we saw the shores lined with beautiful villages and well-cultivated farms. We passed in sight of the silvery Montmorency Falls on the northern shore, and though we had a strong wind ahead, the *Hibernian*, moved by steam and the current, made her way calmly, majestically, and rapidly, among the many charm-

ing and finely cultivated islands. The traveler's delighted attention is attracted by the numerous villages, built, as a general thing, around a handsome stone church, while houses and farms, standing apart, studding both banks of the river, imprint upon his mind an unfading impression of the garden of the scenic St. Lawrence.

I felt little of that loneliness experienced by most travelers when, setting out for a year's journey in far distant lands, they leave behind them their native land, their relatives, and friends, and generally all that they possess. These dear objects, coming before their memory, cast a gloom upon the soul—a gloom that cannot be dissipated, however beautiful the scenery surrounding them. But this was not my case; it is true I had left behind me many friends, the memory of whom enabled me to realize these feelings of loneliness and sadness; the retreating shores of the St. Lawrence made me recollect that I was to wander on a year's pilgrimage, but this thought was counterbalanced by the pleasure I expected in visiting my native land, my beautiful Italy; Gallipolis, the home of my boyhood; my loved and loving relatives, and the dear friends whom for twenty-four years I had not seen. The idea of a journey to Egypt revived my drooping spirits. A journey to Egypt! A visit and pilgrimage to the Holy Land, to pay a tribute in person to the spot whereon Our Saviour was born—where He suffered, died, and was buried! The prospect of realizing a desire I had cherished in

my soul from my very infancy, so cheered my heart, that I felt, nothing this world could inflict, could be so hard that it would not be well repaid by the joy I should derive from my journey.

The signal for luncheon was given, and I felt quite capable of enjoying it. The commander of the *Hibernian*, Captain Brown, was a thorough gentleman, with genial manners; in general, all the officers, and even the crew of the vessel, were of a good and pleasant disposition. There were about eighty first-class passengers, the gentlemen sociable and gentlemanly in appearance, the ladies amiable and agreeable, and many times in my sea-sickness I received kind assistance from English ladies. My state-room companion was Mr. James E. McFarland, connected with the delegation of Mr. Slidell, Commissioner from the South to Paris; he was a learned and accomplished gentleman, and I feel happy to have made his acquaintance. There were also four Indians, one man and three women, belonging to the tribe of St. Francis, Canada, on their way to Paris, where they were to join others of their tribe, who had been hired by a gentleman for the Paris Exhibition, which had opened on the 1st of May in the same year. They belonged to the same nation with my Indians; they knew me, and I understood their language; they had with them some of my Indian prayer-books, the ALNAMBAY ULI AWIKHIGAN (Indian Good Book), which I arranged and had printed for my own Indians. Above all, I must not fail to mention a sea-

captain from Norway, whose ship had been wrecked on the northern shore of the St. Lawrence, while on the way to Quebec. He showed me the place, asserting that it was all the fault of the pilot — whom he had taken on board after entering the mouth of the river; no lives were lost, but otherwise nothing was saved. He had with him the insurance money and other funds obtained at Quebec, and was now on his way to Liverpool to purchase another ship. He was a most cheerful man, the very life of the passengers. He told me he had made considerable money during the Crimean War, as his ship had been chartered by France to transport ammunition to the Black Sea. In the evening we passed the mouth of the romantic river, Saguenay, but I felt sea-sick as we approached the Tadoussac settlement, and retired without taking supper. The pilot left us in the night, on the southern shore, and despatches that all was right were telegraphed to Quebec.

July 21, *Sunday.*—The morning was bright and beautiful. I took breakfast in bed, and got up when the bell rang for prayers, which were recited in the cabin by the captain, for the first-class passengers, who sang several hymns. Had I not been sea-sick, I should have gone among the steerage passengers to say the beads with the Catholics, whose number, however, was not great; as it was, I remained in my state-room. When prayers were ended, I went on deck, and was surprised at the wild scenery presented by those

hyperborean regions of Lower Canada, Rimouski, and Gaspé; high and rugged mountains, some covered with primitive forests, others barren and hoary, lifted their summits to heaven. At noon we were off Mount Louis River in Gaspé, two hundred and seventy-seven miles from Quebec. I could perceive a few scanty settlements, which must have been made, however, by fishermen, for the soil did not seem to be fit for agriculture. The steamer did not take the Labrador coast, but went between Gaspè and Anticosti, a wild, barren, rocky island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. As we passed, towards evening, at a safe distance from its rocky shores, we saw, as the captain was about going by, the steamer *North American*, which had run aground on the rocks off the southern coast of the island; we passed and signaled her at about two o'clock in the morning, but receiving no reply, the *Hibernian*, steamed down the Gulf towards Newfoundland. The *North American* belonged to the same line, and had started two weeks before us for Liverpool, but on a foggy night, in rounding the south-eastern coast of Anticosti, had grounded so fast upon the rocks that the passengers were forced to land upon the shore of that barren island. A sailing vessel was hurried to the nearest telegraphic station of Lower Canada, and a telegram sent to Quebec; the Company immediately dispatched their steamer *St. George*, which was all ready to sail for Glasgow—she belonging to that line—to their assistance. She reached

the *North American*, received her passengers and freight, and sailed with them for Liverpool. The passengers intending to sail by the *St. George*, who remained in Quebec, were kept there at the Company's expense, until another vessel could be got ready to replace the *St. George*. I afterwards learned that the *North American*, much disabled, was got off several weeks after, and was taken first to St. John's, N. B., and afterwards to Liverpool for repairs.

22*d*, *Monday*.—We were in the middle of the Gulf, the sea quite rough on account of the many currents, running in different directions, and I was sick and in bed most of the day. We were in latitude 49° 35′, longitude 60° 02′. On that day we had traveled two hundred and thirty-nine miles. In conversation with the Norwegian sea-captain, I learned that we should be likely, the next day, to encounter icebergs, which are frequently met in this latitude, coming from the Straits of Belle Isle. I was much pleased, and said I hoped I should see some of them, having never met any in my life. The captain replied that he would rather not meet them, being much afraid of them. "Well," I returned, "I would like to see just one." But the experienced old sea captain always replied: "I would rather not." Towards evening we could see the coast of Newfoundland, discovered by the Italian, Sebastian Cabot, born in Bristol, England, and son of John Cabot, of Venice.

23*d*, *Tuesday*.—I arose quite early to enjoy the

view of the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, as we approached the Straits of Belle Isle; the sea was smooth, and the atmosphere—a rare thing in that neighborhood, which is nearly always foul with fog—was quite clear. I had a long talk, walking on deck, with the captain, who was surprised to see me there at that hour. We passed close to the shore of Newfoundland, the north and north-western coasts of which are low, barren, sandy, and destitute of animal or vegetable life. It presented the appearance of a desert, except that a few fishermen's shanties could be seen at long intervals, on the shore; but even these appeared to be deserted, or, at least, unoccupied at present. I do not recollect having seen a house, or hut even, on the north of that island. As we neared the Straits of Belle Isle the sea was smooth, the weather calm and clear, but very cold, not only on account of the high latitude we had reached, and the neighborhood of Labrador, whose unexplored and inhospitable coasts and islands were visible at a great distance, but also on account of the icebergs which were really in our vicinity, and of which we were much afraid. I was obliged to put on winter clothes in order to remain on deck, as were also the other passengers. Our fears were soon realized. We perceived what appeared to be a number of sails, near the south-east coast of Labrador, advancing rapidly towards us. I was attentively gazing at them when a voice ran through the steamer: Icebergs! The officers put themselves on the "look-

out." We counted eighteen of them, all in sight at once, increasing in size, and changing in shape in a marvelous manner. In some respects, I was glad of the opportunity of seeing them, but I began to realize the danger of their presence. I went to my state-room to call Mr. MacFarland, as I had promised in case any icebergs were in sight, as he had never seen one. He was still in bed, but soon appeared on deck. We now found ourselves surrounded by ghostly mountains of ice, some appearing about to dash against our steamer, which had slacked her speed, the better to avoid the threatened encounter by changing her direction. The fantastic peaks of these mountains, their steeples, and gothic shapes, so constantly changing their forms, were very interesting. In one of them I noticed a ship, with the masts fastened in the ice. I called the passengers' attention to it, but it was not near enough to enable us to ascertain to a certainty whether it was a ship or not; it might have been a tree, or something else. I could see the tops of the icebergs melting and running down in streams into the water. We ran close enough to have a collision with what appeared to be the fragment of an iceberg, but when we were side by side with it, it proved to have an immense foundation under water. But we had not yet seen the worst. A thick fog came upon us, and the fear of danger was on the face of every passenger; the watchmen were very attentive, and on the alert. Suddenly the watchman at the prow gave the alarm, which

was instantly repeated by every watchman on board, and the helmsman immediately altered the ship's course, as a ghastly, oddly-shaped, and threatening iceberg passed close to us. Had it not been for the vigilance of the watchman at the prow, we should have dashed against it, and God, who watched over us, alone knows what would have been the consequence. Here the fog cleared, and the strait appeared free of icebergs. The *Hibernian* pushed steadily on, and very soon we were between Newfoundland and Belleisle ; we passed the straits, and saw only the wide, wide ocean. The icebergs, so justly dreaded by sailors, are formed in the Arctic regions of our hemisphere ; the snow on the islands and continents, melting in summer, forms a quantity of fresh water, which soon freezes, and increases yearly, until the mass forms into mountains as high as the surrounding cliffs ; the melting snow fills their crevices, and, then freezing, they become solid, and, reaching the height of one or two thousand feet, are plunged, by the accumulated weight and the motion of the ocean at their base, into the sea, and are driven southward by the winds and currents. From Baffin's Bay, they pass by Davis' Strait to the coast of Labrador, where the current forces them into the Straits of Belle Isle.

Bellisle is a small island at the entrance of the straits of that name, twenty-one miles in circumference, with two harbors, east and west, for fishing craft.

We were now upon the broad ocean, and as the

sea was very rough, for two days I only once, and that for a very short time, made my appearance on deck or in the cabin. The third day the sea was very smooth, and the passengers all appeared on deck, heartily congratulating each other upon their recovery. As the route pursued by our line of steamers is very northerly, and out of the usual course, we met with no sails beside the steamer *St. George*, which, having landed the passengers of the *North American* at Liverpool, was now hurrying to Quebec, to take its regular place in the line, which sails a vessel only once a fortnight. We passed at no great distance from Cape Farewell, in Greenland, and Cape Closterhay, in Iceland; but nothing of special interest occurred until we saw land. I was more or less sea-sick all the time, and was attended by one of the servants of the ship, Louis, an Englishman, who was most patient and attentive. I took my breakfast in bed, generally rose late, and passed my time on deck, or lying on a sofa in the cabin, and usually took lunch and dinner lying down, until the last four days, when the ocean was so calm that I was able to sit at the table. On Monday, the 28th, we sighted land—the western shores of Ireland. This put us in excellent spirits, filling us with the hope of soon having a good rest on shore. The mountainous coasts of Donegal County were distinctly visible, and we could see, along the coast, quite a number of houses and shanties, from which great quantities of smoke were issuing. We wondered much and held great

discussions as to the cause of this smoke, but finally concluded that the people were curing herrings, of which there is an abundance in Donegal. Towards dusk we rounded Tory Lighthouse, and after supper, the steward, a good, jovial Scotchman, entertained us in the cabin with comical Scotch airs, accompanied by appropriate gesture and accent. They were very amusing, and well rendered, especially one representing an old Scotch woman complaining and quarreling with her husband. We were much pleased with the evening, and it being the last we expected to be on board, we took leave of the passengers, and bade farewell to the captain, steward, and the *Hibernian*. About midnight we rounded Cape Malin, the northernmost point of Ireland, and signalled for a pilot, by firing guns and throwing up rockets. We anchored not far from land, and our signals were answered. It was past midnight—a beautiful, charming, starry, summer night—and the majority of the passengers were on deck—those who were to land at Londonderry preparing to leave the steamer, and those who were bound for Scotland getting ready to take the steamer at Londonderry, for Glasgow. The Scotch gentlemen on board sang in chorus several of their national airs, which, heard in the stillness of a clear, moonless night, by the romantic northern shores of Erin, just after crossing the ocean, had a most enchanting effect. We saw a dim light, at a distance, approaching us. It was the pilot-boat. The pilot came on board,

shook hands with some, ordered steam up, and proceeded to take some refreshments. We rounded several lighthouses, entered Lough Foyle, and anchored opposite Moville, where the mails and despatches for England and Ireland were sent ashore, and a tender arrived from Londonderry to receive the passengers and their luggage, for Ireland and Scotland. This tender was no credit to the company owning it. It was a dirty old boat, better fitted for a tug-boat or a scow, than to carry passengers from a first-class steamer to Londonderry, the county capital, and one of the finest cities in Ireland. Perhaps the owners think anything good enough for Ireland. This, however, is certain, that Ireland, through the emigrants who embark every year by thousands from Lough Foyle for Canada and the United States, has given money enough to the company to enable it to afford something better and more respectable, than this affair, by which to carry the Irish passengers between the steamer and Londonderry. About a year later, I passed again through Lough Foyle, returning to America, and the same nasty old concern was still the tender from Londonderry to the Montreal steamer. I shook hands with many of the passengers, who, with their baggage, were packed in the tender in the best way they could manage, and I don't think one of them was able to move a foot or stretch a limb before landing at Londonderry.

The morning of July 30, (Tuesday,) dawned as

we were just leaving Lough Foyle. It was a beautiful morning, although rather damp. I was on deck, and presented to my gaze was the beautiful scenery of the north of Ireland. Although the land did not appear to be very rich, the fields were well cultivated, and an abundant crop was being harvested. I could see Portrush, which has now a considerable commerce. We passed the famous basaltic promontory, known as the *Giant's Causeway*, the greatest natural curiosity in Ireland, and one of the most remarkable in the world. It consists of many hundred thousand pentagonal columns of hard black rock, rising from two to four hundred feet above the water's edge. These columns are not each of one solid stone, but of a number of shorter pieces, perfectly joined, arranged side by side with exact uniformity, each piece laid on the other, not flatly, but as a ball in its socket, each socket being a cavity of three or four inches in depth, into which the convex end of the opposite joint is precisely fitted. It is doubtful if the most ingenious mechanism could rival the nicety and perfect uniformity of this work of nature. This extraordinary disposition of rocks continues below the water's edge, and also obtains, but in a small degree, on the opposite shore of Scotland.

We entered the North Channel between Rathlin Island and Cape Fear, and could distinctly see the coast of Scotland, near Kilblaine. We were soon off the Bay of Belfast, which was in sight, and Port Patrick, on the opposite side of the

channel. Then, making for the Irish Sea, at noon we sighted the famous Isle of Man, (the *Monœda* of Ptolemy,) belonging to Great Britain, situated in the Irish Sea, about equidistant from Ireland, Scotland and England. It is thirty miles long, and twelve wide, and contains about fifty thousand inhabitants. Its principal city is Douglas, but Castletown is the capital. The interior is mountainous, and Snowfield, or Snafield, the highest summit, is about 2,000 feet above the sea. The island is well cultivated, although the soil is not naturally fertile. The Manx language, a kind of *Gaelic*, prevails in the interior. We passed close to its western and southern shores. Leaving the Isle of Man, the coast of England appeared in view, and we could see the wild scenery of the mountains in the north of Wales. Late in the afternoon, we entered the Mersey, which looked like a forest of masts, anchored in the river, or lying at the docks, which are famous for their magnificence and their size, covering two hundred acres, with fifteen miles of quays. It was about dusk, and the *Hibernian* went directly to the quay. We took leave of our fellow passengers, Mr. MacFarland and I agreeing to remain at the same hotel. Two young English ladies, who had been disappointed in their expectation of being met by relatives from York, and were much embarrassed in consequence, we advised to join some of our friends, passengers on the *Hibernian*, at their hotel.

All the luggage was landed here, on the wharf,

to be inspected by the custom-house officers, guarded from thieves by a number of policemen. While Mr. MacFarland went to find a carriage, I attended to the baggage—his and mine. The officers were very courteous and gentlemanly, simply asking me if it contained any cigars or other contraband articles; and being assured it did not, let it pass, without even opening it. My wish was to be driven directly to the hotel, with my baggage, which was not extensive; but the hackmen refused to carry it, insisting that baggage is always sent by express; and this statement being confirmed by the policemen, we were obliged to submit, and give it, with the hotel address, to an expressman. Except, perhaps, upon this occasion, this is not the general regulation for the hacks in Liverpool. I have several times had hacks carry me and my luggage from the hotel to the depot, and *vice versa;* and even when returning to America by the same steamer, I took my baggage in the hack with me to the quay. I am inclined to believe that it was the consequence of an agreement between the hackmen and the truckmen, with the connivance of the police, made to extort extra payment from passengers; for we were obliged to pay the express or truckman one shilling for every article, no matter what it was, even an umbrella. But I am obliged to admit that the English police force is famous for its orderly, honest and excellent regulations.

CHAPTER II.

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

LIVERPOOL — THE GREAT EASTERN — RAILWAYS IN ENGLAND — BOLTON — CANON CARTER — MANCHESTER — YORK — CATHEDRAL — SCOTLAND — BERWICK — EDINBURGH — LOSS OF MY BAGGAGE — EDINBURGH CASTLE — CARLTON HILL — PALACE AND ABBEY OF HOLYROOD — MARY STUART — RIZZIO — JOHN KNOX — EXECUTION OF MARY — SIR WALTER SCOTT — GLASGOW — THE VENERABLE BISHOP OF GLASGOW — THE CLYDE — IRELAND — BELFAST — DOWNPATRICK — ST. PATRICK'S GRAVE — ARMAGH — DUBLIN — GALWAY — KILLARNEY — CORK — ENGLAND AGAIN — WALES — BRISTOL — LONDON — ST. PAUL'S — WESTMINSTER — TOWER OF LONDON.

ENGLAND is decidedly the first of nations, as regards commerce and manufacture. The cotton mills of Lancashire, the wool factories of Yorkshire, the foundries of Stafford and Scotland, the iron establishments of Birmingham, the cutlery of Sheffield, cannot be surpassed; but Liverpool is the chief representative of the extensive commerce of this great nation. Situated as it is, with its three hundred and seventy-six thousand inhabitants, on the north-east side of the Mersey, near the river's mouth, extending for three miles along its banks, it is most admirably situated for an immense commerce.

We were unable, as it was already full, to find rooms in the hotel we had selected, and were equally unsuccessful, for the same reason, in three others; but were finally able to obtain rooms at Lawrence's Temperance Hotel, a good

and convenient house, and not very expensive, charging fourteen shillings sterling for two days, including everything.

I saw the docks, the custom-house, St. George's Hall, the market-house, the equestrian statue, executed by Westmacott, of George III., at the junction of London Road and Pembroke Place, and the bronze statue, by the same artist, of Nelson, in which the dying hero, with an enemy prostrate and crushed under his feet, is receiving a naval crown of victory. The zoological gardens are no longer in existence. I saw some churches, but there was nothing especially noticeable about them. I had letters of introduction to the Bishop of Liverpool, but as he resided out of the city, I had not the pleasure of meeting him. Liverpool is not a very clean city. No doubt a city with such an extensive commerce, cannot be expected to be remarkable for its neatness. Vessels can be seen there from every nation of the earth.

The next day, we, Mr. MacFarland and I, visited the leviathan of ships, the Great Eastern, anchored in the Mersey. It has eight masts, and several boilers, while its monster engine is really something surprising. Its anchor is worked by steam. The vessel looks like a small village, with its workshops, some of them worked by steam, and requires several hundred men to man it. It will be enough, to give an idea of its size, to say that any large object near it, when looked at from its extreme end, appears considerably

diminished in size ; that during one of her trips, a daily paper was published on board ; and that, during her last passage between the two continents, at the time of the Paris Exhibition, one of the fore planks was stove in, by a blow from a heavy sea, unperceived, the shock not being noticed.

On Thursday, August 1, at noon, I left Liverpool for Bolton. The English railroads are the worst managed I have ever seen, except that of Civita Vecchia, in the Roman States. I took a second-class ticket. The cars were very inconvenient. Persons traveling in England should go either by the first-class or third-class, as the latter is nearly as good as the second. There are no baggage cars, and trunks, valises, etc., for which you are given no check, and are not charged, are put on top of the cars, and covered with mats and oil-cloth. I do not know whether the company is responsible for the baggage or not. I thought if this plan were adopted in the United States, no trunk or valise would arrive in a sound condition at its destination. But in England the baggage is well looked after and carefully handled. What a contrast to the United States, where trunks, valises and boxes are roughly handled, thrown one on top of the other, and smashed without mercy or discretion. A bill has this year been introduced into the Maine Legislature, to protect travelers from having their baggage injured in cars, stages or steamboats.

Bolton is about thirty miles from Liverpool.

The road passes through many fine manufacturing villages, well cultivated farms, neat cottages and country houses, and beautiful fruit and flower gardens, arranged with taste and care. I arrived at Bolton at half-past one in the afternoon, went to the Swan Hotel, an indifferent inn, but the best in the place, and immediately after dinner drove to the Church of St. Peter and Paul, to pay a visit to its rector, the Rev. Canon Edmund Carter, a very distinguished gentleman from Belgium, who had received his education in a college in Spain. I had not the pleasure of his acquaintance, as this was my first visit to Bolton; but I felt as if I knew him, on account of Miss Elizabeth Collins, a native of Manchester, who had resided for several years in Bolton, and knew him well. In 1866, she visited Ireland and her native country to see her relatives and friends, and mentioning to the Rev. Canon Carter that I intended, in about a year, to visit England, he was kind enough to send me an invitation, which I accepted with great pleasure. He was not at home when I reached Bolton, but was expected in the next day. I was kindly pressed to take up my lodging at his residence, and I sent to the hotel for my baggage. There were two reverend gentlemen, Irish, staying at his house at the time, but they both left the same day, for their parishes in Ireland. One of them resided near the Lakes of Killarney, and tendered me an invitation to visit him, when in that neighborhood; but I was not able to avail myself of the promised

pleasure of such a visit, for when leaving Killarney, I was already so much behind time, that I was greatly afraid I would be unable to accomplish my intended and strictly defined tour.

Bolton is a thriving manufacturing town of about forty thousand inhabitants, with two fine market houses, well provisioned, and not excelled by those of Liverpool. The old and the new Chorley roads are handsomely laid out, and afford a fine promenade. Lemour Street is remarkable for its length and breadth. The streets are all paved and provided with good sidewalks. The buildings are all of brick or stone. I did not see one of wood. There are two nice parks, well laid out in walks and miniature lakes, in which ducks, geese, swans, and other water fowl were sporting. Bolton has no harbor, as it is in the interior; but it possesses a canal, is intersected by several lines of railroad, has two railway stations, an extensive commerce, a theatre, four Catholic churches, four Catholic schools for boys, and as many for girls, several convents, and a fine Catholic cemetery. Still, Bolton is not a city, only a town. I could not but contrast the difference between England and New England, where so many small places, such as Portsmouth, Concord, Dover, etc., in New Hampshire, and in Maine, Biddeford, Saco, Portland, Augusta, Bangor, Calais, and similar pretty wooden towns "down East," are styled cities, while not one of them is as large or of as much importance as Bolton. The climate was not pleasant to me.

The air, impregnated with coal smoke and gas from the numerous foundries and factories, is disagreeable to a stranger. On this account, the houses look as if they were old. The windows have to be cleaned every week, and the door steps every day. You do not often see gilt frames in churches, drawing-rooms, and elsewhere, as they tarnish so quickly in that atmosphere. The misty sky often resolves itself into rain, and though the morning may appear bright and clear, a few hours may bring a heavy rain—so much so, that many Englishmen seldom, if ever, use a cane, but are always provided with an umbrella. This is the condition of a great part, but not of all England. I was much amused by the rattling on the sidewalks of the clogs worn by women, which is a curious noise to one unaccustomed to it.

The next day the Reverend Canon Carter returned to Bolton, and welcomed me as an old friend; it was the first time I had felt at home since leaving America, and I greatly needed it, having suffered so much from sea-sickness. On Saturday afternoon the Reverend gentleman's housekeeper, Miss Smith, an accomplished English lady, of Chester, returned from London, and I was very happy to make her acquaintance. The neatness of the church, the propriety and beauty of the sanctuary, altar, vestry and vestments bore high testimony to her excellence. In England it is usual for the housekeeper to take charge of the altar and vestry. Canon Carter has been in Bolton for twenty-two years and the

good he has done there is immense. He was stationed at first in Liverpool, but when the new diocese of Salford was separated from that of Liverpool, he went to Manchester and from there to Bolton, and was then the only Catholic priest in the place in which there was but one Catholic church. He erected St. Edward's Church, and assisted in building two others, and established schools and a convent. It is true he had the advantage of not being subject to removal, as he was canonically established rector of the church; changes of pastors nearly always interfere with the welfare of the congregation. He has made many converts. One evening we visited a family in which there were a number of children whose father, a Protestant, had persistently refused to have them baptized, and their mother, a Catholic, not daring to do it; yet he himself finally sent for Canon Carter, and arrangements were made for their christening.

On Sunday I said Mass early and then went to see Manchester, the greatest manufacturing place in England, and, next to London, the largest city in the United Kingdom. I saw the city, but I was not particular about seeing the manufacturing establishments, as I was well acquainted with them. At Salford, which I visited also, I saw the Cathedral of St. John, a fine church; I saw besides, St. Mary's, the oldest Catholic Church in Manchester, where the Derby family have a chapel: Granboro' and other churches; Prince Albert's and other fine marble monuments. In

the afternoon I paid a visit to Peel's Park, which is beautiful, and saw the marks of the extraordinary inundation of last year, which covered two-thirds of the park with a considerable depth of water; several boats used upon the occasion were preserved in memory of the inundation. The day was beautiful; I said my office in the park, and found great pleasure in examining the monuments and statues there. An inscription at the base of a marble statue of some noted personage, whose name I do not remember, struck me forcibly: "My wealth did not consist in the greatness of my riches, but in the smallness of my wants." It opens a wide field for philosophical reflection.

I returned to Bolton and next day took leave of the Rev. Canon Carter, whose kindness I shall never forget, and I take this occasion to express my gratitude not only to him, but to Miss Smith, for their friendly hospitality. They were anxious to detain me longer, but as this would interfere materially with my tour, I was forced to depart, promising another visit upon my return.

I regret that I was obliged to leave Manchester without the pleasure of visiting his lordship, Dr. William Turner, the saintly Bishop of Salford, to whom I had a note of introduction. It was quite late and I was fearful of missing the train, having promised to return that evening to Bolton which I was to leave the next day.

I then turned to York, desirous of seeing its grand cathedral, one of the best preserved Gothic

buildings in Europe. York, the ancient *Eboracum*, is an old city looked upon as the capital of the north of England, containing however at present only about forty-five thousand inhabitants. It was the seat successively of Adrian, Severus, and other Roman emperors, and the birthplace, in 272, of Constantine the Great, whose father, Constantius, died here in 307. The cathedral, more commonly called *York Minster*, was commenced by Edwin, King of Northumberland, in 625, who laid its foundations, but the greater part of it was built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The entire length of this magnificent edifice, from east to west, is five hundred and twenty-five feet, its breadth one hundred and five, the height of the grand lantern tower two hundred and thirteen feet. The church is remarkable for the simplicity of its design, which is that of a Latin cross, the arms of which are rectangular, and the transept in the middle of the length of the building. The great eastern window consists of upwards of two hundred compartments, representing scenes from the life of Christ, the saints, and the Holy Scriptures. When I first entered this truly imposing church, and commenced to admire the grandeur of its spacious vaults, its many naves, its high pillared arches, etc., and reflected that this really grand building had been consecrated to God by the followers of the true religion ; when I saw the place where the high altar had stood, upon which the holy Sacrifice of the Mass had once been offered ;

when I heard the tones of the magnificent organ, bringing to my ears not the harmony and fervency of the Catholic service which had been banished from that building, once the house of the living God, but now resounding with the dull strains of a strange and false worship, intruded upon it, not acceptable to God, even established expressly against his will, and his honor,—a worship not even respected by the worshippers themselves, as the presence of the few scanty worshippers, their carelessness and indifference, abundantly testified; (the sexton stretched a rope from the choir to a cluster of pillars at the angle of the large nave, then another between this and the transept to prevent the people from walking during the service; the people present, myself included, did not amount to a dozen, and we were penned in a narrow space near the side door;) when I saw and reflected upon these things, I could not restrain my tears, and instead of rejoicing in this grand temple, I felt anxious to leave it and seek elsewhere for a house of God. York is now the See of the Archbishop of York, who is styled Primate of England. The chapter consists of over forty dignitaries, and services are held daily, morning and evening, in the church. The Catholics have built another good Catholic Cathedral in the same City of York.

At the hotel, the Royal Station Hotel, a very expensive one, where they charged me five shillings for dinner, I met Dr. Dominick O'Brien, Bishop of Waterford, (Ireland,) and several

clergymen; he very kindly invited me to stay at his house when going through Ireland. He was a dignified, unpretending, and intellectual looking gentleman, easy and amiable in his manners, and spoke Italian very correctly. Later in the afternoon I saw the city, which is surrounded by ancient walls, supposed to have been erected in 1280 by Edward I. I had a delightful promenade on them around the city, which is entered by four gates. It is said that it dates back nearly 1,000 years before Christ.

On the 6th, at half past two in the morning, I left York for Scotland, meeting in the cars with a very pleasant company of two gentlemen and three ladies of Glasgow, returning from a tour in Sweden and Norway. We passed the remainder of the night in pleasant conversation, and I received very valuable information concerning these hyperborean regions of Northern Europe, the native land proper of the Normans. It was broad daylight before we left Yorkshire, and we breakfasted at Newcastle, the capital of Northumberland County. Newcastle is built upon very rich soil, highly cultivated; its wealth lies in its coal which is the best in England. We crossed the Tweed, the boundary line between England and Scotland, by a bridge one thousand one hundred and sixty-four feet long, with six arches, and entered the town of Berwick, which although it naturally belongs to Scotland, as it is on the north or Scotch side of the Tweed, is really at present part of England; this is the

ancient *Tuesis*, now *Berwick-upon-Tweed*, and is considered both by England and Scotland as a fortress of the greatest importance, and they made it the theatre of many sanguinary conflicts between their respective armies. After repeated sieges and much bloodshed it was finally ceded to England in 1502, and after the death of Queen Elizabeth, in 1603, James I. of England, and VI. of Scotland, was proclaimed King of England, France and Ireland. Here, and for several miles along the road, we enjoyed a fine view of the stormy German Ocean. We then crossed the Tyne, passed through Haddington, the capital of East Lothian County, and soon reached the depot at Edinburgh, Scotland's capital.

Here I missed all my baggage, excepting the little valise I had with me in the cars, and went to the station-master, who showed me all the baggage. Mine was not there. He then asked me at what place I had put it on the cars. I said: "At York;" and showed a small piece of printed paper, which I had received at the York station from the person in charge. Seeing this, the Edinburgh station-master said: "Your baggage is at the York station; it was not put on the cars." I insisted that I had told the man to have it put on the cars; and then I learned that the note I held was not a kind of baggage-check by which I could claim my trunks at their destination, but that I should have returned the note to the baggage-master, and have seen the baggage put upon the cars before leaving the place. I now gave the

note to the station-master, who told me to call the next day and I would find it all right. I took up my lodgings at the Waverley Hotel, in Prince street, the principal street of Edinburgh.

Edinburgh, the metropolis of Scotland, is an imposing and interesting city, and in the matter of antiquities and historical records, ranks with the first cities of Europe. Its origin is lost in remote antiquity ; its present population is about one hundred and fifty thousand. The city is divided, by a deep and wild ravine, into the old and the new town, united by a large bridge and a mound of earth. This ravine has been converted into beautiful gardens ; and instead of a deformity, as before, is now an ornament to the city. I several times recited my office in the shelter of its fine shade trees. The day after my arrival I returned to the depot and found my baggage, which had just arrived from York, and for which they required no payment. My next thought was to visit Edinburgh Castle, the monument of so many romantic and historical memories. It stands on the brink of a frightful precipice, and by virtue of a contract between England and Scotland, must be kept always fortified and garrisoned. I saw the crown jewels, which are kept in this castle ; as also the room in which the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, gave birth to a son, afterwards James VI., and the window from which, when only eight days old, he was let down in a basket, to be carried to a place of greater safety. I visited the state prisons, the

armory, and the gigantic cannon called *Mons Meg.* I drove to Calton Hill, where I visited the monument erected to Dugald Stewart, and saw the Observatory, which is well worth a visit. On the summit of the hill is a monument to Nelson, a circular column one hundred and eight feet high. Close to it is a national monument in commemoration of the battle of Waterloo, built on the model of the Parthenon at Athens, but not finished for want of funds. From this point can be seen Burns' Monument, the valley by Holyrood, Arthur's Seat, Lammermuir, and Pentland Hills. I visited the old jail, an ancient, massive, and curiously constructed building; the names of many unfortunate prisoners are seen on the walls of its cells, besides many curious works engraved on its walls, the labor of the leisure hours of those confined there. In the afternoon I drove to the extreme eastern part of the old city to see the ancient palace and abbey of Holyrood, or what remains of this memorial of Scotland's ancient splendor. Holyrood Palace, the ancient residence of Scottish royalty, was a magnificent building in former times; it is a large, quadrangular structure, built of hewn stones, with a court inside surrounded by balconies; in its gallery, which is a hundred and fifty feet long, are portraits of all the kings of Scotland, from Fergus I. It is now used at the election of the sixteen peers of Scotland, to determine their order in Parliament. In the north-west tower are the rooms last occupied by the unfortunate Mary Stuart. I saw her

bed-chamber, with what remains of the crimson damask bed; the walls decorated with tapestry embroidered by her own hands. Her *prie-dieu* on which she knelt in prayer; the ruins of an *altare portabile* (movable altar), and several other articles belonging to her, are there; and her bed-room remains as she left it. I saw the cabinet from which David Rizzio, an Italian, the Queen's faithful secretary, was dragged, and murdered in her very presence. The profligate Henry Darnley, whom Rizzio had assisted to obtain the hand of Mary, planned the conspiracy against him, and found his tools in the venal cowards, Morton, Ruthven, Lindsay, Maitland, Kerr, and Ballentyne (names forever infamous in the pages of Scottish history), having carefully circulated the report that Rizzio was an emissary of the Pope, and that Mary had joined the Holy League for the extermination of the Protestants by a general massacre. On Saturday, March 9th, Chancellor Morton, followed by eighty armed men, took possession of the palace gates, while Mary, who two days before had opened the Parliament, and was in an advanced state of pregnancy, was at the table in her bed-room, attended by the commendator of Holyrood House, the Countess of Argyle, her brother and sister, Erskine, captain of the guards, and Beaton, master of the household. The Queen's husband entered by a private staircase, followed by the conspirators. Mary, alarmed, ordered Ruthven from the room under penalty of treason. Rizzio, fearing for his life, sprang be-

hind the Queen, crying: "*Giustizia! Giustizia!*" hoping the respect due to the Queen would protect him from the assassins; but, disregarding her prayers and her condition, George Douglas snatched Darnley's dirk, struck over the Queen's shoulder, and left the weapon sticking in Rizzio's back, Ballentyne meantime menacing the Queen with his dagger, and Kerr holding a pistol to her breast. In the struggle the table was overturned, and the assassin, dragging Rizzio through the bed-room and ante-chamber, dispatched him at the head of the staircase, leaving him pierced with fifty-six wounds.

Rizzio was a native of Piedmont, who came to Scotland in the suite of the Duke of Savoy, and was recommended to the Queen, who gave him an appointment as interpreter; adroit, discreet, and faithful, he gained her favor and confidence, and, at her marriage, was made keeper of the privy purse for Darnley and herself. It is contended that Rizzio had received many private warnings of the plot against him, and that Sir James Melville, in particular, warned him of the danger which, in every country, menaces a foreigner who so enjoys the sovereign's favor as to excite the jealousy of the native born, and made him fully acquainted with the plot against him. I saw the stains of Rizzio's blood, still visible, on the floor near the staircase.

I visited the abbey, founded in 1128 by David I., used as a royal burying-place, of which the four walls alone remain. Around these walls are the

tombs of many of the kings and queens of Scotland; and the vast choir is still shown wherein stood the altar before which the beautiful Mary was united in marriage with Henry Darnley, the nearest heir to the English crown.

In Edinburgh, I passed by the house and church of the apostate, John Knox, and some of the friends with me requested me to enter and see it, but I refused, saying, I not only had no sympathy for him, but that I despised him. We talked of his apostacy from the Catholic Church, in which he had been a clergyman, of his becoming a preacher of the so-called Reformation, and spoke at length of his intolerance and fanatical bitterness in regard to the Catholic religion. When the unfortunate and pious Mary, then widow of Francis II., of France, arrived in Scotland to reign in her own right, she caused Mass to be celebrated in the royal chapel, which so excited his bitterness that he rebuked the privy council for having permitted it, and openly declared in the pulpit that one Mass was more frightful to him than ten thousand enemies who might land in any part of the realm; he excited the Scottish people to revolt against their queen because of her religion; and religion was the real cause of her persecution by the wicked virgin queen, Elizabeth. When Mary, a fugitive from Scotland, decided to seek refuge with the Queen of England, her friends in vain opposed the fatal determination, recalling to her mind Elizabeth's well known faithlessness, and the assistance she had given to the

Scottish rebels; and assuring her it was easy to cross to France, where she was sure of assistance and a favorable reception. The good Archbishop of St. Andrews, in Edinburgh, conjured her on his knees not to persist in the project. Lord Herries and others joined the prelate; but Mary seemed to be confident of protection from Queen Elizabeth. She soon discovered her mistake: that wicked monster, the Virgin Queen, never rested until she had brought the pious and innocent Mary, Queen of Scots, to the scaffold, not even allowing her to have a priest to administer the consolations of religion to her in the frightful dungeon in which she had been treacherously thrown by the very hand from which she had sought protection and assistance, expecting a secure asylum from her persecutors; nor even upon the scaffold was she allowed a priest to administer the sacraments of the Church, and to console her in that most terrible hour of trial, but a bigoted, inveterate Protestant minister, Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, was sent her by Queen Elizabeth, and he had the brutal insolence to insult her at the place of execution, at the very moment when she was being sacrificed on the scaffold to satisfy, with her innocent blood, that monster of iniquity, Queen Elizabeth, for the confession and profession of that Catholic faith which England had shamefully deserted.

Edinburgh has many respectable universities, the medical one being famous all over the world. The city is well laid out, with many interesting

squares, and around Calton Hill a number of walks have lately been laid out at different elevations, from which the town and surrounding country can be seen to great advantage. A promenade has also been made on the still greater height of Salisbury, from which the view is really grand and imposing. I look upon this city as one of the most beautiful I have seen in my travels, and one which I shall never forget. I regretted much that though the monument of Sir Walter Scott, who was born in Edinburgh in 1771, was near my hotel, I was not able to walk often around it. It is two hundred feet high, and has two hundred and eighty-seven steps leading to the top of the gallery. This monument is adorned with many statues ; one, large and of white marble representing Sir Walter with his pet dog Bevis at his side, is placed under the canopy. I visited the fine old cathedral dedicated to St. Giles, the patron saint of Edinburgh ; it is built in the Gothic style, in the form of a cross, and in 1446, when formed into a collegiate church, contained forty altars.

My first intention was to proceed by Aberdeen to Inverness, and thence, by the lakes to Ireland ; but as this would have occupied more time than I could spare, without depriving myself of the opportunity of seeing Glasgow and the Clyde, famous for their ship-building, I went to Leith, the seaport of Edinburgh, and the most important naval station on the east of Scotland, one mile and a half from Edinburgh, where many monuments and his-

torical reminiscences meet the traveler. I took the steamer here for Stirling, where I arrived about dusk, seeing on the way the island of the rascal, Cromwell; Wallace's monument, etc. Not far from Stirling are the beautiful lakes, or lochs, Callander, Katrine, and Lomond, so romantic and charming, all accessible now by rail, while a number of steamers ply upon their waters.

I arrived, by rail, at Glasgow late at night, and, finding no room in the first two hotels upon which I had determined, was obliged to stop at the Cobden Hotel. Glasgow is one of the oldest towns in Scotland; its origin is generally attributed to St. Mungo, or St. Kentigern, in the year 500. It is the largest city in Scotland, and, in commerce and population ranks as third in importance in Great Britain. It has over four hundred thousand inhabitants. It was the cradle of steam navigation—the first steamer in Europe having been launched in the Clyde, in 1812, by Henry Bell, of Glasgow, to whom a fine monument has been raised. Here also, in 1768, John Watts, born in the city, was the first to apply steam as a motive power; and he, too, has a fine monument to his memory. I was introduced, by the pastor residing in Great Clyde street, to the Right Rev. John Gray, D.D., Bishop of Glasgow, whom I found at breakfast, and although I had already breakfasted at the hotel, I was compelled to repeat the performance with his lordship, a fine, tall, elderly gentleman, who had just returned from Rome, where he had attended the cel-

ebration of the Centenary of St. Peter. I admired his dignified presence, free from all pretension, and his countenance, beaming with piety and intellect; his unostentatious manners and frankness of speech. I was asked why I had not come directly to him instead of going to a hotel. I explained that I had arrived late at night. He invited me to remain with him. I thanked him for his kind hospitality; but I had made arrangements to take the steamer for Belfast that afternoon. I accepted his invitation to dine with him, and he called the vicar-general, whose name I regret having forgotten, to accompany me to see the city, university, museum, etc. The vicar-general was a German, apparently quite young, well educated, and amiable, and visited with me the most remarkable parts of the city. The greater part of Glasgow is built on the north bank of the Clyde, which is now navigable, even for very large vessels, as far as the city, and is spanned by a number of fine bridges. The city did not impress me very favorably; but the university, library, museum, etc., have a great reputation, and are well worth a visit, especially as they contain some very rare and valuable works; but, considering they are obliged, in some of the rooms, to light the gas at noon, and to have fires in August, I formed the opinion that the climate is not over and above pleasant. The walls, stained with smoke from the foundries and factories, the muddy streets, and the day being rainy, I had not a very ardent desire to remain in the

city. I saw the old cathedral, which is magnificent, and contains many monuments of antiquity. We returned to the Bishop, and after dinner, at which a number of clergymen were present, I took leave of his lordship, promising, if I ever again visited Glasgow, that I would make his palace my home.

I took the steamer for Belfast, and enjoyed a magnificent sail on the Clyde, both sides of which are crowded with ship-yards. The hammering of the workmen, constructing iron vessels, can be heard for miles; while blazing furnaces, wherein the plates for iron-clads are constructed, glared along the shore for a long distance towards Greenock, where the steamer waited for over two hours, affording me an opportunity to inspect the place. Greenock, the chief seaport of Scotland, is on the south bank of the Clyde, and is visited by vessels from all parts of the world. It has a great number of immense manufactories for nearly everything; and the foundries are on a grand scale. An Irishman—watched by his mother and sister and two policemen—was forcibly put on board here. He was said to be a lunatic; but, as I saw a bottle of whiskey in his pocket, I concluded he was more drunk than insane. I was told he was a schoolmaster. He endeavored to get off the boat, but was prevented by the police. The captain of the steamer could do very little with him. He shouted out several times: "My passage is paid! My passage is paid!" much to the amusement of the crowd. When the steamer was start-

ing from the wharf, he made a valedictory address to Scotland, finishing with: "Good bye, land of heroes! Good bye, immortal shores of a great country! land of great men! Good bye, people of Scotland—descendants of heroes! conquerors of the world! snakes in the grass! children of rascals! scoundrels! robbers!" and so on, until we were out of sight of Greenock. As we glided by the river banks, we could see the lights from the many foundries which are located on the western coast of Scotland, and as it grew dark, it seemed as if all Scotland was illuminated, and this continued, gradually diminishing and vanishing, until the entire coast of Scotland vanished from our sight.

The man supposed to be insane was among the deck passengers, and now said he was an ex-priest, adding several things which hurt the many Irishmen in the crowd. His behavior was disgraceful. I went among those surrounding him to find out what he was. I asked one of the crowd if it was really believed he was a priest, and was answered: "No; he is an Orangeman!" And so it proved; which, the others discovering, he was treated with derision, and was forced to run to save himself from violence. I presume all the Catholics present were Irishmen, and were indignant and exasperated by this Orange schoolmaster, who was passing himself off as a priest in order to abuse the Catholic religion. Orangemen is the name given by Catholic Irishmen to their Protestant countrymen, because they adhered to

the House of Orange. At the battle of the Boyne, the Catholics fought to hold Ireland for James II., while the Protestants stood by William, Prince of Orange. The latter conquered; and the Catholics were exposed to the most cruel persecution, besides being subjected to many civil and religious disabilities; from which comes the intense hatred Catholic Irishmen have for Orangemen. An attempt has been made in this century to revive the Orange lodges.

In my state-room, I made a calculation concerning the extent of my travels, by which I found that I had already gone several days beyond the time I had allotted for the cities of Great Britain, so I decided to travel quite *incognito*, that I might be better able to fulfill my design, fearing to be deprived of some more important part of my tour, and if I should have any time to spare, I would rather spend it among my friends and relatives in Gallipolis.

We entered the Bay of Belfast early in the morning, and upon landing I was surprised to see a fine building finished in the Italian style; it contains the offices of the harbor commissioners. It has a grand clock tower, and the whole is built of cut stone, and, as I afterwards observed, is one of the finest buildings in the town. Belfast is a noble city, built on the bay, or lough, at the mouth of the little river Lagan, and contains upwards of a hundred and forty thousand inhabitants. It has a cheerful aspect and a large foreign trade. As I did not intend to make any

stay in Belfast, I left my baggage at the depot and looked about for a carriage to take me to the other depot, where I wished to take the cars to Downpatrick to visit the grave of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland. I could see no hack, but they brought me an affair on two wheels of a form and shape such as I had never seen before; it had two rows of boards, looking like shelves, on each side, without a cover; on the car top there was only one board, and two steps on each side, so that the top one was, as it were, the platform, with short rails on each side, so that the whole looked to me like the steps of the cars in the United States, only on a somewhat larger scale. This is called a *jaunting car*, and as I had never seen one before, I had no idea where I was to sit. I took the boards to be steps and climbed to the top. The driver, who sits in front and has the best seat, looked at me in astonishment, saying: "That's not the place, your honor." As I supposed them to be only steps by which to reach the top, I was more surprised than he, and tried to sit by him in front; but he turned to me in amazement as if I were intruding upon him, saying that it was his seat and not large enough for two. "Then where am I to sit?" I exclaimed; he pointed to the shelves or steps; down I went again, and sat on the lower step where my feet nearly touched the ground, and I asked if that was the place; he again gazed at me in wonder and advised me to sit a step higher. I did so, and held on by the rails with both hands, fearing

every moment I should be made to kiss the ground, as it jolted frightfully over the paved streets. We arrived at the station at last; I gave the driver a shilling, and said to myself, I never again would be caught in an affair like that.

I had a very pleasant ride to Downpatrick, where I went to see the church built by St. Patrick, for which I paid a shilling to the woman who kept the key. The church is Gothic, and has been nearly re-built by the Episcopalians. I asked the woman, a Protestant, if St. Patrick was a Protestant. She answered "No; a Catholic." "How, then, is it," said I, "that the church is in the hands of Protestants?" "They took it from the Catholics," she replied. "Then," I said, "it should be given back to the Catholics." "If they fight for it they will get it," she answered.

The inside of the church is plain. I saw the place where the altar must have stood, the pulpit, etc. Then I went to see St. Patrick's grave, which is close to the church in the cemetery, now used by Protestants. There is nothing to distinguish the grave of Ireland's Apostle; it is only a mound without headstone or inscription, not so much as a cross, yet every body knows it, and the path leading to it from the road is kept smooth by the frequent visits of the Irish, who go thither to pray; and there is a cavity over the grave made by the Irish taking, in their devotion, away the earth for a *memento*. I could not but think what a magnificent monument they would build upon the grave of their Apostle, were they but allowed to do

so. Still, though St. Patrick's grave has no sign to mark it, after the lapse of nearly fifteen centuries, many of them passed in bitter persecution, in a part of Ireland inhabited by Orangemen, every one in Downpatrick, and thousands elsewhere, can point out the spot. It is shown from generation to generation by tradition, and herein Protestants have before their eyes a certain proof of the truth and reliability of tradition. I speak of those skeptical Protestants who study to throw doubt on the location of those holy places marked out by the pious St. Helen, to whom they were shown by the Christians of her day, their own knowledge having come to them by tradition. The Christians of Egypt and Palestine had always a veneration for those sacred places, sanctified by Our Divine Redeemer, and were constantly pouring forth fervent prayers thereon.

Downpatrick is a small village with nothing else worth seeing, and one hour suffices for a visit to St. Patrick's grave and Cathedral. I took the next train back to Belfast.

Having seen the North of Ireland, I took the cars for Armagh, the Metropolitan See of Ireland, once filled by St. Patrick himself. This city, the capital of the County Armagh, was once the metropolis of Ireland, and in the middle ages was a city of great learning and celebrity, there being at one time over seven thousand students at the college; now it is a small city surrounded by rich and well cultivated fields, and is famous, as indeed is the entire county, for its

linen manufactures. I was there just at the time of the harvesting of the hemp. I was met at the depot by Mrs. Heyden, an old acquaintance, who, knowing of my expected visit to Ireland, had been constantly watching for me, and had already provided a carriage and a room at the hotel for me. I saw the city and visited the new Cathedral, which is a fine stone edifice built on an eminence, from which there is a grand view of the superb and charming country surrounding.

I saw St. Patrick's Well, around which are a number of bushes with little pieces of cloth tied to them, the meaning of which I asked, and was told they were *mementoes* from the people, who had been cured by drinking water from the well. I remained but a day, and then proceeded to Dublin, passing through Dundalk, where Edward Bruce, brother of Robert, was crowned King of Ireland; he was the last king of Ireland, and Dundalk was the last city in Ireland to see the crowning of a monarch. Twenty miles more and I arrived at Drogheda, on the Boyne, the river famous because its shores were the battle ground, where the forces of James II. fought with those of his son-in-law, William of Orange, in July, 1690. James ran away and abandoned the field even before the battle was decided, and then threw the blame upon the Irish, the Prince of Orange becoming conqueror. Drogheda is one of the many towns which experienced the rigor of the persecution and cruelty of Cromwell. In the merciless campaign of 1650 the entire garrison

and a large number of the inhabitants having been put to the sword after a successful siege, the brute Cromwell ordered the steeple of St. Peter's Church, in which a hundred of the people had taken refuge, to be set on fire, and they all perished in the flames.

After thirty-two miles of a pleasant railway journey I arrived in Dublin, the metropolis of Ireland, which is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Liffey, a mile from its bay, which although large, is neither safe nor convenient, though its faults have been partially removed by a magnificent stone wall, while the river is spanned by seven fine stone bridges. The city has a population of two hundred and sixty thousand, in its exterior is one of the finest and most regularly built cities of the old world, and is distinguished for the large number of its fine public buildings, and for its extensive commerce at home and with foreign countries. I saw Dublin Castle, the official residence of the Lord Lieutenant, the Cathedral, a fine building, where I said Mass on Sunday, the elegant monuments raised to Ireland's great liberator, Daniel O'Connell, and to Nelson, the obelisk of Wellington, which cost a hundred thousand dollars, the house in which Moore was born, and the residence of the great Irish patriot, O'Connell. The cemetery, in which are the tombs of O'Connell and Curran, the famous orator, is laid out with great taste and is visited with much interest; the graves in it are every day decorated with fresh flowers in summer, and with evergreens in winter.

Early in the afternoon I took the cars for the West of Ireland and crossed the Shannon, the largest river in Ireland, famous for its excellent salmon, which I ate even in Paris. The railroad passes through Mullingar, a well-built town with a linen factory, and Galway, a beautiful city, having a good harbor and an extensive commerce. It is also noted for its salmon and herring fisheries. Hearing that the Bishop here, to whom I had a letter of introduction, had not yet returned from Rome, I continued my journey, arriving in the evening at Killarney, a small town, not over clean, with nothing worth seeing but the lakes, called by the same name, which are beautiful and interesting, and every year attract numerous visitors from every part of the world. I saw the ruins of Aghadoe, the finest in Great Britain, McCarthy's Island, the former owner of the whole County of Kerry, Muckross Abbey, etc., and left for Blarney by the first morning train, meeting in the cars with an American gentleman, a doctor from Cincinnati, who having made a tour in Italy, was now visiting Ireland on his way home. He complained very much of his hotel bill, called the Irish robbers, who desired to live without working, and so on. I remarked that if the hotel keeper had overcharged him, the Irish people had nothing to do with it, and that my bill at another hotel on the same lake was not extortionate; he showed me his; it was over five pounds for three days; it included boating, guides, etc., but I thought myself it was too much.

I saw Blarney, a small town famous for its castle, Blarney Castle, long the residence of the royal race of the McCarthys, and especially now on account of the Blarney Stone, which is supposed to endow every one who kisses it, with a peculiar soft, persuasive, wheedling eloquence that is irresistible. I here met with two very agreeable American gentlemen and it was settled between us, that we should traverse the rest of Ireland in company. I held a second class ticket, they a third class, for they had judged, with truth, that in Great Britain the third class is about as good as the second, and I tried to have mine exchanged, but I was refused; however, as I was not willing to lose their society, I travelled in a third class car on a second class ticket. We passed through the large, industrial City of Limerick, where there is a beautiful Cathedral, through Tipperary, which is old, uninteresting and decaying, and soon were in Cork.

Cork is a fine old city of over one hundred thousand inhabitants, second in commerce in Ireland; it was formerly built on an island, formed in the river Lee, but now spreads for some distance over the river bank, connected by nine stone bridges. It has two good churches, and a stately Cathedral, while the exterior of the public buildings, as a general thing, is quite plain; but the market house, custom house and town house are good. I was present at the butter market and very much admired the exactness of the officers in branding the different qualities of

butter for export, and was much amused at the contention among the owners, when dissatisfied with the decision of the officer. In the afternoon I was on the other side of the Lee, and dropped into an eating house for dinner, and had some beefsteak so good that it really did credit to Cork; the landlord asked me if I would like some "potheen," which, supposing it to be some particular kind of local food, some fish, perhaps, from the Lee, I accepted. A waiter brought me a decanter and a wine glass on a tray and I asked him if it contained wine, "It is potheen," he answered I tasted it, but as it was too strong for me I sent it back.

I took passage in a steamer for Bristol, a dirty, inconvenient affair, loaded with cattle for England, and fit only for cattle, many of these even being found dead from suffocation, when taken out at Bristol. This was at the time of the Fenian troubles in Ireland, and passengers from America were closely watched by the police, and often imprisoned, and I had been warned by my friends in England, and even advised by some not to attempt to visit the South of Ireland, but I said I was not afraid. A police officer now came on board the steamer, and put a number of questions to me, the meaning of which I understood well enough; I answered, candidly and without reserve, all his questions: The object of my journey, my native country, etc., for it seems I had been watched by the police; but he finally left after shaking hands with me, and the boat steamed into

the spacious and beautiful harbor of Cork, called formerly the *Cove of Cork*, but now *Queenstown* in memory of the visit of Queen Victoria, who landed here on her visit to Ireland in 1849. The sail to Queenstown is really charming; the steamer stopped at the wharf and another policeman came on board, drew a paper from his pocket, and coming to me propounded some other questions of about the same nature as those put to me at Cork. I at once suspected he had been telegraphed from Cork to see if I had spoken the truth; he wrote down my answers and left. Now I recollected that two Irishmen had been taken prisoners near Cork, having been accused of Fenianism; they were in the same car with me under the guard of two policemen, and this probably was the cause of the suspicion with which I was regarded.

On board the steamer were two Irish priests who were going to London and thence to Paris, to see the *Exposition*, and we travelled, as far as London, together. The next day we saw the Southern coast of Wales from which the eldest son of the King of England receives his title; it is a mountainous country with wild and romantic scenery, with delightful valleys, numerous lakes, and several navigable rivers. The common Welsh peasantry still retain many peculiar customs and superstitions, speaking in many parts of the country their own national language, and wearing a peculiar dress. I saw some Welsh women with a sort of mitre on their heads, quite long

and ending at the top in the shape of a cone. We arrived about noon at Bristol, where there is now a very convenient harbor, in which merchant ships of any burden can float, which is due to the extensive works and the opening of a new channel for the Avon, to prevent the flowing and ebbing of the tide. Bristol, called by the Britons *Caer-Brito*, and by the Saxons *Brightstowe* or *pleasant place*, is the third commercial city in England. It lies chiefly on the north bank of the lower Avon; its buildings are fine and rich in appearance; they are built with gardens and terraces, one above the other, resembling an amphitheatre. Sebastian Cabot, who discovered Newfoundland, was born here in 1499.

On our way to London we passed through a rich and well cultivated country, through Clifton, a beautiful place, a mile from Bristol, known for its hot springs, and stopped for a short time at Bath, said to be the most elegant city in England, celebrated for its medicinal waters, the variety of its amusements, the elegance of its streets, and the magnificence of its public buildings. It has borne various names in different ages, all however, containing allusion to its famous waters, the Romans called it *Aquæ Solis*, *Fontes Calidi*, *Thermæ*, *Botonia*, and *Bathonia;* the Britons, *Caer Badun*, or *Bladon;* the Saxons, *Hat Bathun* and *Achamannum;* there are numerous Roman vestiges to be found in it. We stopped, also, at Reading, a fine, regularly laid out town, and then made our way to London. At Bath a Protestant minister who had no

ticket nor any change to buy one, entered our car, and offered a five pound note, which was refused, but he was allowed to ride and pay at the end of the journey. He said he was professor in a college on the route to London; he tried at several stations along the road to get the bill changed, but no one wished to do it, giving the common excuse of having no change. Hearing that I intended to make some stay in London, he directed me to a certain boarding-house, kept by a woman, his intimate friend, and gave me a written address, a reference and a message. He left us at Reading, and the Irish priests with whom I was travelling, advised me not to stay at the place he had recommended.

We arrived at Kensington depot about ten o'clock, P. M., I bade good bye to my Irish friends, and drove to the Cathedral Hotel close to the famous St. Paul. I had a good supper but an inconvenient room on the street side, and could not sleep on account of the incessant noise of the carts and carriages passing, but the next day my room was changed for a better one, in a fine location.

I do not intend here to give a description of London; it would fill many pages and that is no part of my object, and it can, besides, be found in many books and guides. To say nothing would, however, be doing the city injustice, so I will mention a few observations which I made during my short stay there. London, the metropolis of the United Kingdom and the wealthiest city in the world, one of the cleanest

and best governed, contains three millions of inhabitants, and is remarkable for the business air every where observable in it. The city proper is small in proportion to the rest, and is built on the northern bank of the Thames, but that, which goes by the name of London, lies on both sides of the river which is crossed by a number of bridges, the principal of which are the London, Hungerford, Vauxhall, Blackfriar's, Westminster Bridge, etc. The city covers about one hundred and twenty square miles, and is eight miles long by six wide. Although forty-five miles above the mouth of the river, its seaport, lying between Blackwall and London Bridge, is extensive, deep and safe, and its docks cover more than one hundred acres. It was an ancient Roman colony, but no vestiges remain of the walls by which the Romans surrounded it. Although London is more a small world than a large city, the stranger easily finds his way in it, as the Thames runs through the city, and the principal streets run parallel with it, still I was obliged to procure a local map for my own guidance. The streets are regular, wide, clean, and well paved, the houses plain and substantial, the public buildings made more for use and convenience than for ornament. The first day of my stay I went to the Union Bank in which I had letters of credit. They asked for my signature, which I gave, they compared it with the one kept at the bank, and I drew money enough to carry me to Paris. I visited the Bank of England, several of the numerous Parks, and especially

Hyde Park, which covers four hundred acres, the Regent's Park, the Zoological Gardens, considered to contain a larger collection of animals than any other city. I have never seen a greater variety, and a more complete collection of birds. I spent many hours there in company with another traveller. I visited several museums, the Crystal Palace, in which I spent an entire day, and it is well worth a visit from any traveller; the day was rainy and unpleasant, but about the time when the fountains were to play, the weather cleared up and the display of the water works was beautiful.

On Sunday I said Mass in a church near St. Paul's, and received a kind invitation to breakfast with its pastor, which I accepted, but I was unable to dine with him, as he wished. He was a Belgian, with two curates under him, kind and intelligent; the church is rather small and poor, but clean and respectable. I visited St. Paul's Cathedral, a magnificent building on the summit of Ludgate Hill, commenced in 1672 and finished in 1710, built of Portland stone at a cost of six millions of dollars. Every attempt to repair the old Gothic Cathedral, built on the same spot by Ethelbert in 604, and burnt in the great fire of 1660, having failed, every trace of it was removed and the new foundation laid for the present church, which is built in the form of a Latin cross, five hundred feet long and two hundred and forty-seven wide in the transept. The interior is divided by rows of pillars into nave and side aisles; the west

towers are two hundred and twenty-two feet high, and the top of the cross four hundred and four feet from the level of the church yard. On the south front of the church is a phœnix rising from the flames, with the motto : RESURGAM, (I shall rise again). Its lofty dome may be seen for miles, its magnificent, deep-toned bell, which is only tolled on the death of some member of the royal family, or the Lord Mayor of London, the Protestant Bishop of London, and the Dean of the Cathedral, but strikes the hours, is heard far out of the city ; this bell is ten feet in diameter and weighs four and a half tons. The portico is well decorated with Corinthian pillars, but the interior ornamentation of the church does not correspond with its exterior magnificence. Nelson, Wellington, Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, and several others are buried here and have fine monuments erected to their memory. There are three services daily, on Sundays and on week days.

The net work of underground railways is admirable ; the stations are reached by rather long stairways, and one can go from one extremity of the city to the other, always under ground through a tunnel. The lines are very numerous and lead to many parts of London. I have travelled by them several times, but found them dark and damp. I understand that the officers have to be changed quite often for fear of losing their eyesight. The tunnel under the Thames is a masterpiece of workmanship, which I visited with great pleasure, but stood aghast before this

colossal and wondrous enterprise of architectural daring, a breakage under the river would sweep me away like a piece of straw.

One morning I was crossing the famous London Bridge to go on board a steamer, that I might enjoy a view of the Thames, and watched the immense crowd of men, women, carriages, omnibuses, carts drawn by fine, large, English horses, or mules, ponderous wagons, heavily laden, dragged some by single horses and some by donkeys, crossing the bridge, which appeared packed with them ; some seemed groaning under a ponderous over-load ; others would hit against each other ; a horse overpowered by the heavy wagon he was dragging, would fall under it ; donkeys, unable to drag their heavy carts, were being helped along by pulling and pushing, yet there was no confusion, no swearing and cursing, no shouting. A policeman was helping the driver of the fallen horse to raise the animal, while others were directing the omnibuses and carriages in order to avoid entanglement. The order and regularity of the London police is admirable. I was one day in an omnibus which stopped near the sidewalk ; an officer called the driver and took his name and number ; the man tried to excuse himself by saying he only stopped to let out passengers, but it was of no use. I asked some of the passengers who this officer was ; " A time-keeper," I was answered. " What is that ?" I inquired. They told me it was an officer whose duty it was to see that each omnibus should go

to the end of its route, and during the route should stop only to take up and let out passengers; the duration of this stop is limited, and the driver had exceeded his time.

The steamboat left me near the House of Parliament, which fronts for nine hundred feet on the river; the fare on the boat was one penny. The exterior of the Parliament House is grand and imposing; it is a Gothic structure, made of Aberdeen granite, erected at a cost of eight millions, on the site of the old house, which was burnt in 1834. I did not spend much time in its vicinity, as I was anxious to see the famous Westminster Abbey, which would be closed at six o'clock in the evening. This abbey is famous in the history of England; the existence of Westminster itself, a city of Middlesex county, is due to the foundation of the abbey. In 1259, Henry III. granted to the abbot and convent of Westminster Abbey, a fair and a market, from which originated the city and privileges of Westminster. It now contains the seat of government, the residence of royalty, and is the centre of fashion, although Queen Victoria prefers to reside in the magnificent Buckingham Palace, where she has lived since 1837. Westminster is now united with London. Its church was commenced by King Sebert in 610, and rebuilt by Edward the Confessor in 1066, and many additions were afterwards made to it. It is a Gothic building, in the shape of a Latin cross, the nave two hundred and thirty-four feet long and ninety-six wide. The kings of England are

crowned in its choir, but the coronation feasts are held in the celebrated Westminster Hall, which exceeds in dimensions any room in Europe, being two hundred and seventy feet long, ninety feet high, and seventy-four wide, unsupported by pillars, and built by William II. in 1097. Members of the royal family, as also personages of great distinction, are buried in the abbey, and many rich and interesting monuments are thus gathered here, among which I saw a very beautiful one erected over the tomb of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. Milton's monument represents his bust, with a lyre entwined with a serpent holding an apple; the full-length statue of Shakespeare, leaning against a pillar, is beautiful. Addison, Sheridan, Michael Drayton, etc., are interred here, and have magnificent monuments. Handel, the immortal author of the oratorio of the *Messiah*, is commemorated by a life-sized statue, ornamented by an organ and a scroll of music. Near the abbey stood the sanctuary which, in olden times, was used as a refuge for criminals. There are services in the chapel twice daily throughout the year.

The next day I went to the post-office to mail letters for Italy and America, then took the underground railroad for Bow, to visit the lunatic asylum of Grove Hall, a fine building and a well-conducted establishment, in which only soldiers are received. I was now growing very anxious to leave London for Paris to see the *Exposition*, but desired first to visit the famous Tower of Lon-

don. I arrived too late; I spoke to a warden, who, dressed as a yeoman of Henry the Eighth's time, was sitting on a stone wall in the yard, apparently almost tired to death. I asked him if I could see the Tower; he said, "It is too late; you must come to-morrow." I told him that I intended to start for France to-morrow, and wished he could show me the tower now; he answered, in the regular John Bull style: "I would n't do it, not even for Queen Victoria!" I saw there was no use in persisting further, so I turned my back on him and left, employing the remainder of the day in visiting museums containing statues.

The next day I returned, and found that a party, not considered sufficiently large to be shown the tower, it being necessary to have a party, was waiting for an addition. On my arrival the warden, dressed in the same style of Henry the Eighth's time, said we could now go. I purchased a ticket for a shilling, and went with the party, which amounted to about a dozen.

This famous tower was commenced by Julius Cæsar, and finished by William I., and is governed by the Constable of the Tower, who at coronations and other state ceremonies has charge of the regalia. It is situated at the eastern extremity of the city, separated from the thickly-settled portion of the city by Tower Hill, from the Thames by a ditch, and covers twelve acres. On the south side is an arch called the Traitors' Gate, through which state-prisoners were for-

merly conveyed in boats after their trial; near the Traitors' Gate are the Bloody Tower, where Richard III. murdered his nephews, the barracks, armory, jewel house, white tower, and many other towers and buildings. This was used as a royal residence by the kings of England until the time of Elizabeth. We passed into the Church of St. Peter *in Vinculis*, which is the depository of the headless bodies of numerous illustrious personages, who suffered either in the Tower or on the Hill; among these are Anne Boleyn, the Fishers, Thomas Cromwell, etc.

The White Tower contains the armory, the Chapel of St. John, and the model room, wherein are models of fortifications, to which last, however, strangers are not admitted. I saw the horse-armory, containing suits of armor of almost every description, the effigies of English kings on horseback, armed *cap à pie*, and the Spanish armory, where we were shown a representation of Queen Elizabeth in armor, and the axe which severed the head of Anne Boleyn, and visited Beauchamp Tower, famous as the prison of the ill-fated Anne Boleyn; saw the church, etc., and were then consigned to the care of a woman to be shown the jewels. The jewel-office is a strong stone room, in which the crown jewels, or regalia, are kept, comprising the imperial crown, and other emblems of royalty, such as the golden orb, the golden sceptre and its cross, the sceptre with the dove, St. Edward's staff, state salt-cellar, curtana or sword of mercy, golden spurs, armilla or brace-

lets, ampulla or golden eagle, and the golden spoon, as also the silver font used at the baptisms of the royal family, the state crown worn by His Majesty in parliament, and a large collection of ancient plate.

CHAPTER III.

FRANCE.

DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND — STEAMER BETWEEN NEW HAVEN AND DIEPPE — FRANCE — DIEPPE — NORMANDY — ROUEN — NANTES — PARIS — CHURCH OF ST. SULPICE — APPLICATION TO THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH TO ASSIST THE INDIAN MISSIONS OF THE ETCHEMIN TRIBES — FATHER NYCOLIN — THE EXHIBITION — NOTRE DAME — THE LOUVRE AND TUILERIES — HOTEL DES INVALIDES — LA MADELEINE.

I selected the New Haven and Dieppe line on account of its being the most picturesque route to Paris. I left London on Saturday morning, passed through a delightful country and many small towns, and in a short time was in New Haven, and although I travelled as a second-class passenger, yet for the steamer I had a first-class ticket. New Haven is a small sea-port of not much importance. The steamboat was none of the cleanest, nor was it over convenient. At noon, as we left the English shore, and entered the channel, so well known for the heavy seas which strike the boat on the side, and pour over the deck, we were obliged to retire to the cabin, and the heavy rolling of the ship from side to side made me very sea-sick, as it did the greater part of the passengers. I laid on a sofa, from which I did not rise until we were in sight of

Dieppe. I did not suffer as much in crossing the ocean as in crossing the short channel between England and France. I was so sick that in several instances I was forced to spit blood. Although I had a special first-class ticket for the boat, for which I had paid in London the difference of half a crown, the captain made me pay the difference again, and I was too sick to contest the point. When we arrived at Dieppe, I desired something better for my weak body than a visit to the agent in regard to this imposition, but when returning, a year later, by the same route, with a second-class ticket from Paris to Liverpool, and a special first-class ticket for the steamer, the captain played the same trick upon me. I complained of it, on our arrival at New Haven, to the agent of the line, who went on board the boat, reprimanded the captain, and returned me the money with the thanks of the Company.

At Dieppe our baggage was examined in a very courteous manner. We entered the large dining room of the *Hotel de Londres*, where the table was set, and dinner ready. The setting of the table filled me at once with pleasure and new life. I saw at once the manners and customs of the continent, for the first time in twenty-three years. The everlasting tea and coffee with the bowl of milk which torment the table of the puritanic New Englander, were not visible; the biscuits instead of bread, the preserved sweetmeats, the cakes and innumerable side dishes

amounting to nothing, had disappeared ; the ham, the leg of mutton, the roast beef and plum-pudding of England were gone ; no notice in large letters of "TEMPERANCE HOTEL" disfigured the entrance of the dining-room, as in England and Scotland ; no fanatical Maine Liquor Law prescribed what should be eaten and drank, as in puritan New England. The table was provided with a variety of luxuries, meats, fish, vegetables and fruits according to the European continental custom. Each place was furnished with a loaf of excellent bread, a bottle of wine, and a dish for soup. Coffee and tea can be had if desired, and each person pays for what he orders and no more. I took a plate of soup which was excellent, a small loaf of bread, some grapes and a bottle of wine, at an expense of one franc.

Dieppe is a picturesque city of over nineteen thousand inhabitants, with an easily accessible harbor ; it is the nearest watering place to Paris. In Dieppe I changed some sovereigns into napoleons and a few small coins. Early in the afternoon we left for Rouen, passing through Normandy where I saw many of the original Norman costumes, which are still preserved in the country between Dieppe and Rouen ; the land is not rich, and appeared to me in many places poor and barren. We arrived in the afternoon at Rouen, the ancient capital of Normandy, the *Rotomagus* of the Romans ; a badly built city, of wood mostly, with dark and narrow streets, lying on the right bank of the Seine

which is here crossed by two bridges. It has a population of one hundred thousand inhabitants, and ranks in commerce, wealth and population as the fifth city in France. It is surrounded by a rich and well cultivated country. At this point the Seine is very wide, and the quays along the river are quite handsome. The city contains many Norman and Roman antiquities; the Abbey Church of St. George Bocherville, now the parish chapel of a small village, is the finest specimen of Norman architecture on the continent. The Cathedral, containing many fine sculptures, is a grand specimen of the Gothic style. The Church of St. Ouen, one of the first Archbishops of Rouen, in the seventh century, is one of the noblest and most perfect Gothic edifices in the world, its interior being four hundred and forty-three feet long, and one hundred high, the central tower two hundred and sixty feet high. Rouen still bears the mark of the barbarous vandalism of the Huguenot rabble of the sixteenth century.

The Normans are noted for their talent and shrewdness, and a number of distinguished men have been born in Rouen; as Peter and Thomas Corneille, Natalis Alexandre, etc. The Church of St. Maclou is famous for its magnificent front, the carved stone of which is made to resemble lace. The *Place de la Pucelle* is renowned as the spot where Joan of Arc was burned at the stake; a monument erected to her memory marks the ground on which she

suffered, and stands an everlasting reproach and disgrace to the English, and a mark of infamy to the Inquisition and the Archbishop of Rouen, who ordered her ashes to be cast into the Seine.

We next visited Nantes, so well-known as the scene of such butcheries during the Revolution, which is a finely built, regularly laid out city of about ninety thousand inhabitants, at the junction of the Loire and Erdre, and one of the best and most pleasing cities of France. It has a beautiful Cathedral, which contains the tombs of the Dukes of Bretagne, who had their residence at Nantes, the metropolis of Brittany. Bretagne, or Brittany, received its name from the Britons who, driven from England, took refuge here in the fifth century. The people speak a Celtic dialect; they have also a *patois* called *Lueache*, of which the words are principally Greek. The lower classes are very poor and ignorant. The Castle of Nantes, a marvellous edifice flanked by bastions, is famous as the place wherein Henry IV. signed the *Edict of Nantes* giving protection to the Protestants; it was also the prison of Cardinal de Retz, who escaped from it by letting himself into the Loire with a rope.

I arrived at Paris during the night, my baggage was again examined, and I took a hack and drove to the *Hotel des Missions Etrangers* in the *Rue du Bac*, which had been recommended to me by some of my American friends; it was dirty, uncomfortable and expensive. The driver charged me as much as if I had ordered a carriage from

the stable, so I referred the matter to the hotel-keeper to settle, and it was decided against me; I was too tired to contend about a matter of one franc. The police were on the alert at this point, as the city was full of strangers on account of the Exhibition, and the drivers were taking every advantage they could. In Paris I have often seen the police interfering between strangers and drivers, rescuing the former from the impositions of the latter. The driver said that the carriage was ordered at the stable; if so, I was imposed upon by the officer who ordered the carriage for me at the depot, or by both.

At the hotel I had the pleasure of being introduced to the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who had a room near mine at the same hotel, and also to his Secretary, Rev. Jerome Demetriades, a native of Constantinople.

This, the capital of France, and the second city in Europe, is the *Lutetia Parisiorum* of the time of Julius Cæsar. Parisii was the name of a wandering tribe which had settled on the banks of the Seine; the *Ile de la Citè* was a sort of stronghold to which they retired with their flocks when attacked by the neighboring tribes, and was thus called *Lutetia* (Dwelling of the Waters, or of mire.) Although Paris has a population of two millions, the stream of life in the great streets, the crowd of wagons and carriages is not so great as in London. The city lies east and west, with a circumference of fifteen miles, but the environs of Paris are not like those of London. Instead of

the gardens, parks and country villas which surround London, you see large tracts of unclosed corn fields standing in the suburbs of Paris. The finest approach to Paris is by the *Saint Germain*, a broad, straight road, lined with lofty buildings.

The next day I called on Mr. Monroe, who was so kind as to take care of my letters and papers during my travels, forwarding them to my address. I found letters from America and from my brother in Italy, and arranged my correspondence and monetary affairs for my tour and pilgrimage. On Tuesday I went to the Church of Saint Sulpice, and admired its magnificent portico, composed of a double row of Doric columns, forty feet high, its towers surmounting the edifice, one at the height of two hundred and ten feet, and the other one hundred and seventy-four ; on the highest is the telegraph connecting with Strasburg, and on the southern tower that communicating with Italy. In the centre of the *Place de Saint Sulpice* is a splendid fountain, considered one of the finest in Paris. It is called the Fountain of Saint Sulpice, and was erected by order of Napoleon I.

On Sunday I said Mass in the Church of Saint Sulpice, ranked among the best churches of Paris. This church was commenced in 1645 and finished a century later ; it is four hundred and thirty-two feet long, one hundred and seventy-four wide, and ninety-five feet high, has twenty-two chapels, the principal of which is the chapel of Our Lady, and contains some fine paintings. A meridian line has been traced on

the pavement of the transept, and continued by an obelisk of white marble, to fix the spring equinox. The organ in this church is considered the finest in Paris. I did not hear much of it, because a sermon commenced and was delivered with great energy. It surprised me very much to see that, during the sermon, several Masses were being celebrated in the chapels, which naturally occasioned some confusion among the people, and limited the audience.

One of my objects in visiting Europe was to endeavor to make some arrangements with the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Paris, which is a branch of that in Lyons, with which it is connected, by which some annuity could be obtained for the support of my Indian Missions. I went to the office, No. 34 *Rue Cassette*, and had an interview with the president, whose name I have forgotten, explaining to him the way in which these *Etchemin* Indian missions were first established by France, and were for many years supported by the liberality of the Marquise de Guercheville, but are now left to themselves.

Since the death of the saintly Father Edmond Demilier, on the 18th of July, 1843, there was no resident missionary among the Passamaquoddy tribe at Pleasant Point, and since the removal, on account of his venerable age, of the late Father Samuel Barber from the Penobscot tribe at Old-town, no stationary missionary was among these. The Jesuit Fathers at Georgetown, D. C., were requested by Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston, whose

diocese then included that, which forms now the diocese of Portland, to take charge of those Indian Missions, and he also gave them those of the white people east of the Penobscot, as a means for their support. Very Rev. John Bapst, Rev. John Moore, and a few others of the same Society, resided for some time among the Penobscot Indians; while Rev. Basil Pacciarini, and Rev. Kenneth A. Kennedy, of the same Society, made their home at Eastport, whence they attended the Passamaquoddy Indians at Pleasant Point, Calais, and the Schoodic Lakes. Bishop Fitzpatrick, perceiving with pleasure the flourishing condition of the missions, and the immense spiritual benefit resulting to the people from the labors of the indefatigable Jesuit Fathers, gave into their charge Bangor, and all the missions west of the Penobscot, as far as Rockland and Waterville. The Penobscot Indians were then regularly attended from Bangor, and the Passamaquoddy from Eastport, two or three Jesuit Fathers residing at each of these towns. Father Bapst with the aid of his assistants, built several churches, and freed them from debt, and the Bishop directed him to build a church in Bangor, which should be given to the Jesuit Fathers as their headquarters for the Eastern Mission of Maine.

The new Bishop of Portland took away from the Jesuit Fathers not only the greater part of these missions, but even the church built by Father Bapst in Bangor, promising him permission to build another in the same city, after

paying the balance of the debt of the completed church which was only seventeen thousand dollars. This offer was declined by the Jesuit Fathers, and they withdrew from Maine which had been ever since its discovery the field of their labors. The Passamaquoddy and Lewis Island Indians were occasionally visited by the zealous Father Matthew Murphy, while the good Father Carraher went at intervals to the Penobscot Indians.

I had received a number of letters concerning the condition in which the Indians were thus placed, and as I was the only priest acquainted with their language, having resided formerly many years among them, I decided to return to them. The need, at that time, of priests, and the lack of appropriations for the support of these missions, obliged me to take the residence at Biddeford, whence I occasionally visited them, expecting some day there would be provision made for a resident missionary among them, when the Society for the Propagation of the Faith would give them an annuity as had been promised.

I explained, moreover, that the Reverend Matthew Murphy,* an earnest and indefatigable

* This indefatigable missionary, Rev. Matthew Murphy, died on the 22d of March, 1870, at the age of forty years. His first mission was Portland, where he was ordained, and he was afterwards sent to Bangor, where he was of great assistance to Rev. J. Bapst in building St. John's Church. After the removal of Father Bapst, and with him of the Jesuit Fathers from Maine, Father Murphy was sent still further East, to take charge of the missions on the extreme Eastern frontiers of the country. He took his residence at Eastport, from which place he attended all the Catholics scattered through the wild and unsettled County of Washington, where there are no other

missionary, was doing what he could for the poor Indians of Lewis Island, but his mission of Calais was too poor to afford him the means of supporting the Indian Mission on the Schoodic Lakes; and the same is the case with the pastor of Eastport, in regard to the Indians at Pleasant Point; while the learned and venerable Father John B. Nycolin, of Oldtown, had several times endangered his life in crossing the river on the ice in the winter, and at other seasons, in a canoe, to attend the Penobscot Indians, he, too, finding his means inadequate for the support of the Penobscot Mission. Three churches have to be kept in repair and provided with proper vestments; a missionary independent of all other missions

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means of conveyance except stages, some of which are nothing else but mud-boxes. He built a church at Pembroke, and cleared it of debt, notwithstanding the scanty means which these small and poor missions could afford. One day in the winter he was obliged to go to Pembroke in a boat, to attend a sick-call, it being impossible to go by land, on account of the immense snow-drifts, in which he had broken his sleigh while attempting to open a track in the deep snow. In endeavoring to land on the ice-bound shore, he stepped on a loose cake of ice, and plunged into the sea; and although he was rescued immediately, he got all wet, and his water-soaked clothes froze on him. This accident caused to him a general palsy, that rendered him unfit to attend any mission. Another priest was provided for the missions, and he, helpless and penniless, was thrown on the charity of the people. Mrs. Dunn, of Pembroke, a convert to the Catholic Church, took him to her house, where he stopped and was nursed for more than one year, and owing to the attentive assistance of this truly charitable lady, he rallied a little, and was assigned to the Mission of Calais. He lingered for a few years more but died from the effects of this accident. Notwithstanding his poverty and bad health, he enlarged and improved the Church of Calais, purchasing a residence for the priest, and rendered other improvements and left no debts. He died extremely poor and destitute even of the necessaries of life. His death was much regretted by both Catholics and Protestants. May his soul rest in peace!

should be given them, but the Indians are too poor to maintain a missionary. The late Father Demilier was supported by the Society for the Propagation of Faith, while the good Bishop Fenwick supported the Penobscot Indians; at present no one contributes a cent towards their maintenance.

The President approved all that I said, and answered that he had every year sent money to the Bishop of Portland, supposing it, or, at least, a part of it, would be appropriated for theuse of the Indian Mission, and that he would write to the bishop for that purpose, as it was one of their rules that the money for missions should be sent only to the bishops, and to no other persons; the bishop would then distribute it among the missions. This was all the conclusion arrived at.

The kind reader will allow me to digress a little in order to say a few words, as a tribute of respect towards the learned and zealous Missionary alluded to above, my dear and sincere friend, the Rev. John Baptist Nycolin, whose departure from this to a better life was notified to me by a telegraphic dispatch, while I was writing these lines.

Father Nycolin was born in France of very respectable parents, who carefully provided him with a thorough classical education under the best professors. His superior talents, his great energy, his mind raised to the grand and sublime, decided him for a military career, and having received many honorary degrees in several

branches, among which was that of doctor of medicine, he joined the army of his country and filled a high position in it, and also took a prominent part in politics; but, soon becoming disgusted with the world, he resolved to abandon the army and become a soldier of Christ. He entered the seminary, where he studied dogmatic and moral theology, canon law, ecclesiastical history, the Sacred Scriptures, etc., was ordained priest, and occupied a distinguished position among the clergy of France; but anxious to spend the remainder of his life in foreign missions, he came to America, was received into the diocese of Portland, and sent to Waterville. He worked for several years, and endured many hardships in this mission. His means being very limited, he lived in poverty; yet out of his own funds he improved the church, upon which he spent several hundred dollars. He was removed from this mission and sent to that at Oldtown, where he labored with the same zeal and noble example. With apostolic courage he denounced vice and infidelity, gave no quarter to scandals and evil conduct, broke up nests of iniquity, banished infidelity and profanity, and reformed the morals of his people; his irreproachable life formed the manners of his parishioners. He was a learned man and a perfect gentleman, a kind and sincere friend, a truly honest man; he detested flattery, hated Machiavellism, and every thing low and mean; he loved honesty and truth. Humble, pious, devoted to prayer,

he spent many hours of the day and night in intercourse with God.

With some money which he had brought from France, he purchased a house, which he designed for the pastoral residence, and a lot on which to build a church. His mission being small and poor, could hardly afford him the necessary means of subsistence, and he lived very scantily upon one meal a day; from that which he struggled to save, he bought materials for the erection of a church, procured church vestments, altar linen, and repaired the vestments of the Indian church and provided it with candles; he supported widows and orphans, took care of the poor, practiced hospitality with great liberality and charity, and avoided every occasion of show and ostentation; he served God, not the world, and desired that God only should witness his good deeds; he patiently and perseveringly instructed the children and the ignorant; ever at his post, he avoided all useless visiting, and, like St. Paul, did not disdain to devote some of his leisure hours to manual labor.

In the last years of his life he had a heavy trial, which he bore with patience and resignation, but which accelerated his death; he decided to leave the diocese and sell his property; he destroyed the will he had made, and designated the place in which he would spend the remainder of his days; but God had ordained that he should die in that part of His vineyard in which he had faithfully labored and borne the heat and burden

of the day. An old disease laid him on his death-bed, where he made his last will, in substance like the previous one, received the last sacraments with great resignation and fervor, and died the death of the just, at Oldtown, June 20th, 1869. After his death the appearance of his remains attested that sanctity he had ever labored to conceal.\

My other object in visiting Paris at this time was to see the *Exposition*, and to this purpose I devoted several days. In this Exhibition was gathered in one place every thing grand and sublime the nations of the earth could produce. The highest works of art and of science of every land, the luxuries of wealth in rich furniture, costly ornaments of gold, silver, precious stones, and garments, were here shown ; the skill of man, civilized and barbaric, taxed to its utmost, had sent its master-pieces to be seen here ; the works of the Laplander, the Esquimaux, and others of the frigid zone ; of the Abyssinian, the Ethiopian, and other tribes dwelling under the burning sun, were alike visible here ; the products of nature in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdom, of every variety, were here ; in the park we could study the formation of corals, the growth of water-plants ; the breeding and habits of fish ; there were artificial rivers, springs, ponds and lakes, with glass in front through which we could see the bottom of the deep, rocks, sea-grass, among which fish of various kinds were playing, swimming, feeding, etc., fresh water being

supplied to them by artificial conductors ; suffice it to say, that after seeing the Paris Exhibition I no longer cared to see other museums, works of art, etc., in any other part of the world ; for I expected to see there nothing new, nothing superior to that which I had already seen, as many master-pieces of art belonging to other museums, public and private, had been sent here from every nation, unless there should be left something really worth visiting. I do not pretend to give a description of the world-renowned Paris *Exposition*, I will present merely a sketch of the building and the park.

The ground of the Exhibition is the *Champ de Mars*, close to the famous *Hôtel des Invalides*.

The palace is a vast rectangle extended on two of its faces by two half-circles, which at first sight gives it the appearance of an elongated rotunda. Its plan is a complete chess board with corners rounded, no upper stories, no raised galleries. In the centre is the garden, filled with rare flowers, and refreshing fountains ; the walks, whether straight or winding, are of exactly the same length ; these alleys, whichever one is chosen, traverse the circular gallery, giving an extensive survey of the whole series of productions exhibited. If, on the contrary, you prefer to study corresponding productions of all countries, instead of the diversity in any one country, you abandon the transverse alleys, and follow the circular gallery which encircles the palace in different directions.

The classification harmonizes with the design of the building; as already stated each circular gallery through the entire circuit of the building, is devoted to one group, and the tranverse galleries which cut across the circular ones, to the different varieties of the same production, arranged in classes. This will be better understood by a list of groups and classes:

GROUP 1st. Works of art, classes 1 to 15.

GROUP 2d. Materials for, and application of the liberal arts; history of industry, classes 6 to 15.

GROUP 3d. Furniture and other articles for dwellings, classes 14 to 26.

GROUP 4th. Clothing, comprising fabrics and articles worn as dress, classes 27 to 30.

GROUP 5th. Raw and manufactured productions of extractive industry, classes 40 to 46.

GROUP 6th. Instruments and processes of the common arts, classes 47 to 66.

GROUP 7th. Food, fresh and preserved in various phases of preparation, classes 67 to 73.

GROUP 8th. Live productions and specimens from agricultural establishments, classes 74 to 82.

GROUP 9th. Living productions and specimens from horticultural establishments, classes 83 to 88.

GROUP 10th. Articles exhibited expressly intended for the amelioration of the physical and moral condition of the people, classes 89 to 95.

The park was necessary to prevent obstruction at the hour of closing, and so to detain the crowd as to admit of their gradual dispersion. It covers a surface about twice that of the palace which it surrounds on all sides. Two broad walks, a continuation of the two galleries, cut across each other at right angles from the palace, and divide the park into four parts. The park is separated into two distinct zones by a broad alley which encircles the palace; in the first zone are the generators or boilers, the second is reserved more especially for agricultural and horticultural display. These zones form the eighth and ninth groups in the general system of classification; here are seen model farms, farm buildings, and other rural establishments in perfect working order. Musicians from every civilized and barbarous nation were there giving exhibitions of national music and dancing; Chinese, Japanese and others had national houses built in the park, furnished and occupied by the people whose native homes they represented; performing their public and domestic duties, while school houses of many nations had been either imported or built there, and furnished according to their custom; soldiers' camps of various styles, and soldiers' utensils, etc. Before concluding I may remark that Italy was well represented in every branch, and appreciated by the visitors; I observed the room appropriated to it was always crowded by strangers. In the Italian quarter of the park where I stopped several times, I noticed that when refreshments

were ordered they were sent from a building near the saloon, by a miniature railway, in cars worked by wires; the Italian musicians performed on several harps and other instruments. The United States was also well represented, but I believe the articles on exhibition were not arranged to advantage; an opinion shared by many Americans with whom I conversed on the subject. I was attracted by a written notice in the park: "*American iced drink.*" I ordered some, and it proved to be iced milk with sugar, and plenty of water, and cost half a franc, but it was very refreshing. England and other countries had sent at government expense different classes of mechanics to examine the exhibition. I was much amused in listening to a conversation in French, by a group of people examining a fog-trumpet, or horn, from the United States; they were wondering how the Americans could play on such a big musical instrument; but they felt satisfied, when I explained to them, that it was only a fog instrument worked by steam.

Having seen the *Exposition*, of which I could never tire, but to which I could give no more time, I went to the Cathedral of Notre Dame. This great Parisian monument was commenced in 1160, the corner stone being laid by Pope Alexander III., at that time taking refuge in France. It is a Gothic church, three hundred and ninety feet long, and one hundred and forty-four feet wide; the towers are two hundred and four feet high; in the southern tower is the famous

bell "*Bourdon*," and others of smaller dimensions; the towers have no spire and the view from them is splendid. This cathedral has four rows of pillars, fifty-four chapels, and a great number of celebrated paintings and monuments. In the afternoon of certain days, during the Exhibition, there was a display in the vestry of all the sacred vessels, vestments, regalia and other rich articles, either gifts of kings, or that had been worn or used by eminent personages; they were shown and explained to a crowd of spectators, who obtained admission into the vestry upon the payment of one franc for a ticket. The high altar is grand and imposing; behind it is the famous marble group, the "Descent from the Cross." The roof is covered with lead weighing four hundred thousand pounds. The *Louvre* is the old residence of the kings of France; the origin of its name and the date of its commencement are unknown; it was continued and completed at different periods; Henry II. laid the foundation of the splendid gallery by which it is connected, on the south side, with the Tuileries, the present residence of the royal family of France; the connection of these two grand buildings is now nearly completed, and it forms one of the grandest palaces in the world. The exterior of the Tuileries is deficient in harmony, having been built at different periods, but the interior is splendid; the spot on which it is built was formerly used for manufacturing tiles, hence the name *Tuilerie*. The galleries, museums, and

monuments of the two buildings, now one, are very valuable ; at this time many of them were at the *Exposition*. The gardens are splendidly laid out and cared for. I walked several times by daylight and by moonlight in the enchanting *Elysian Fields*, the favorite resort of the aristocracy, and of all classes at all times ; on Sundays, after church, the working people gather here for innocent amusement ; I saw no rowdyism, no disturbance, no drunkenness ; they walked, or played among the numerous fountains, statues, and around the celebrated *Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile*. In company with many visitors I saw the *Hôtel des Invalides*, a vast and superb building, founded by Louis XIV. in 1670, as a home at the nation's expense for the worn-out soldiers of France ; it is well kept, clean and comfortable, has four refectories, three appropriated to non-commissioned officers and privates, and one to officers, all frescoed, and a number of kitchens, the principal one, a grand affair, a glowing furnace, busy cooks, and regular carts for carrying potatoes, meat, vegetables, etc. To give an idea of the establishment it may be enough to say that three thousand pounds of meat are cooked there daily. I saw the "*Galerie des plans et des fortresses de France*," where there are models, over two hundred feet square, of many of the principal fortified cities of France ; the battle of Lodi and the siege of Rome executed in wood and plaster. There is a finely selected library of several thousand volumes for the use

of the inmates. The church is a fine one, filled with banners and old flags captured in war, the banners arranged on both sides of the nave.

To this hotel officers and men come to spend the remnant of their days in peace and happiness; in this church they assemble to offer their prayers and attend to the salvation of their souls. How edified I was to see them kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament with prayer book or beads in hand! The Blessed Sacrament is seldom left without some worshippers. This church consists of a nave divided by lofty side arches, supporting a gallery on either side, and is called *L'Eglise des Soldats*, The Soldiers' Church. Strictly speaking it forms two distinct churches, the one of which I am now speaking, and the one belonging to the main altar, called the *Church of the Dome*, where the remains of Napoleon were temporarily placed when brought from St. Helena. The Dome is a magnificent edifice; its height to the top of the cross is three hundred and twenty-three feet; the interior is circular with branches forming the nave and the transept, filled with splendid tombs, and decorated with fine paintings; the ceiling is enriched with beautiful drawings; a winding staircase, on each side the altar leads to the crypt containing the tomb of Napoleon I.; over the entrance there is a quotation from the Emperor's will: "*I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine in the midst of the French people whom I have ever loved.*" On the balustrade surrounding the tomb are the

names of the hero's principal victories represented by fourteen colossal statues. The tomb is an immense monolith of porphyry, weighing one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds, and it required a steam engine to work for two years to polish it; the sarcophagus is a single block twelve feet long by six wide, resting on a pedestal of green granite; on the coffin, which is of ebony, we read the simple word NAPOLEON, the same that was put upon his tomb and coffin as a favor by that most inglorious of jailers, Sir Hudson Lowe. In the recess adjoining the crypt stands the statue of Napoleon dressed in his imperial robes; here also is the crown of gold voted by the town of Cherbourg, the insignia he wore on state occasions, and the sword he wore at the battle of Austerlitz. It is said the entire expense of the tomb was nearly four millions of dollars.

On my way to the Madeleine I visited the grand and majestic obelisk made from a single stone, brought from Thebes, (now called Luxor,) Egypt, in 1833. It is an ancient monument going back fifteen hundred and fifty years before the Christian era; apart from its pedestal, it weighs upwards of two hundred and forty-six tons; it is covered with inscriptions, and it cost about half a million of francs to put it in its present position in the *Place de la Concorde.* From there I proceeded to the Boulevard de Madeleine, to see the renowned church, commenced in the reign of Louis XV. in 1464 and finished by Louis Philippe. The building and columns stand on a

platform three hundred and twenty-eight feet long by one hundred and thirty-eight wide, and is approached by a flight of twenty-eight steps, extending the whole length of the façade; fifty-two beautiful Corinthian columns, forty-nine feet high, surround it. The church is lighted by three cupolas resting on arches supported by fluted Corinthian columns. The interior is finely decorated. In the *Place Vendome* I visited the great Tuscan column copied after the Trajan Pillar at Rome. It is one hundred and thirty-five feet in height and is covered with bas-reliefs in bronze. A colossal bronze statue of Napoleon I. stands on its summit. I saw the Church of St. Roch, which is really magnificent.

It is not my object to describe every thing which I saw or that is worth seeing in Paris; it would be out of my province. I was not allowed to see the Hotel de Ville, which had been thrown open to visitors, because an order from the government to close it came just one week before my visit.

CHAPTER IV.

BELGIUM, HOLLAND, PRUSSIA.

DEPARTURE FROM FRANCE — COMPIEGNE — CAMBRAY — BELGIUM — BRUSSELS—CATHEDRAL—ANTWERP—CATHEDRAL — HOLLAND — DUTCH CUSTOM HOUSE — THE SCHELDT — DUTCH MANNERS — ROTTERDAM — THE HAGUE — LEYDEN — HAARLEM — AMSTERDAM — UTRECHT—PRUSSIA—BERG AND CLEVES—DÜSSELDORF—COLOGNE —CATHEDRAL—ST. URSULA AND COMPANIONS.

HAVING seen in Paris all I intended for the present, I left for Belgium early in the morning. The country was very well cultivated and had the appearance of a garden. We passed through a number of manufacturing towns apparently in a very flourishing condition. Compiegne, a town of ten thousand inhabitants, is well known for being the place where Joan of Arc was taken prisoner and handed over to John of Luxembourg, who shamefully delivered her to the English for a low price. The *Tour de la Pucelle* marks the spot where this heroine, having made a sally on the besiegers, endeavored to enter the town gate. We passed through Cambray, famous for being the place where the immortal and persecuted Archbishop Fenelon, author of the world-renowned *Telemachus* is buried; a fine monument has been erected to his memory in the new

Cathedral built on the site of the old one. The linen known as "*cambric*" is manufactured in this place. In Esquline our baggage was examined in a gentlemanly manner, and we entered Belgium. Charleroi is the first Belgian fortress on the frontier of France. This city was founded by Charles II. It has twenty thousand inhabitants and is one of the most thriving places in Belgium. It is sufficient to say that it employs about eleven thousand men in the coal mines or work around them, and over one thousand more in making nails, etc. Its fortifications, destroyed by the French in 1795, were restored by the Duke of Wellington. When I arrived at the station in Brussels and while I was asking some information from one of the employees, my baggage had been landed on the platform and on this account I had delayed a few minutes in taking it; I saw a stranger near it evidently laying claim to it, and the baggage-master and a policeman making objections to its delivery; when they saw me coming straight towards it, they asked me, "Is that yours, Monsieur?" "*Oui, monsieur*," I answered, and it was delivered to me and the stranger was taken into custody by the police. I found the railroads in Belgium for convenience, management, safety, politeness of officers, and order in the stations, to be second to no nation except Switzerland. The worst managed and most uncomfortable are those in England, except those in Civita Vecchia in the Papal States, and they are the worst of all. Bel-

gium has been the first nation to plan and execute a system of railroads by the government at public cost. The adoption of a system of low fares has proved very beneficial to the managers; it has enabled a large class of people to travel and to travel often, who otherwise would have abstained from doing so; it has been proved that, while in England the trips average one to each individual, in Belgium the average is five to each individual.

Brussels is the metropolis of Belgium, and the capital of Southern Brabant; it is an elegant and fashionable city, considered by many to be a little Paris. The population is not two hundred thousand, although some put it down at three hundred thousand inhabitants. It was formerly the capital of the Austrian Netherlands. The upper part of the city is magnificent, and contains the park, the royal court and the government offices, and the residences of the richer classes; the streets and squares are elegant. The lower part, lying on a plain watered by the Senne, has a poor appearance; the streets are narrow and crowded, and in it are the dwellings of the working classes of the population; but the great market-place is very beautiful. In the centre of the *Place Royale* there is a finely executed bronze statue of the hero of Jerusalem —Godfrey de Bouillon, whose sword, spear and grave I had the pleasure of seeing in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. This statue is the work of M. Simonis.

There are several fine fountains ; the most celebrated, ancient, and most regarded with veneration by the citizens, on account of its many historical records, is the world-renowned "*Mannikin*," situated near the Hotel de Ville ; it is an exquisite bronze figure about two feet in height of an urchin boy who discharges a stream of water in a natural manner.

The Cathedral is grand and contains many master-pieces of Rubens ; and many more are to be found throughout the city. This cathedral, dedicated to St. Gudule, founded in year 1010, is famous for the magnificent paintings on the windows ; the Last Judgment in the principal window is by Frans Florins. The pulpit is a wonderful specimen of carved work, representing in groups of life size figures "the Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise ;" it is supported by "the Tree of Knowledge." The Church of *Notre Dame de la Chapelle*, amongst other things, is famous for containing the monument of the Italian *Spinola* family, which stands at the left of the altar.

This city is known to the whole world for its manufacture of carpets called "*Brussels ;*" also for its linen known as *Flanders linen ;* and for the facility and cheapness of printing. Every kind of book in any language can be immediately reprinted in Brussels with equal neatness for about one-third the original cost.

Early in the afternoon I took the cars, and passing through a country of gardens, manufactories, and iron works, in a short time

arrived at Malines or *Mechlin*, so well known for its fine editions of many books. Antwerp, called also *Anvers*, before the close of the fifteenth century was almost without a rival in Europe for commerce, but it was ruined when it came under Spanish jurisdiction. Napoleon revived it by making it a naval station; and, now that the Scheldt has been cleared of obstructions, it is the first port of Belgium. Its population is 102,761 inhabitants. It is the birthplace of the great painter, Vandyck, and it may be said as well of Rubens; although his father, during the troubles of the Low Countries, retired to Cologne, where this most eminent painter of the Flemish school was born.

Antwerp possesses the finest masterpieces of these two celebrated artists. But the lion of Antwerp is its cathedral, the tower of which is considered the highest in Europe. It is 366 feet high; although some put it as high as 466 feet. It runs up tapering into the clouds with a gradual, yet correct mathematical precision, which is unequalled in any other edifice on the Continent. This cathedral is a magnificent building of the gothic style of architecture, 500 feet in length and 250 in width. The original design was to raise both towers to the same height. The view from the top of the steeple is grand, and the interior of the cathedral corresponds with the exterior. It is enriched with masterpieces of art from the pencils of Rubens and Vandyck. The "Descent from the Cross" is considered the

greatest work of Rubens, and he gave it for the lot of land on which he built his house. Rubens was buried in this magnificent cathedral.

I next set out for Holland, taking the cars for Rotterdam; that is, as far as a landing-place on the Scheldt, where I took the boat for Rotterdam. Passing through Flanders, we crossed the line and entered Holland; and, after a few miles journey, the train stopped at a large station, and the baggage was all put into that building for inspection. This was the custom-house; and into it we were all summoned to open our valises, trunks, hat-covers, and every kind of bundle, which were placed on the tables. I opened first my little valise, and I was asked in French by an officer, "*Rien a declarer?*" (nothing to declare?) "*Rien*" (nothing), I answered. My valise contained only a few pieces of soiled linen, two or three guide books, my toilet utensils, and my breviary. Every article was searched; and I closed it and opened my trunk, which was not a large one, because I followed the general rule adopted by travelers—that is, to carry only what is necessary, the rest being an expensive incumbrance of great trouble and consequent loss; but, the cold calculating Dutch officer seemed determined to find fault somewhere. He first pulled out some soiled shirts; and, after unfolding them, he put them aside on the table. He then picked up a pair of pants which had been made by my tailor in Saco, Me., United States of America. He lifted them with one hand, and with the other turned them from side to side while, with his eyes

wide open, he went on examining them from top to bottom, and then coolly said "that they were new!" I replied that I would not travel with old clothes. I then showed him my name, which my tailor had very fortunately written on the pants, and he put them aside on the shirts. He took no notice of books and papers, but he opened every little bundle, even where I had buttons, pins, some old coins, etc. He then unfolded a stole—a present given to me—worked in embroidery with silk and gold, by Miss Emily Thompson, a member of my congregation at Pomfret, in Charles Co., Maryland, which I always carry with me, and keep dear, as a token of the affection of that congregation toward me. I had worn it for over sixteen years; hence it was well used up. The Dutchman shook his head, and said, "This can't pass." "What is the matter?" I asked him; "this is my stole—I am a priest, and it is my habit. I wear it. Do you not see that it is worn out?" He, shaking his head, put it separately in another place, saying, "We will see about this matter afterwards."

He unfolded another paper, where there was a gold clasp belonging to my shawl. He asked me whether that was gold. I said that it looked very much like gold. He placed it outside on the table, and then unfolded the paper where I had altar cloths for Mass. "Oh," he exclaimed, "this is linen!" "Yes, sir," I answered; but, being puzzled by seeing them in small pieces and hemmed, he called another officer, and asked his

opinion. He appeared to be more civilized, and did not seem to make much of it. Here I began to be vexed, seeing my things all upset and, hearing the engine giving the whistle for departure, and looking at the Dutchman who, with the greatest coolness, was picking up and examining every trifle, collars, stockings, sealing-wax, a pair of slippers, sleeve-buttons, and such like things. Now he found my crucifix; and, taking it in his hand, he looked at it very attentively. He did not appear to me to have the countenance of a St. Francis Xavier, or a St. Louis, or of any pious man; but, with a curl of the lip and smile of a guessing Yankee, he asked me—"What is that?" I replied, "Do you not see?" He turned his head to his companion, who made a sign to him, meaning not to mind it. If there had been time, and humor, I would have given him some good explanation, as he appeared to me to be a Jew.

At this moment, the engine gave the last whistle. He took the stole again; and, looking at the other officer, said: "I do not think that this can pass"—and, while his back was turned, a third officer took every little thing which had been placed outside and replaced them in the trunk. As far as I could understand the Dutch language, the other officer said to him, "Do not plague him any longer." The train now commenced to move; every thing was thrust pell-mell into the trunk which, after great exertion, I was able to lock, on account of the increased volume of my clothes

which were in an upset order, and I was obliged to leave some articles outside and secure them with the straps of the trunk. The officer took the trunk on his shoulder and started after the train; I, with the valise, hat-cover, and other bundles began. likewise, to run in hot pursuit—the cars having got some distance, although moving slowly. Another officer halloed after me, saying, "Do not run, but hurry, because the train will stop;" and so it proved. And, when I entered the cars, in a state of perspiration and excitement, I said to the passengers who were with me that, if I had known before-hand all this meanness at the custom-house, I would have given up my visit to Holland; not considering the traveling through Dutch-land worth so much trouble.

I related these facts to several American and English travelers whom I met with on the Rhine, on their way to Holland, and they thanked me very much, as some of them had collections of articles they had gathered in various parts of Europe, which would have been ruined by such Dutch vandals of custom-house officers. To some of them, I suggested the propriety of leaving their baggage in Belgium, and to enter Holland without any. These suggestions were followed by several travelers.

The Turks in Asia and the Egyptians in Africa, were far more advanced in civilization; as they searched the baggage in such a manner, as to avoid giving any annoyance to passengers. It is with truth that, in America, Dutchmen are con-

sidered as a class, dull, calculating, low beings many centuries behind the civilized progress of the age.

In a short time, we arrived at the landing on the river Scheldt, and entered a Dutch steamboat —not one of the best in Holland. We had now Zealand on the left, and Northern Brabant on the right. It was a beautiful, calm summer day; the steamer gently glided along the river, which was narrow, and its still and glassy waters reflected, as in a mirror, the romantic shores and the picturesque cottages, and the wind-mills which stud the land. I observed, with much interest, the small flower-gardens near the little country-houses covered with immense roofs; we passed so close to them, that I could read the texts from the Holy Scriptures written in large letters over the top of the front door of their houses.

The customs of the Dutch are peculiar; they keep everything clean; tables, chairs, floors, etc., must be washed every week whether they need it or not. The numerous wind-mills are visible everywhere, and they are used for every purpose for which we employ steam. The boat, gracefully winding through the narrows and bends of the Scheldt, Rhine, and Maas or Meuse, soon gradually approached Rotterdam.

Holland has a complete net-work of canals or rivers, which are as numerous as roads with us, and answer the same purpose, besides draining the land. I saw some of their Dutch country houses which are nothing else but wooden boxes,

sometimes not larger than eight feet square, and gayly painted with bright white, green, and other brilliant colors; they are surrounded by beds of flowers in large masses, each bed being of one kind and color. These small houses are the terrestrial paradises of the Dutch people in summer, where they repair on Sundays and other feast-days to smoke, chew, expectorate, and drink lager-beer; their families dressed in their holiday attire join them in ruralizing around the flower gardens. All these places are accessible by little boats, because, as I have before remarked, the canals in Holland serve the same purpose that roads do with us.

These small garden-houses have on the front an inscription, in large gilt tin letters, bearing the name of the house; names taken from imagination, e. g. "*Happiness of my Heart!*" "*Rural Felicity!*" "*Sweet Rest!*" "*Treasure of Beauty!*" "*My Home of Sweetness!*" and such like. The general aspect of Holland is different from that of the rest of Europe. Dutch women, especially in town, are employed in scraping, scrubbing, washing and rubbing the chairs, tables, windows, doors, benches, broomsticks, and everything around them. In the farm-houses along the canals and railroads I have seen them washing cows to the very tail. The favorite color of the farm-houses is red; a high, large roof extends not only over the house but over all the premises around it.

The Dutch have peculiar habits, in their language and in nearly everything, to which they are

firmly attached. The character of the Dutch is visibly marked in every action; every article of furniture is impressed with Dutch style; their dwellings, utensils for food, their very movements, have a national character.

The Protestant clergy is bitterly Calvinistic, and the more intolerant they are the more esteemed and respected are they by the people. There are noble exceptions amongst the clergy, belonging to the more intelligent class, but for the very reason of possessing more liberal ideas in point of religion they do not command a great respect neither from their fellow-clergymen nor from the public at large.

While in Holland I could not refrain from thinking of the treachery, falsehoods, slanders, and self-interest of the Dutch people, who were the principal cause of the persecutions endured by the Catholic Church in Japan; the blood of millions of Christians sacrificed in that country through the space of forty years will stain for ever the character of the Dutch nation; the wounds inflicted on religion by the Dutch are yet bleeding sores. Japan, once Catholic, is yet suffering bitter and cruel persecution on account of matters of conscience; a persecution planted there by the slanders of the Dutch.

In corroboration of these remarks we copy from the New York "Journal of Commerce," August 4th, 1870, the following:

"HUNTING A JAPANESE CHRISTIAN.—A handbill has recently been posted in various parts of Yeddo, which runs as follows:

"'One of the disciples of Jesus, who had been sent to the province of Tsu for safe keeping, escaped from his keepers on the second day of last month, and has fled to parts unknown. He was born in the province of Hizen (Goto?), his age is 24, he is of a florid countenance and light complexion, thick lips; speaks the dialect of Nagasaki, with a slight impediment in his speech.

"'If any one shall find him, he shall report quickly to the proper authorities. And if any one shall harbor or conceal him, he will be deemed a partaker in his crime!'"/

We arrived in Rotterdam in the afternoon, and landed at the quay (*Bompjes.*) This, although the second city in Holland in importance and amount of population, is the first for its maritime enterprise. The population is 102,000 inhabitants; the form of the city is triangular, the longest side stretching along the bank of the Maas which here resembles an arm of the sea; it is intersected by a broad canal called *Rotte*, through which the Rhine is most frequently reached. Rotterdam is eminently Dutch; the houses are built of very small bricks, convenient but not elegant, and sometimes they are six stories high, and often have a very quaint look; the streets are narrow. Rotterdam, more than any other town in Holland, is intersected by canals, which divide the half of the city near the river, into several insulated parts connected by draw-bridges; nearly every house has small mirrors outside of the windows, arranged in such a manner as to see every thing that is going on in

the street, without approaching the windows ; this custom is common in every town in Holland. There is nothing very interesting to be seen in Rotterdam, and a few hours' stay will be sufficient to observe men coloring meerschaums, and women scrubbing, mopping and rubbing every thing in their reach. It is noted, however, as being the birthplace of the famous Erasmus. In general, Holland has no great monuments or antiquities to be seen, except museums, but it is a romantic country ; it must be unhealthy with eight months of cold winter, and four months of hot, damp, and foggy summer.

The road to Amsterdam passes through *The Hague.* This city, called *Gravenhaage* by the Dutch, *Haag* by the Germans, and *la Haye* by the French, is a beautiful one, well built, with regular streets and promenades : it is the residence of the Kings of Holland, the seat of the Dutch Government, and has 75,000 inhabitants ; it is very pleasantly situated four miles from the ocean. It is the native place of the celebrated Huygens, who developed the doctrine of the pendulum which subject had already been treated by Galileo. Huygens was the first who applied the pendulum to clocks, and thus became the inventor of the pendulum clock in the year 1656. The Hague contains a good collection of paintings, and of Chinese and Japanese curiosities. It has some fine buildings ; the Old Palace is an enormous pile, in which you can see every kind or style of architecture, but it is not beautiful, either inside or out.

The road passes through Leyden, a town of 30,000 inhabitants, situated on the Rhine. The University in this place is famous throughout Europe, and was founded in 1575. Boerhave, Grotius, Descartes and Scaliger were professors and scholars in this institution. The Museum of Natural History is considered to be the finest in Europe. Scaliger, Boerhave, John of Leyden, Vossius, Musschenbroek, Rembrandt (the famous painter), and other world-renowned men, were born in this place.

Here the railroad to Haarlem commences, and passes through those artificial sand banks which are the famous "Dikes" that protect Holland from being inundated at high water; these artificial sand banks are enormously high. This country is justly called *Netherlands*, (low countries,) because it is not only a very level or flat land, but also because a great part of it, especially towards the sea coast, is even lower than the level of the adjacent ocean; in some places as much as forty feet below high-water mark. Along the coast of the North Sea there is a line of broad sand hills and downs in some parts so high as to shut out a view of the sea, even from the top of spires.

In some parts of Zealand and North-Holland, the wear of the embankment by the sea to prevent its encroachment is kept with great difficulty and at an immense expense. Friesland and Groningen having no sand hills, are protected by stupendous dikes and palisades, the repairs of which cost upwards of half a million sterling each year.

Haarlem contains 27,000 inhabitants, and is situated on the river Spaaren, three miles from the sea, and near lake Haarlem, communication with which is by a canal. This place is noted for its export of flowers, especially such as Crocuses, Tulips, Hyacinths, and Convolvuluses; instances are recorded where $2,000 has been paid for a single Tulip bulb.

The principal edifice in this city is the vast Gothic church of St. Bavon, remarkable for its high tower and the organ which contains 5,000 pipes. The church is now, unfortunately, in the hands of Protestants; the organist charges five dollars and the blower one, to perform for a party of visitors. The organ is now so much out of tune that it is well worth the payment of five dollars not to hear it, to avoid the danger of having the nerves injured by its loud discordant notes; the town refuses to pay the sum of two thousand pounds necessary to put it in order.

Amsterdam. I arrived in this place late at night, so I could not have the pleasure of seeing it till the next day when I imagined I was in Venice. This place is justly styled the "Venice of the North" on account of its similarity of situation with "the Queen of the Adriatic." Amsterdam is the real capital of Holland, and it was formerly the greatest commercial city of the world. It has a population of over 207,000 inhabitants; situated on the Amstel, an arm of the Y, (pronounced *eye*,) which constitutes its port, communicating with the North sea by the North Holland

canal, which extends to the Helder and the Texel in order to avoid the dangers and difficulties of navigating the shallow waters of the Zuyder Zee, but this is to be superseded by a shorter canal through the isthmus of Holland.

This city has the form of a crescent surrounded by walls; it is intersected by numerous canals, which divide the city in 90 islands, crossed by nearly 300 bridges. Amsterdam and Holland in general, for their safety in time of war, trust to the facility of inundating the surrounding country, which may easily be laid under water, and this expedient has been several times resorted to, especially in 1672; for this reason the ramparts of Amsterdam have been planted with trees and converted into boulevards. Amsterdam derives its name from *dam* and *Amstel*, the river that runs through the city. The finest building in the city is the Royal Palace, regarded by the Dutch as one of the wonders of the world. It is erected on a foundation of over 13,000 piles; it is much ornamented, and the top of the cupola is 157 feet high, commanding an enchanting view of the surrounding country.

My plan was now to enter Prussia by Emmerich, to direct my course to Cologne; then to take the steamer and make the ascent of the Rhine as far as Mannheim, to visit Frankfort, Baden, etc., and to go to Strasbourg; from thence to Germany again, and enter Switzerland by Bâle. I left Amsterdam for Utrecht by the first morning train, desirous of arriving at Cologne by evening. The

ride to Utrecht is delightful ; villages, farm-houses, gardens blooming with flowers, and the romantic Dutch garden-houses, canals and wind-mills present an interesting and picturesque landscape.

Early in the morning we arrived at Utrecht, an agreeable city of 50,000 inhabitants, situated on the Rhine. It is famous for the "Treaty of 1713," which pacified Europe. The castle of this city was presented by Charles Martel, in the seventh century, to St. Willibrod, for his residence when he left England to convert the Dutch. He was the first Bishop of that place. The Cathedral is very fine, and the tower 320 feet high, is built on another side of the church.

We passed the pretty town of Arnheim, and soon were on the frontiers of Prussia. We skirted Westphalia, famous in the history of Germany. At Emmerich, a very strongly fortified Prussian town, our baggage was examined in a proper and polite manner, and we crossed the Rhine and entered the provinces of Berg and Cleves.

At Cleves, once the capital of the Duchy of that name, but now a fortified Prussian city of 10,000 inhabitants, there is the ancient castle of *Schwarzenburg*, formerly the residence of the Duke of Cleves, and the birthplace of Anne, wife of Henry VIII., and the scene of an interesting legend.

Passing through a sandy territory, enriched by factories, we arrived at Geldern, where we crossed the Eugenian canal which connects the Maas with the Rhine. Traveling through the small

city of Kempen, (the native place of the famous Thomas Hamerken Kempis,) Werdingen, and near Neus or *Nuyss*, called also Neufs, a small city of Prussia, we crossed the Rhine again, and proceeded to Düsseldorff, which is one of the nicest and most regular towns on the Rhine. It is the capital of the Düsseldorf in the Prussian province of Juliers-Cleves-Berg, and was formerly the capital of the Dutchy of Berg. It is situated on a charming plain on the Rhine and Düssel which unite under its walls. The houses look like palaces, and the public gardens are ranked amongst the most beautiful in Europe ; the principal streets are ornamented with lime trees. It contains a population of 43,000 inhabitants ; its name is derived from its Elector, Charles Theodore, and the name of the river. The fine collection of paintings, which was the chief ornament of Düsseldorf, has been removed to Munich.

We started for Deutz where we crossed the Rhine for Cologne, of which Deutz is considered a suburb, and which I considered to be the Lion of Prussia. I had already commenced to be weary of cities, museums, and other curiosities.

Cologne, in German *Kôhn*, *Coln*, and *Caëln*, is the third city of importance in Prussia, and the capital of the Prussian district of Cologne in the province of Cleves-Berg.

It is situated on the left side of the Rhine in the form of a crescent. It was a Roman colony, planted by Agrippa, the wife of the Emperor Claudius Germanicus. It is a strongly fortified city,

containing a population of 105,000 inhabitants, and has nineteen gates, and a bridge of thirty-nine boats across the Rhine 1,250 feet in length. Its trade is large, and it is celebrated for its famous perfume called *Eau de Cologne*; but, as an author remarks, with truth, this city does not partake in any degree of the delicate fragrancy of this perfume, because Cologne is one of the most filthy cities of Germany, and each street has its own peculiar stench, notwithstanding the facilities for washing and keeping it clean.

The chief glory of Cologne is its superb Cathedral, which, when finished, will be the most magnificent specimen of Gothic architecture in the world. Its erection commenced in the year 1248; but in the time of the so-called Reformation the work was suspended, but now it progresses rapidly. When I visited it I was requested to give my contribution toward finishing the building, and I offered my mite with pleasure. The Cathedral, called *the Minster of St. Peter*, is 511 feet by 231; its colossal proportions are calculated to excite feelings of admiration; in order to realize the beauty of this structure it is necessary to walk around the area in which it stands. The choir is one of the most perfect specimens of Gothic architecture extant. The proportions of the interior are marvellous; the nave being 160 feet high, and the aisles 80 feet. The height to the ridge of the roof is nearly 250 feet, and the two towers of the west front, when finished, will be more than 500 feet above the level of the square from which they rise. The nave

is supported by 100 columns, of which the middle ones are forty feet in circumference; the stained glasses in the *triforium*, clerestory, and aisle windows are very rich, most of the modern work being executed by artists from Munich. The bones and skulls of the "three Magi," (or *wise men*) crowned with diamonds, with their names written in rubies, are kept behind the High Altar of this church. They belong to Milan, but they were stolen by an Archbishop of Cologne, who followed the Emperor Barbarossa, when he captured that city. A fee of $1.37 is required to see them on week days, but on Sundays and feasts they are exhibited free. This church also contains the tomb of Maria De Medici.

The Church of St. Peter contains the font in which Rubens was baptized, (he having been born in Cologne,) and also one of his greatest masterpieces, "The Crucifixion," presented by him to the Church in which he was baptized just a short time before his death.

Here is also the Church of St. Ursula, in which are preserved the bones of this saint and her companions; they are piled one on the top of the other.

On the bank of the Rhine, between Cologne and Bonn, I saw the spot where St. Ursula and her companions were barbarously murdered by the Huns. Some authors say that St. Ursula suffered death in the camp of Maximillian. The number of the virgins murdered is stated to have been eleven thousand, but according to another reading,

the number of her companions was only eleven. This number may have been increased to eleven thousand by a mistake in taking the name of one of her attendants (called, according to the legend, and according to a missal which belonged to the Sorbonne, *Undecimilla*,) for a number./

CHAPTER V.

ASCENT OF THE RHINE.

ASCENT OF THE RHINE — BONN—THE SIEBENGEBIRGE—THE DRACHENFELS—THE WEISSENTHURM — COBLENTZ—GERMANY—NASSAU—WIESBADEN—ST. GOARHAUSEN—ALTAR OF BACCHUS—BISHOP HATTO—AN AMERICAN FAMILY—MAYENCE—FRANKFORT—ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL REJECTED BY THE POPE—WORMS—MANNHEIM—BADEN—HEIDELBERG—CARLSRUHE—BADEN-BADEN—STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL—ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK.

FROM Cologne, I commenced the ascent of the Rhine, which, in size, is the fourth river in Europe, and is one of the noblest rivers in existence. There are two sources of this river coming from the elevated region bordering upon Mount St. Gothard, and a third from a glacier in the mountain of Adula. At a place several miles from Reichenau, at the point of confluence of these three sources, the river takes the name of Rhine, and is 230 feet wide. From Reichenau to Bâsle, it is navigable at intervals. Before it falls into the Lake of Constance, it forms the famous cataract of Schaffhausen, in the Canton of Zürich, where the river is closely compressed by rocks, and falls with great fury, a distance of eighty feet. It receives in its course the Aar, Kinzig, Neckar, and many other important rivers; and, towards the end, it branches off in many divisions, and then

empties into the Zuyder-Zee and the North Sea. The canal of Rhone and Rhine unites these two rivers by means of the Saône ; the great canal of the North unites the Rhine with the Meuse, and the Nethe, and thus with the Scheldt. It is navigable to Cologne for vessels of 450 tons, and to Mentz, for ships of 200 tons, and to Strasbourg, for boats of 125 tons.

But, the greatest beauty of this river is, that it presents so many historical recollections of Roman conquests and defeats ; of the chivalric exploits of the feudal period ; of wars, treaties, coronations of recent and middle ages. Its banks present every variety of the wild and the picturesque—rocks, forests, well-cultivated plains, rich vineyards, castles, fortresses, flourishing cities, active and busy manufacturing towns, etc. It is with great reason that the German people are so attached to its shores ; its romance is lovely and sweet to them, and they call it "*Father Rhine*," "*King Rhine*," and other similar endearing names.

I left Cologne in a German boat, the day was enchanting and I enjoyed the sail. Bonn was the commencement of the interesting views of the river. As we approaced this town, the summits of the famous *Siebengebirge* (seven mountains), began to rise gradually to the view, sometimes to the right, and at other times to the left, according to the direction of the boat's head and in accordance with the windings of the river, and the different landings on both shores of the same.

These mountains, with their rugged sides and ruined castles, on a nearer approach produce an imposing effect. This is considered the place of entrance to the *Paradise of Germany*, which is the name given by the Germans to that portion of the Rhine which lies between Bonn and Mayence. This part of the Rhine is grand in its scenery. Many castles crown the tops of mountains, old abbeys on the plains, innumerable vineyards planted on the slopes of hills and precipices (the vines being rooted in baskets and forced into the clefts of rocks), make this a grand panorama. The celebrated Burgundy grapes are raised here in every accessible shelf of the rock.

Bonn is a flourishing town of 20,000 inhabitants, including its garrison and the students of the University. Bonn is of Roman origin. The house where Beethoven, the great master and composer of music was born, is yet still standing. The Minster of Bonn was built by the Empress St. Helen, mother of Constantine the Great. The foundations were laid in the year 320. The church is an edifice in the Byzantine style and has five towers. I declined going to the top of Keutzberg behind Popelsdorf to see the church containing a copy of the *Scala Sancta*, as I was going to Rome to see the original, and to Jerusalem to see the place from whence the *Holy Stairs* were removed.

Half way between Bonn and Linz, we arrived opposite the group of the seven mountains on the right of the river. The chief of this group, over

1000 feet high, is the famous Drachenfels ; so called from its cave in which the dragon was killed by the horned Siegfried.

I could hardly satisfy myself in contemplating the grandeur of that mountain, crowned with its old castle, once the stronghold and watch-tower of the robbers of the Rhine. Here they could espy the vessels which they intended to plunder, and easily defend themselves when attacked. On one of the other summits was another castle, belonging to the Archbishop of Cologne. In the middle ages, bishops in Germany had acquired a kind of temporal power. They had castles, raised tribute, waged wars, feuds, etc. These bishops of the dark ages exercised their temporal power very arbitrarily and independently of Rome. They were courtier bishops ; seeking the friendship of princes, rather than the authority of Rome. This, more than Luther, was the cause of the so-called Reformation.

The troubles and scandals given by these bishops in the Œcumenical Councils of Constance and Basilea (*Bâsle*) were great, and the most of the decrees and acts of these councils were justly rejected by the Pope. They went so far even as to summon the Vicar of Our Lord to appear before them. They threatened to excommunicate and depose him. They defined a Council to be above the Pope. In this manner, besides their wickedness and perversity, they manifested their great ignorance. All authority comes from the Pope. They, by refusing to recognize and respect it, thus con-

fessed that they had none, except that miserable temporal authority with which they had been invested by worldly princes.

On the same side, we saw the blackened walls of the Castle of Ockenfelds, and a little further, on the same side, the lovely little town of Linz, whose streets, walls, and castle are built of basalt. Here is a tower built by the Archbishop of Cologne to defend the town against the natives of Andernach, and to collect toll from the navigators of the Rhine. Still further on and on the same side, are the remains of the Castle of Hammerstein, built in the tenth century, and destroyed by the Bishop of Cologne in the seventeenth century. On the left, is the ancient Roman tower of Andernach, which is now well fortified by the Prussians. Neuwied is remarkable for the relics dug up near it. They are supposed to belong to the colony of *Victory* which was destroyed in the fourth century. This is the capital of the mediatized principality of Wied.

Opposite, on the left bank, we saw the *Weissenthurm* (White Tower); so called from the old watch-tower which stands at the extremity of the village on an eminence; to the left of which is the monument of the French general Hoche, who, with the French, crossed the Rhine at this place in 1797, in spite of the Austrians who fiercely contested their passage. This monument was erected to immortalize Hoche and his brave soldiers, who consummated that memorable exploit by imitating Julius Cæsar—who, on this very spot,

crossed the river in the same manner, when leading his army against the Sicambri. This is the place where he constructed that famous bridge described in his Commentaries.

Coblentz, the Roman *Confluentia*, from its situation at the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle, is the capital of the Prussian circle of government (*Regierungsbezirk*) of Coblentz, in Rhenish Prussia. It has 24,000 inhabitants. It is situated on a lovely plain, and is strongly fortified.

The rocky fortress of Ehrenbreitstein is considered the Gibraltar of the Rhine. The Church of St. Castor, at the very confluence of the two rivers, and distinguished by its four towers, dates from 836. It is the place where Charlemagne met to divide his mighty empire among his three grandsons. The empire was divided into Germany, France, and Italy. In front of this church is a fountain erected by Napoleon, who passed through this city on his way to Russia. It was a monument of this famous expedition. A few months later, the Russians, in pursuit of the French army on their way to Paris, passed the monument, when the commander of the forces ordered the following sarcastic addition to the inscription: "*Vu et approuvè par nous, Commandant Russe de la Ville de Coblence. Janvier* 1*er*, 1814." "Seen and approved by us, Russian Commander of the City of Coblentz, January 1st, 1814." The Emperor Caligula was born near Coblentz. This place is renowned for the Moselle Muscatel wine; a highly prized, spark-

ling Hock. Here there is an old stone bridge across the Moselle. We stopped here for the night.

The next day, we left for Horchheim—the last Prussian village on the left—which we soon reached. In a short time, we arrived at the Castle of Stotzenfels, where Queen Victoria was entertained in a splendid manner by the King of Prussia in 1845. This castle is one of the most imposing on the Rhine. It was built by one of the archbishops of Treves as a residence and fortress.

We soon were in sight of the lovely valley of the Lahn, and we were already in the Principality of Nassau. The small town of Nassau on the Lahn, not far from the Rhine, is not the capital of this Principality or Grand Duchy, but it is Wisbaden or Weisbaden ; a city of 17,000 inhabitants, and not far from the Rhine.

We now arrived at the old town and Castle of Oberlahnstein ; Rhense is a town nearly in the same condition as it was in the middle ages. It is sufficient to say that it has still got the *Königstuhl* (king's seat) ; an open vaulted hall, with seven stone seats for the seven electors, who used to meet in it to discuss affairs of State. We passed in succession, the towns and castles of Braubach, Marksburg, and Boppart, all full of Roman antiquities. Salzig is a fine village, with large plantations of cherry trees. Opposite, on the twin peaks of a lofty rock, are the ruins of Sternberg and Liebenstein, called the "*Two*

Brothers," which are the subject of a legend. We went by the silver mines of Ehrenthal, the villages of Welmich, Marienberg, and St. Goar. The position of this last named town is very beautiful; the extensive fortresses of Rheinfels on the hill are in ruins. On the opposite side we could see the enormous rock of Lurley, and a little higher, the rocks called the *Seven Sisters*, (Sieben Jungfrauen) to which is attached a legend. There is also the pretty village of St. Goarhausen, from which place commences the Forstbach, or *Swiss Valley*, celebrated for its beauty. At the entrance of this valley is the castle of the *Cat*, a very picturesque object in the surrounding landscape.

Above St. Goarhausen the black perpendicular precipice of the Luriciberg rises abruptly from the water's edge, opposite to which on the roadside is a grotto, in which is stationed a man who with a bugle, or by firing a gun, awakens the echoes of the Lurley, which repeat the sound *fifteen* times. Above this in mid-channel are visible at low water the rocks called the *Seven Sisters*, the subject of a legend.

Here it commenced to rain, and now and then we were obliged to take shelter in the cabin. The captain ordered a tent to be raised on deck for the first class passengers, where we spent the time more agreeably, the boat moving very slowly on account of the many landings, and the windings and rapid current of the river. About noon it cleared up so nicely that we could take

our dinner on deck; and, to do justice to both the boat and the cook, it was a very good first class dinner. It was very pleasant to drink the real Moselle-Muscatel and the best Rhenish wine while navigating the Rhine. The dinner, including wines, cost five francs.

We stopped for a short time at the small town of Oberwesel, the *Vesalia* of the Romans, near which is the ruined castle of Schönberg, known for the tradition of the *Seven Sisters*, and the well preserved old castle called the *Pfalz*, built by the Emperor Lewis of Bavaria. We were soon in sight of Bacharach, whose name is derived from a large stone which appears on the Rhine, at low water, which stone is called the Altar of Bacchus (*Bacchi-Ara*). This place is well known for the celebrated wine of Bacharach. After Lorch we arrived at the village of Assmanshausen, where the great gorge of the Rhine terminates.

From the top of the Rossel tower, on the edge of the heights of this village, the finest view in the whole course of the Rhine is obtained. From this point the panorama of the Rhine, with its wild sceneries, romantic mountains, studded with cities, villages and castles, presents to the eye such an impressive view that it cannot be easily effaced.

The boat landed at Bingen, a fine town of 7,500 inhabitants situated in an angle of the beautiful valley of the Nahe, the frontier town of the Rhine-Hessian territory. Near this place we saw the ruins of the Mäusenthurm (*Mice Tower*), the scene

of the strange tradition that Bishop Hatto on account of his great avarice died there eaten by the mice.

The river Nahe divides Prussia from the Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt. Passing the towns and antiquities of Kreuznach, Rudesheim and Geisenheim we reached Johannisberg, whose vine-clad hill appeared in its full luxuriance. The castle now belongs to Prince Metternich. Here for the first time in my travels I commenced to feel lonesome. I was alone and had nobody to talk with, because all spoke only German, of which language I knew hardly enough for my wants. The captain was the only one who spoke a little French. While I was sitting on deck I met with an American family, the only persons who were not Germans besides myself. A conversation with them broke the long silence that I had kept for the entire day. The gentleman was a doctor from New York, with his wife, and they had with them a young lady from California. They were as much pleased to meet me as I was to fall in with them. When I told them I was a Catholic Priest they were very anxious to know many points of the Catholic Church. The ladies said that they never before had spoken to a Priest. The doctor asked me whether the Catholic Church allowed married people to use means in order not to have children! When I said No! he exclaimed in triumph to his wife, "Did I not tell you so? Now hear it from a Catholic minister of the Gospel who is charged to instruct us." The lady appeared somewhat abashed.

The gentleman rose up and said to his wife, "I leave you to receive instruction from a Catholic Priest." He left us sitting together and went to another part of the boat. The ladies asked me several questions about the celibacy of Priests, about the Pope, Confession, the Future Life, etc. They appeared pleased with my answers to their questions, and once I suspected the young lady was a Catholic because she always sided with me in resolving the questions of the other lady. Engaged in this controversial conversation we arrived in sight of Mayence.

This city, called in German, Mainz or Mentz, is the Roman *Moguntia* or *Moguntiacum*, contains 40,000 inhabitants, and is the most important fortress of the German Confederation. The interior of the city is not handsome, the streets being narrow, crooked and gloomy.

Mayence is considered the place where the art of printing was discovered. John Güttenberg, who is regarded as the inventor of printing in 1440, was born in Strasbourg. John Faust, a goldsmith of this city, claims the honor of being the discoverer of this art. Here is the Astronomical Clock by Alexius Johann, one of the most scientific pieces of mechanism extant in our days. The Archbishopric of Mentz was an extensive Electoral Principality, and the Archbishop was also an Elector in the middle ages, but now all that is done away. The archbishopric was suppressed in 1802, and at present it is only a Bishop's See. From Mayence there is a fine rail-

road to Frankfort, which is only a short distance from this city.

Frankfort is one of the most ancient cities of Germany, well known for being a free city and the seat of the German Confederation, and the commercial capital of Germany. Its wealthy merchants are noted for their extensive commercial transactions, banking operations, and speculations in money and every kind of stock. It is pleasantly situated on the right bank of the Main or *Mayn*, and has 74,000 inhabitants; it is justly considered to be one of the finest places of residence in Europe. The cost of living is not dear, and objects of curiosity for travelers are many. The Cathedral or *Dom* is an ancient edifice of Gothic architecture. Its tower, commenced in the 13th century, is 260 feet high, but it is not yet finished—a shame and a reproach to so many rich families in Frankfort to let that tower stand unfinished after 600 years!

In this church is the election chapel of the German Emperors, from Conrad I. to Francis II., and after being elected they were crowned in front of the high altar. In the town hall, in the election chamber is still to be seen "The *Golden Bull*," by which the Emperor Charles IV. fixed the manner of the future elections of the Emperors. Frankfort is well known for being the place where Pope Adrian I. convoked an Œcumenical council in 794. There were about 300 bishops from Germany, Spain, France, Aquitania and Italy, but none from the East.

All the bishops fell into error by condemning the VII. Œcumenical Council, the 2d of Nice, held in 787. The cause of error was that they believed that the Greeks in that council had sanctioned the worship of images, whereas it was quite the contrary. There were no Greek bishops present there to explain it. The Pope, of course, rejected that council. The Greeks became exasperated against the Latins for having so calumniated them, and at the same time they treated the Latin bishops with contempt for their ignorance. The Pope, however, approved that part of the council which condemned the errors of Felix, bishop of Urgel, and of Elipandus, bishop of Toledo. Both these bishops had fallen into the heresy of Nestorius.

Darmstadt, the dull capital of the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, did not excite in me much curiosity to see it, so I continued my tour of the Rhine on a Holland boat, belonging to the same company from which I had purchased my ticket, which was a through one to Mannheim by boat.

Here I met five Italian painters coming from Holland, where they had been painting for several months, and they were going to Bâsle by steamboat transferred into smaller boats when the river was not navigable for large steamers. They told me they had been five days on board that steamer and they were anxious to get out of it. Here the river does not present much attraction for the tourist, and many leave the boat and take the cars,

which is the quickest and cheapest manner of traveling. Oppenheim is a small town of 2,500 souls, but is remarkable for the church of St. Catharine, which is the purest specimen of Gothic style in existence. It lies on the left bank of the river. In Gernsheim, on the right bank, there is a fine monument to Peter Shoeffer, the painter, who was a native of this small village. About 6 P. M. we arrived at Worms. This is a town of 11,500 inhabitants, and of little consideration. It lies on the left bank of the Rhine. The Cathedral, a venerable monument of the eighth century, is memorable for being the place in which the famous Diet, where Luther appeared, was held by Charles V. in 1521. I saw Rosenwald on the island where the valiant Siegfried is said to have killed the Dragon. About 1 A. M. we arrived at Mannheim.

Being late I went to a hotel close to the wharf. The man who carried my trunk on his shoulder let it drop on the way to the hotel and smashed it. I was obliged to tie it with a cord. The hotel keeper received me in his shirt sleeves, and showed me to a very good and comfortable room. I asked for something to eat and drink, but he could get nothing for me except cold water ; so the Grand Duchy of Baden made a bad impression on me.

Fortunately I found in my valise a few remains of lunch, but not enough to make me sleep. In the night I tossed to and fro in the bed. I kicked off from the bed several times a big light bag as large as a mattrass, and, during the night, not

being able to sleep, I formed several plans, amongst the rest, one of getting out of that place as soon as possible, and on the next day to try to make a decent meal at Strasbourg.

In the morning it did not take me long to see the city, which lies at the influx of the Neckar into the Rhine. It contains 30,000 inhabitants, and is neat, clean, and regularly built; but the very regularity of the buildings makes it monotonous. It is one of the best cities of the Grand Duchy of Baden. I took the cars for Heidelberg which I reached in a short time.

Heidelberg is one of the principal towns in the same Duchy of Baden, and contains 17,000 inhabitants; it is situated on the south bank of the Neckar. There is only one principal street, three miles long. The most interesting object in the town is its celebrated Castle, the ancient residence of the Electors-Palatine. The Church of the Holy Ghost is divided by a partition running the whole length of the building directly through the middle. It is half occupied by the Catholics and half by the Protestants, and both officiate at the same time. The Church of St. Peter is the oldest in the city, and it is that on the door of which Jerome of Prague nailed his celebrated heretical theses, challenging the world to dispute them. The University has been, and is now, one of the best in Germany.

We passed through the city of Bruchsal, skirted the south of the Kingdom of Würtemberg, but I had no desire to go to Stuttgart, the capital

of the Kingdom, and the birth-place of the famous Schiller. I went to Calrsruhe, the capital city of the Grand Duchy of Baden. This Duchy is a long strip of land, but so beautiful and so well cultivated that it is called the garden of Germany.

This city is finely situated and well built, and contains 25,000 inhabitants. It has some excellent buildings. We soon left for Radstadt, and for Baden-Baden. This city is the most beautiful watering-place of Germany, located in a charming valley inclosed by the lower heights of the Black Forest. It contains 7,000 inhabitants. It is well known in the world for its springs, amusements, and gambling. Above the town is the new *schloss* or palace of the Grand Duke, where his ancestors have lived for the last 400 years. The old *schloss* where the ancient Dukes resided previous to the 15th century, is immediately above the new one. The building is remarkable for its strange and curious vaults, and for its mysterious and intricate dungeons, which can be visited without difficulty. I soon left Baden-Baden, and passing through a fine and luxuriant territory, rich vineyards and flourishing towns, I arrived at Kehl; there I again crossed the Rhine, and entering France, I reached Strasbourg, where my baggage was again inspected with great civility and politeness.

Strasbourg, the ancient *Argentoratum* of the Romans, is situated at the junction of the Brusche and Ille, half a mile west of the Rhine, which is crossed there by a bridge of boats. It contains 82,000 inhabitants including the garrison; it is

strongly fortified. There are sluices as in Holland, constructed by Vauban, by whom, also, many of its fortifications were planned and executed. By means of these sluices the country can be laid under water for many miles around. The commerce of Strasbourg is very extensive, it having many facilities of communication both by land and water. The city is ancient looking, and not handsome; few of the streets are wide and straight. The ancient Bishopric of Strasbourg in Alsace, lying on both sides of the Rhine, has been secularized, and is now incorporated with France and Baden.

This is the native place of Güttenberg, who made his first attempt at printing in this city in 1465. The lion of Strasbourg is the Cathedral or *Minster*, which is considered to be the most handsome in Europe. It was founded in 1015, and completed in 1365, and is one of the most distinguished specimens of Gothic architecture extant. The tower, planned and begun by Erwin, of Steinback, and continued by his brother John, is 474 feet high, and is ascended by a stairway of 725 steps. It is a masterpiece of architecture, being built of hewn stone cut with such delicacy as to give it at a distance the appearance of lace. It is the highest spire in the world, twenty-five feet higher than the Pyramid of Cheops at Cairo. However, that Pyramid must have been higher, considering that the top has been worn away by the action of the atmosphere, the surface of its top being now 15 feet in diameter, besides the

layer of massive polished marble removed from the entire Pyramid, and the rising of the ground by the accumulated sand blown by the winds of the desert, as the huge Sphynx, now buried with sand to the very neck, can demonstrate. The view from the top of the spire is very grand. The interior of the church contains the tombs of Dessaix, Kleber, and the architect. Amongst many other objects of interest, I must mention the monument erected to Bishop Wernher. It is a statue of this good bishop meditating upon the plan of his Cathedral spread before him ; also the beautiful Gothic monument of Bishop Conrad, of Lichtenberg, who died in 1279.

The world-renowned Clock of Strasbourg is inside of this Cathedral. It was planned and executed by several professors. Besides the hours of the day, it describes the motions of the planets. It is a complete astronomical almanac, from which you can read the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, and the various phenomena which they exhibit. This masterpiece of work was completed in 1574, from which time its movements continued, without interruption, till 1789. It has a perpetual calendar of the movable festivals, marking even the leap years. The Ecclesiastical computation with all its indications is complete ; the system of Copernicus, the phases of the moon and planets, the eclipses of the sun and moon, their true time and the apparent ; the equinoxes, the solar and lunar equations ; the reduction of the middle movements of the sun and moon reduced to their

true times and places, all calculated and brought to perpetuity.

Over the first quadrant the day is represented by a coach of the sun pulled by four horses guided by Apollo, who comes out of a door, drives slowly, and at the setting of the sun, retires by another door at the opposite side. At the same time the coach of the night, pulled also by horses, issues from the same door from which the sun emerged. Before the appearance of the coach both doors open simultaneously, and when one coach is in and the other out, both close at the same time. Over this there is a dial marking the hours, and this is surmounted by a quadrant which points out the months. The complete Copernican system is built and moves on the top of the quadrant.

On each side of the hour-dial sit two genii, one holding a bell, the other an hour-glass. Over this there is a large shrine divided into two parts; on the lower part there is the statue of death holding a bell; on the upper is a statue of our Saviour, and those of the twelve Apostles—six on each side of our Saviour. Each quarter of an hour is struck by a puppet that issues from one side of Death, strikes the bell which is in the hand of the statue of death, and retires on the other side and disappears. The puppets are four, representing the four stages of human life: *Infancy*, *Youth*, *Manhood* and *Old Age*. *Infancy* strikes the first quarter, *Youth* two, *Manhood* three, and *Old Age* four, according to the time. The puppets are not

visible except when they come out to strike the quarters of the hours.

The first stroke of each quarter is struck by the genius that holds the bell, then *Infancy* instantly strikes one and retires. After fifteen more minutes which makes half an hour, *Youth* emerges, the genius strikes his bell once, and *Youth* instantly strikes two blows on the bell held by Death, and retires and so on, *Manhood* three, *Old Age* four, according to the time. Death strikes the full hours immediately after *Old Age* has struck four quarters, and while Death strikes, the other genius reverses the hour glass. At noon the Apostles pass before our Saviour, bend or prostrate themselves before Him, who raises His hands and blesses them; at this moment a cock strikes or flaps His wings and crows. I was present, and really the movements and voice were very natural. To give a full description of this wonderful clock would be foreign to my purpose.

I entered an eating house near the Cathedral and ate a fine dinner, which, including wine, cost me only one franc. I purchased also a large bottle of the best French brandy for three francs.

CHAPTER VI.

SWITZERLAND.

DEPARTURE FOR SWITZERLAND — BÂLE — ERASMUS — ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL OF BÂLE ENDING IN A CONCILIABULUM — INSOLENCE OF THOSE BISHOPS — THEIR ACTS REJECTED BY THE POPE — SUPREMACY OF THE POPE — EUGENE IV. ORDERS THE COUNCIL TO BE TRANSFERRED TO FERRARA — CONSTANCE — ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE REJECTED BY THE POPE, EXCEPT A FEW SESSIONS — SHAFFHAUSEN — BERNE — FREIBURG — THE ORGAN — LAUSANNE — LAKE LEMAN — GENEVA — CATHEDRAL — MONT BLANC — DEPARTURE FOR OUCHY — MARTIGNY — ASCENT OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD — HOSPICE — DOGS.

My next destination was Bâle in Switzerland. At 5 P. M. I left by railroad for Malhausen, where I arrived at 9 P. M., passing through a fine and picturesque country, ornamented with charming little villages. The same evening I left for Bâle, at which place I arrived in forty minutes.

There my baggage was inspected; my trunk and portmanteau were opened only as a matter of form, my word being taken by those gentlemanly officers, and I took up my lodgings at the *Black Bear* Hotel, which was a good, comfortable hotel, very clean, and the landlord very obliging. I must do this justice to Switzerland — to acknowledge that the hotels, railroads and public conveyances there are superior to those of Germany, England and France. I took my supper,

wrote to my relatives in Italy, and to America, and after a good supper I retired.

Bâle, *Basle* or *Basel* is one of the largest cities in Switzerland ; it is the capital of the canton of the same name, and contains about 40,000 inhabitants ; it is not at the present time as flourishing as in former days. The city lies in a beautiful country, well built and divided by the Rhine into the greater and lesser towns, which are united by a bridge 730 feet long. From time immemorial an enmity has existed between the inhabitants of these two parts of the city ; an enmity which is not yet entirely eradicated. It was the native place of Œcolampadius, Grynacus, Hermann. Erasmus lived here for several years, and died in this city.

The old custom in this city to keep the clocks one hour in advance of the time of other cities has nearly gone. Various reasons are given for this strange custom ; one is, that once the city was saved by the town clock, which accidentally, instead of striking twelve, struck one, and the enemies, who had planned to take the city by surprise at twelve o'clock, hearing the town clock striking one, thinking themselves one hour too late, failed to make their appearance. The citizens, in remembrance of the event, kept the clock one hour in advance of the true time. I saw the Catholic Church, which is a good building. In the Protestant Church I saw the chair of the famous Erasmus, the pulpit from which he had preached, and his tomb. The room occupied by him is kept

nearly in the same condition as when he occupied it. I saw his furniture, chest, table, etc. I saw the well-known "*Dance of Death*" in a framed painting. It represents death taking a baby to dance, and carrying him through about fifty stages of life always in a dance, and, dancing, consigning him, in decrepit age, to the grave.

But the principal object I wanted to see in Bâle was the hall where the famous council met on the 14th day of December, 1431, which at the commencement was Œcumenical, but which, through the obstinacy and wickedness of the bishops terminated in a Conciliabulum. The council had been convoked by Martin V., who died before its commencement. Eugene IV., his successor, ratified its convocation. The object of the council was the extinction of the errors of the Wickliffites and Hussites and the reconciliation of the Greek rite of the Church with the Latin, besides some reform in discipline, and to put a stop to the wars between Christian princes.

The bishops behaved, to say the least, in an insolent and disrespectful manner towards the Pope. The number of the bishops is said to have been 300; but they could not all have been present in every session, the hall not being sufficiently large to contain that number.

The Pope ordered his Cardinal-Legate, Juliano Cesarini, of St. Angelo, to dissolve the council; but in 1433, through motives of prudence, he revoked the order of dissolution. The Greek bishops, perceiving that things were not proceeding right,

refused to attend. The Pope, who is directed by the Holy Ghost, and for whom alone Christ prayed that he should never fail in his faith, in which he was commanded to confirm his brethren, did not approve the proceedings of that council. Those scandalous bishops had the impudence to assume a character of representing the Universal Church and to be superior to the Pope, and dared to summon the Vicar of our Saviour, the successor of St. Peter, that rock upon which the Church is built, that rock which alone holds and supports every one of the faithful, no matter what position they may occupy in the church, either as laymen, or as pastors, to appear before them! Miserable creatures! Who constituted them judges? Who were they without the Pope? Through whom do bishops derive their authority? Certainly through the Pope! To whom alone was said "*Feed my sheep, feed my lambs!*" Those bishops to whom the Pope gives no authority, have none. We do not follow the condemned doctrine of Febronius, but the teaching of the Doctors of the Church. Our glorious Roman Pontiff, Pius IX., has justly remarked in his letter correcting the Archbishop of Paris, dated Rome the 26th of October, 1866, that the angelic doctor actually employed the most logical comparison between the Pope and a King in appointing magistrates. "*The Pope* (says St. Thomas) *has the plenitude of Pontifical power, as the King has in his own kingdom; but the Bishops are taken to bear a portion of the power, which belongs to him,*

like judges appointed over each city." They had forgotten the errors into which entire assemblies of them had fallen without the Pope. Did not 400 bishops subscribe to an Arian form of faith in Rimini, whereas none of the delegates of the Pope put their signatures to the same? Did not here in Bâle the bishops, after confirming the acts of the council of Constance, deviate from the decrees of that council by agreeing to the errors of the Hussites, granting them the use of the cup in the Communion? The Gallican notion of the superiority of the council over the Pope is an absurdity; it amounts to this question, whether the body is superior to the head or the head to the body? There can be no head without the body, and a body without a head is no body but a carcass; so there can be no council without the Pope, and a council without the Pope is no council but a carcass. If all the bishops should fall into error that would be nothing against the Church. The infallibility of the Church is in the person of the Pope; it is not attached to *Episcopacy* but to the *Primacy* of St. Peter, which Primacy was, by disposition of Christ, perpetually united to the person of St. Peter, and of his successors, in order to establish the *Unity* of the Church, and to preserve it for ever. Hence the Apostle St. Peter, after having governed the Church of Antioch for seven years, in order that there should be no doubt in finding where the Supremacy of *Honor* and *Jurisdiction* towards the whole Church would be found, went to Rome,

instituted that Bishoprick, and occupied it till his death. The Bishoprick of Rome, and the Supremacy over the whole Church, both being in the same person of St. Peter, the Bishop of Rome became permanently, for ever, and by *Divine Right*, the Supreme Pontiff of the whole Church, which Dignity and Office by disposition of Christ is perpetuated for ever, and conveyed through the channel of the Bishop of Rome; St. Peter by his death engrafted, if I may say so, the *Supremacy* to the *Bishoprick* of Rome; hence the person who succeeds to the Roman Bishoprick, by Divine Right succeeds to the Supremacy, both Offices being united in the same person as they were in the person of St. Peter. To be Bishop of Rome is an essential and necessary condition to the Supremacy. The succession to a Bishoprick is only of Ecclesiastic Institution, hence no infallibility is attached to it. Even the succession to the Bishoprick of Rome is of Ecclesiastic Institution, because the election of a person to be Bishop of Rome, depends only from the Church, but the person elected to be Bishop of Rome by *Divine Right* succeeds to the *Supremacy*. For this reason the Pope as a private Doctor, Bishop of Rome, may fall into error, but as Supreme Pontiff, speaking *ex cathedra*, he cannot fall into error; hence, if all Bishops can fall into error, the Pope cannot. The Pope is the pastor by Divine institution, commissioned to feed all sheep and lambs, laymen, priests and bishops, and they must receive their

food from him. Hence the Pope alone is infallible. When in an Œcumenical Council the Pope puts his signature to the acts in matters of faith and morals, they are infallible; they express the voice of God manifested through the channel of the Church, they bind every member of the Church whether layman, priest or bishop.

The signature of the bishops after that of the Pope does not give any force to the infallibility of the truth of the articles, they are so without it; the simple signature of the Pope makes them infallible, and even without any signature at all, if the Pope declares them *ex cathedra*. The signatures of the bishops give them only an extrinsic force showing their belief to be the same. Nay, they are bound to put their signatures, otherwise they would be heretics or schismatics and cut off from the body of the Church.

All the bishops assembled together without the Pope do not represent the Church, because they can fall into error and the Church can not err. But when the Pope is with them, the Pope and only those bishops who believe the same doctrine with him and are in communion with him represent the Church of Christ: the others do not. Hence in the Œcumenical Councils the bishops that were Arians, Nestorians, etc., did not represent the church. Even the Catholic bishops who sign the acts of an Œcumenical Council do not represent the Church till the Pope has approved them; and even then they represent the Church only in those acts approved and signed by the

Pope ; and in those acts rejected by him, they do not ; as it was the case in the councils of Constance, Bâle and many others, as history shows. It is astonishing that those middle aged scandalous Gallican notions are not yet altogether dead and buried, whose poison is found in a few obscure corners, even in this country, but the Syllabus has administered a good antidote.

The bishops tried to select the place for the future council but they could not agree. Some wanted Florence, or Udine or any other place at the pleasure of the Pope ; others wanted Bâle or Avignon, or some other city in Savoy ; and this was in order to enjoy the protection of France and of the princes of Germany; this was the real cause of all the troubles between the Pope and those wicked bishops at Bâle.

The Pope ordered the council to be transferred to Ferrara on account of the Greeks, and for other reasons. The Papal Legate at Bâle, the Archbishop of Tarentum, published an order in the name of the council, to which he had clandestinely attached its seal. By this order, in compliance with the wish of the Pope, Udine or Florence was appointed for the place of negotiations. The Pope opened the General Council in Ferrara, where many bishops, especially Italians and Spaniards, went. Only two Spanish and two Italian bishops remained in Bâle with a number of French and German bishops.

They excommunicated and deposed the Pope and created a new one in the person of Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, who was a good, pious layman, living in

retirement and not acquainted with the intrigues of the bishops. They persuaded him to accept the honor and gave him the title of Felix V., and he was consecrated Anti-Pope, and was recognized by a few Princes. The bishops excommunicated every one who would not recognize him as Pope. Those Prelates were stubborn and disobedient to all authority of Rome; they ruled by arbitrary power and despotism, and were dependent upon the Princes of France, Germany and Savoy, to whose courts they were attached. These bishops managed to make those Princes vex and force the Catholics to obey the Anti-pope Amadeus under the name of Felix V., who gave the Papal Benediction, granted Indulgences, etc., but the Catholics, protected by their pastors, the parish priests, generally refused to acknowledge the Anti-pope. After a few years the true Pope requested Amadeus to abandon the pretended idea of being Pope, which, to his credit, he did most willingly. Eugene IV., in Ferrara, having accomplished the union of the Greeks with the Church, closed the council after having declared null all the schismatical proceedings of the bishops at Bâle.

Constance is a fine city not far from Bâle, where there is a beautiful lake on which several steamers ply in the summer season. The Cathedral is a fine Gothic structure, and it was in this church that John Huss was condemned by the council of Constance. It was in this city and on the occasion of this council that Sigismund, Emperor of Germany and king of Hungary and Bohemia, on

Christmas Day, at the Pontifical High Mass, dressed in the vestments of a Deacon, sang the gospel "*Exit edictum a Caesare Augusto*," etc., holding a drawn sword in his hand. It is piously interpreted to show his readiness to defend the Gospel; but the Apostles never made use of the sword to spread it; on the contrary our Saviour forbade St. Peter to make use of it even when he wanted to defend his master. These abuses were allowed and cherished by those worldly and courtier Prelates of the middle ages, especially in Germany and in France. Many of those bishops that afterwards went to the council of Bâle were present in this assembly. Only a few acts of this council were approved by the Pope.

Near the city of Constance is the celebrated fall of the Rhine. It is called Shaffhausen, from being near to that little town. At the hotel I met with an American gentleman who was traveling alone. He desired me to form a party with him and I would have done so as he was a pleasant and educated person, but our objects were different. He wanted to spend a couple of weeks amongst the glaciers and lakes between Constance, Zurich, Lucerne and Interlachen; but I could not stop for so long a time; hence I took the cars for Berne where I arrived in the morning.

Berne is a fine and regularly built city of 30,000 inhabitants, and is the capital of the Canton of that name; it is located upon the declivity of a hill, on a peninsula washed on three sides by the Aar. In the Cathedral is an organ nearly as large

and as good as that at Freyburg, but as I was going thither I did not stop to hear it. The city does not present any other thing worth notice except bears; there is a white one kept at the expense of the town.

I left for Freyburg in the afternoon. It is impossible to describe the beauty of the valleys, hills, lakes, streams, rocks and mountains in traveling through Switzerland. In this Canton I saw the richest and best cultivated valley in Switzerland, the Emmenthal valley; the highest mountains in Switzerland are in this Canton. I arrived at Freyburg in the evening under a heavy rain. The omnibus on which I was riding to the hotel passed by the Cathedral church of St. Nicholas, in which is the famous organ. The landlord asked me whether I wanted to hear it, as the organist was to perform on it that evening. This was exactly what I wanted; he gave me a ticket which cost one franc, and I went into the church and he took my baggage to the hotel. The Professor who was performing on the organ executed some fine pieces of music, in which he could display the beauty of the instrument, both by a single stop and by a combination of them, and by showing the full power of the same. The stop "*vox humana*" appeared in reality a human voice that was singing. He played "*The Storm*," and we could hear the rattling of the rain, the whistling of the wind, the roaring and pealing of the thunder as afar off at first, then approaching by degrees, with the echo produced and prolonged at a distance. We were

surprised to perceive even the flash of the lightning performed on the organ, which was produced by a sudden, quick sliding of the hand over the key-board, on some peculiarly discordant stops which produced the effect of a sounding flash which I could not describe ; immediately we hear the sudden clap of the thunder-bolt, which appeared so natural that it made spectators nervous, causing them to turn their heads as if struck by an electric shock ; then its echo bellowing and roaring for some time till its solemn, prolonged peals gradually died away in the far distance. This organ is considered to be the finest in Europe ; it has 67 stops. After the performance I found the omnibus from my hotel waiting at the door of the church.

Next morning I viewed the city ; visited the Cathedral again, and the suspension bridges. Freyburg (called *Friburg in Uchland,*) is the capital of the Canton of the same name ; it contains 10,000 inhabitants, and is situated on the Sanen, which nearly surrounds it. This small river which nearly divides the city marks the boundary between the German and French languages ; it is astonishing to see the population of this city, who have lived for centuries together, still distinct in language, customs and dress. The city is surrounded by walls, towers and sharp rocks. My bill at the hotel for one day, including everything, even the omnibus, was eight francs and five centimes.

Immediately after dinner I left for Lausanne,

and the scenery on the railway is enchanting. At a station some Swiss girls, dressed in the national style, with short gowns of bright colors, vests ornamented with silver buttons, and with silver chains gracefully hanging down from the shoulders round the sleeves and fastened to the breast, short sleeves, very broad brimmed straw hats, which reminded me of the Swiss peasantry represented in pictures which I have seen, came to the windows of the cars. They had tempting fresh grapes to sell; they were just what I wanted, for it was a dry and warm day, and I purchased two fine bunches.

An English gentleman, close to me, wanted to buy some, but he could not speak any language except English. He asked me to purchase some for him, which I did most cheerfully; then he pulled out a handful of small pieces of money of different nations, and requested me to take what coins would pay for them, as he was not acquainted with that money. I refused to take any as the grapes cost only a trifle, but he insisted, and I was obliged to satisfy him.

We arrived in Lausanne early in the afternoon. Here who could begin to describe the grand and romantic scenery? The calm and still Lake Leman, like a looking glass, reflected in its pure waters the romantic shores by which it is surrounded. On the right the bewildering Jura mountains rose towering to the azure Swiss sky. At the left, the solitary and sublime Mont Blanc, having his head whitened with the snows of many winters,

which no glaring sunbeams of summer ever dared to wipe away, majestically rose in his full grandeur amongst the Alps of Savoy. In front, this charming lake extended its beautiful panorama till out of sight toward Geneva. It is scenery which no man can forget.

Lausanne is a handsome city of 20,000 inhabitants, and is the capital of the Canton of Vaud. It is beautifully situated a short distance from the northern shore of the Lake of Geneva or Leman. The streets are ill paved, up and down, and cracked. The Cathedral is a fine Gothic building and was consecrated by Pope Gregory X. in 1275. It has some fine monuments.

The city is frequented by a great many travelers; it is one of the healthiest and cheapest places in Switzerland, and few localities can compete with Lausanne for the beauty and extent of its romantic scenery. It has been the native place of many learned men; of the mathematician, Crousaz, of the physician, Tissot, etc. In a Swiss steamer, coasting the Swiss shore, I sailed on the lake for Geneva.

This lake is 54 miles long, and its breadth in the widest place is about 12 miles; it separates the Alps from the Jura mountains; hence Savoy from Switzerland. Both shores of the lake are studded with flourishing cities, villages and enchanting villas. Italian and Swiss steamers ply daily around the lake, but since Victor Emmanuel, the tool of Napoleon, foolishly, and without any authority from the Italian nation, gave Savoy

and Nice to France, as a price for having given assistance to secure Lombardy from Austria, French steamers must take the place of the Italians, till Savoy and Nice be restored to Italy. The manner of taking the votes in Savoy and Nice, sanctioning their separation from Italy and transfer to France, was only a farce, which Napoleon III. knows well how to play ; and his tool, Victor Emmanuel has learned from him, how to employ the same in Italy.

Geneva is the largest city in Switzerland, and is the capital of the Canton of the same name, which is the smallest Canton in the Confederation. It contains 56,000 inhabitants, and is situated on the slope of two hills, divided by the Rhone, where it issues from the lake, forming in its course two islands, on one of which stands a part of the town. I landed at 1 P. M., and took lodgings at the *Hotel de Geneva*, which is comfortable, clean and respectable ; the charge for the entire day was five francs.

This city is fine and has some good streets, especially those of the *Rhone*, de la *Carraterie*, the Mont Blanc, and the Quays des Bergeres, and Grand Quai, where the most elegant stores and shops are located. A splendid view of Mont Blanc may be had from many points in the city. This is the loftiest mountain in Europe, and is one of the summits of the Pennine Alps. Its top is between 15,000 and 16,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is discernible for 140 miles.

I had seen this mountain from the Mediterranean

Sea near the Island of Corsica. The first to ascend the mountain was Doctor Paccard, of Chamouni, and his guide, James Bama, in 1786, and afterwards Horace Benedict de Saussure in a scientific manner penetrated all its mysteries. It has been ascended afterwards by several other persons, and lately a new way has been found less hazardous and less toilsome. From the highest point, which is a small ridge, about six feet wide and very precipitous, on the north side, visitors find the pulse to beat more rapidly, although the excitement may increase it; they experience exhaustion, thirst and want of appetite. The sky appears of a very deep blue bordering on black, and in the shade the stars are visible. The skin of most of those who have made the ascent has peeled off afterward, their eyes became weak, and they suffered in health generally. It is a perilous experiment, and several have lost their lives in the attempt. Lately a young American lady slipped down a precipice and was seen no more. Yet they look upon it as a great achievement to have been on the topmost natural pinnacle of Europe. I had no desire for it. I only gazed on the grandeur of Mont Blanc, at the immense mantle of snow which covers its summit and sides, for 12,000 feet without the least appearance of rock to interrupt its dazzling whiteness, and which is the source and nursery of eighteen glaciers, whose various and fantastic forms increase the wonderful effect of its magical sublimity. In solitary majesty for many ages she has braved the pelting storms, lightning flash-

es, thunder claps and burning suns. As I had seen several glaciers and expected to see still more of them on the Great St. Bernard, Simplon and Mt. Cenis, I was satisfied to behold those glaciers and ice from a distance.

The glaciers are vast fields of ice formed on the top and sides of mountains, and extending to the valleys below the snow line. The ice of the glaciers is different from that of the sea or river water. It is not formed in layers, but consists of little grains of congealed snow, and is not transparent. The ice of many different fantastic figures which are jammed and pressed together are immovable, and yet they, packed together in a mass, advance gradually downwards. Sometimes a mass or a large part of it is set free by the action of the sun, and precipitated into the depths below, producing a roaring like the sound of subterranean thunder. Avalanches produce the same loud sounds, which are repeated from peak to peak, creating a wonderful echo among the Alps; and they help the glaciers downward in their descent. These avalanches have sometimes destroyed houses and villages, overwhelming them, and spreading havoc and desolation on land, cattle and men, for many miles around.

The natives of this city are celebrated for their industry, which chiefly consists in making watches and jewelry; nearly 4,000 persons being employed in this city in making watches: yet these articles can be purchased in Italy far cheaper than in Geneva. I saw the Cathedral of St.

Peter, finished by the Emperor, Conrad II., in the eleventh century. It is a beautiful and pure Byzantine structure, but last century it was disfigured by a Corinthian portico in imitation of the Pantheon in Rome. This church contains some very fine monuments.

The pulpit is the same from which Calvin preached. I contemplated in sad silence, how that pulpit, from which the pure doctrines of Christ had been taught by his true ministers, was afterwards disgraced and contaminated by Calvin. From this pulpit he vomited forth his bitter blasphemies and heresies; from this pulpit he hurled defiance at the Catholic Church; from this pulpit he established the religious doctrines of Puritanism, which soon spread in France, Germany and England, and was unfortunately imported into this country by the "*Mayflower.*"

The Church is a Latin cross, divided into three naves and transepts. I stopped to look upon the place where once stood the High Altar, upon which the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass had been often offered to the Almighty, but at the time there was a Calvinistic minister instructing about one hundred grown girls to receive the Calvinistic communion. In the sadness of my heart, I turned my steps in the direction of one of the doors. The sexton asked me if I wished to see anything more, I said, "I cannot see what I would like to see, and to see that, I must go to the Catholic Cathedral." I left and went to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which is an imposing building, all

finished except the steeple, which when completed, makes it the best church in the city. In Geneva I purchased a through ticket for Florence, whither I sent my heavy baggage. I was, however, notified to look for my baggage at the Italian frontiers, in order to have it inspected, then I would find it at Florence. Geneva and its immediate vicinity are remarkable for having been the retreat of very many famous characters, such as Voltaire, Calvin, Cassaubon, Rosseau, Necker, Byron, Marie Louise, Josephine, etc.

I left, after dinner, in an Italian steamer, for Ouchy by the Italian shore of the lake. I met many Italians on board. We discovered a woman dressed in man's clothes who was going to Milan. We passed many beautiful villages, where the steamer stopped to land and take up passengers. We arrived at Ouchy, which is the port of Lausanne, and in one hour we were in Vevay, a highly attractive town of 7,000 inhabitants. The beauty and delightful excursions in the vicinity of this place, make it a rendezvous for travelers. It is picturesquely situated at the mouth of the Gorge of the Vevayse. The steamer stopped at Clarens, which commands one of the finest views of the lake and mountains. Forward we went to Chillon, well-known for its castle, and soon we arrived at Villeneuve, where I took the cars for Martigny.

In the cars and at this place, I found confirmed the bad news which I had already heard on

Lake Leman, that the cholera was raging in Italy. No tourists wanted to go thither, except a few who were to visit Venice. I was obliged to change my route on account of the cholera, which was making fearful ravages in the valley of Aosta. I understood that nearly half of the inhabitants of that city had perished by that direful plague. My intention had been to cross the Alps at the Great St. Bernard, and to enter Italy by Aosta, but now I resolved to cross the Alps by the Simplon pass.

In the cars I had the pleasure to meet an American gentleman from Boston, and his lady, a Parisian, with whom I had made acquaintance some time before in traveling. We were all glad to see each other, especially as we were going to the Great St. Bernard. We formed in one party, and stopped at the same hotel in Martigny, the *Hotel de la Tour*. I told the gentleman to make all necessary bargains for a carriage or *char*, and for every other thing which might be needed. Martigny is a small Swiss town of about 2,000 inhabitants; the views from this place are most beautiful.

Next morning leaving everything at the hotel, except a very small valise, and after a good breakfast we started, at an early hour, in a four-wheeled conveyance. The ride was very romantic, and led through finely cultivated spots, forests and vineyards. We left to the right the *Tetê-noire*, the famous pass which leads to Mont Blanc, and crossing at one time perpendicular

chasms, at another through narrow passes between two mountains, or over bridges frightfully located upon tremendous precipices, we made the tortuous and winding ascent of the Alps near Mont Blanc. Here warring torrents leaped down from perpendicular rocks, and glaciers, reflecting the beams of the summer sun, dazzled our eyes. The scenery was continually changing, according to the windings of the road. In some places it was oppressively hot; at others it was uncomfortably chilly. In a valley we could perceive the oppressive effect of the burning summer heat; while on the sides of mountains our eyes were refreshed by luxuriously flourishing gardens. Higher up, on the sides of the mountains, extensive vineyards in the form of an amphitheatre, exhibited an abundance of golden grapes, under whose weight the vines were bent to the ground. Gradually we reached the snow line, where the vegetation was poor and scanty; and the face of the country bore quite a different appearance. We could distinguish the diverse degrees of temperature on the same mountain. We passed several Alpine villages; old towns improved with additional houses and large roofs; cultivated patches of land; small fields had been cultivated with much labor, the peasantry attired in their peculiar style of dress, all combined to make a lasting impression on our minds.

There were the houses that sheltered Napoleon I., when he crossed the Alps the first time. Many houses claim the honor of having being occupied

by him. In the wretched little villages of Orsieres and Liddes, we could read on many little houses *Hôtel de Napoleon, Maison ou Napoleon a déjeuné, Hôtel ou Napoleon a loge!* But above all our attention was especially attracted by the sight of men and women with the dreadful affliction called "the *wen*." This encysted tumor is supposed to be caused by drinking the snow water which passes through crevices of the mountains, and becomes impregnated with a peculiar salt; yet the real cause is not positively known.

While the horse was feeding, we paid a visit to the Church of Orsieres, a venerable and ancient looking building which is reputed to be the oldest church and steeple in the Valais Canton. All the inhabitants there must be Catholics as there are no other churches but Catholic.

At noon we stopped at St. Pierre, a small and wretched village, but venerable for its antiquity; and at this place we took dinner, which appeared to be equally worthy of the veneration due to age; for the manner in which it was prepared and served savored of a style belonging to a primitive age; yet amongst the Alps it was considered a good dinner; but the Swiss wine was indeed excellent. There were many other travelers going and coming from St. Bernard, and generally all stopped at this tavern. At dinner we had the company of an English army officer and his daughter. He had been in the Crimean war and was rather advanced in age. I offered him some brandy which I had purchased at Strasbourg, and which

I carried with me in a flask, but he had some with him. It is customary and necessary to carry some brandy in ascending the top of the Alps. After dinner we conversed together seated on logs, rocks, and on the shafts of the carriages, in the street, while the *vetturinos* were harnessing the horses. A young American gentleman arrived in a large double-seated wagon; he was alone except the driver. The ladies, on seeing him, turned to each other laughing slyly, saying, "Oh, yes, he has shaved! indeed he has shaved!" Two young English ladies hastened to us and smiling, said, "How miserable he looks, alone in that big vacant wagon!" The English officer and his daughter replied, "But indeed he has shaved!" I could not understand what they were aiming at, and could only turn in bewilderment from one to the other with a kind of inquiring smile, and wonder what they meant, without uttering a word. The ladies, perceiving that I did not know why they were laughing, told me that in Martigny the English officer and his daughter had requested the American gentleman to let them join him in a party, and ride together in the large, big wagon, which the American had already engaged, they having not yet hired any. He refused, saying that "he had to shave," but in reality he wanted to take the two young English ladies, but they having heard that he had rejected the company of the officer and lady, refused to accept his offer, when he proposed to take them in his wagon; so he remained alone.

All met here in this little tavern. He recognised everybody, but refused to talk to any one of them, by which action he rendered himself ridiculous; he got in very bad humor; altogether, he put on airs as if he was the President of the United States. At dinner he got into trouble with a lady. The Boston gentleman in my company was ashamed of him, and so was I myself, and we apologized for him to the English gentleman and ladies in our company, but none felt any desire to admit him into our company; yet they did not pass any remarks against the Americans, but on the contrary considered him an odd traveler disgracing his country. Soon after dinner he departed alone; a subject of amusement to the whole company. The next day, at the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, he got into trouble again with another lady, and when leaving we saw him quarreling with another lady and guide about a saddle; he was a disagreeable, pompous fellow, all the time boasting about America, and abusing England, but no person took any notice of him.

Now, we all started for the top of the Pass, the road becoming more steep, the vegetation more scanty, the mountain more barren, and the glaciers more abundant. We passed through a larch forest, and below we could see, at a distance, the course of the Drance. We reached the *Cantine du Praz*, a rough inn where the carriage road ends, and the rest of the way, about eight miles, must be traveled on foot or on mules; we preferred to walk, the lady in our company not excepted; the

daughter of the English officer rode on a mule. We traversed a large plain above which is the glacier of Menou, topped by the lofty peak of Mont Velan. The path now became bad, steep, rocky and laborious ; there were only a few refuges. These refuges are small stone buildings to shelter travelers caught in snow storms. They are found in nearly all passes of the Alps, at a short distance from each other. We had passed the line of vegetation, and there was no appearance of any tree, or shrub, but only a few wild alpine flowers and plants could be seen for some distance, and they also soon disappeared, and nothing else was visible except barren rocks and grotesque summits of mountains. No warbling of birds broke the awful silence of this vast solitude, the melancholy of which was increased by the roaring of the foaming torrents, which, emerging from wild glaciers, rushed impetuously down precipices. Lofty rocky mountains scarcely allowed us to see the sky, and when, after immense toil and fatigue, we arrived at the top of the mountain, we perceived that we had only reached the base of another still higher, and had come in sight of other glaciers.

The ascent of the Great St. Bernard struck me with no other impression but that of dreadful desolation. The lady in our company being fatigued, we were left behind by the others, which was a painful circumstance, because we had heard that at the Hospice there was a large crowd of visitors, and, arriving late, we had poor hopes of a comfortable lodging. In turning one of the

angles of the steep and winding path, I discovered my friend, the English officer, who, seated on a rock, was hallooing for me. I hastened to him: "Well, my friend," said he, "I stand in need of your flask. I did not think that it was so laborious. I see that now, on account of my age, I cannot do what I formerly could, I cannot go further without something from that (pointing to my flask); mine is all out." I welcomed him to it, and he felt much relieved, and able to prosecute the ascent of the Great St. Bernard.

About three miles before we reached the Hospice, (which is not visible either from the Swiss or from the Italian side till you are up to it) at a great distance from the top of a mountain, on our right, we perceived some persons descending from the Alps. In less than twenty minutes they were near us. They were resident students or novices of St. Bernard, who had been taking a walk on the summit of the Alps, and were returning home.

I was surprised at the facility with which they ascended and descended. I introduced myself to them, and requested them to bespeak in my name, from the Superior of St. Bernard, a lodging for us three, as we would not arrive at the Hospice until late, on account of the lady who was with us. They very kindly promised to do so, and by all means insisted on carrying our little valises, in order to lighten our burdens; but I could not permit myself to impose so much on their kindness. I was requested by the lady to procure for them a comfortable place for the night. They

knew that I was a priest, as I always introduce myself as such, and would scorn the thought of introducing myself under any other character.

We arrived at the summit of the Pass just as the sun was setting. The Superior, a venerable old prelate and Abbot, wearing the pectoral cross, like a bishop, met me at the door, with that kindness and hospitality which, as the whole world knows, is ever to be found in this Hospice. No man, whether rich or poor, Catholic or Protestant, Heathen or Christian, has ever pulled the bell of that Hospice in vain. Nationality or religion is never asked; the door is open to everybody. The Superior had prepared for me the room in which Napoleon I. lodged when he crossed the Alps with his army for the first time. He told me that for the other two persons he would give accommodations as well as circumstances would allow. The house was crowded. There were over eighty visitors of nearly every nation, denomination and character. I said to the Superior that I would give up the room destined for me to those two persons in my company, and would sleep somewhere with the Religious. He felt satisfied with this arrangement, and shortly after my friends arrived, and I conducted them to the room, with which they were much pleased.

The Hospice was full of visitors, drivers, guides, mules, and horses, and every one was taken care of. The kitchen was in a continuous state of activity, and the long tables of the large refectory, after being once vacated, were again and again

prepared in succession, in order to accommodate all visitors as they arrived. A number of servants waited on us at table, and several Fathers were present to see that every one was properly attended, and the Fathers themselves also assisted at table. Here my friends sat around me at table. The English officer turned to me, and said, in a low voice: "Friend, two more favors I will ask from you: my flask is empty, and I could not manage to descend the mountain without it; my daughter is not well, and I would wish to have some meat for her." I said, as to his first request, I would attend to it; but, for the second, it was not possible on that day, because, being Friday, no meat was allowed. "But please try it," he replied. "I will do it," I said; but I knew there was no need of meat, because, if she was well enough to ascend the Alps, she could not be so sick as to require meat. I spoke to one of the Fathers, who understood well that there was no necessity for it, and said: "*Il faut apprendre encore la mortification.*" (They must learn also mortification.)

The young American gentleman happened to sit at supper, at the same table with us. He kept silence never looking at us. There was no tea; but he asked for some, and a large, full tea-pot was brought to him. The ladies near me asked him to give some of it to them, but he very rudely refused. I told the servant to take away the tea-pot from him and bring it to me. I spoke in French, in order that the American might not understand me. The servant took away the tea-pot

from him, and brought it to us, causing some wonder and mortification to the American gentleman, and satisfaction to the ladies, who relished the tea very much. In that pot there was tea enough for a dozen persons. After supper we had a conversation round a large fire. There I again learned of the ravages that the cholera had made and was making in the Valley of Aosta. Ten thousand had died, and nearly half of the inhabitants of the City of Aosta had perished by this dreadful disease. These Fathers had attended the sick, and they have also the spiritual charge of the Catholics near the valley and Martigny. The Abbot is the General of the Order, and has Episcopal jurisdiction. He resides at Martigny, but at present he was making his visit to St. Bernard.

Next morning I said Mass in the Chapel, which is fine and neat. It has marble altars, and other fine marble monuments. After breakfast, I visited the Mountain Pass and Hospice. The mountain, or *Mont Velan*, on the top of which runs the boundary line between the Valais and Piedmont, is 11,000 feet high, but the Pass is about 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. The most elevated part of the passage is a long and narrow valley, the middle of which is occupied by a lake. At the extremity of the lake stands the Hospice, built on the site of the ancient redoubt of Stoleure, and at its opposite side, toward Italy and Mount Joux, is the Place of Jupiter, a small plain where once stood the temple of *Jupiter Appinus*. The other pass, the Little St. Bernard, over which Hannibal

directed his march, is about the same height of that of the Great St. Bernard, on the road that leads over the Grison Alps. The Little St. Bernard was built on the site called *Colonne Joux*, from a pillar which was an object of idolatry. At present this Pass is nearly abandoned. Bernard de Menthon, a nobleman, and Count of Savoy, in the year 962, demolished the Temple of Jupiter and the Pillar, *Colonne Joux*, and with its materials built two Hospices, one on the Pass Great St. Bernard, the other on the Pass leading to the Grison Alps, the Little St. Bernard. This true philanthropist governed this convent for twenty years, watching and entertaining the numerous travelers that every year pass from Switzerland into Italy, and the pilgrims journeying to Rome. He died in the year 1008.

The convent accommodates 20,000 persons and several thousand mules during the year; they can stay three days without giving compensation; although in the chapel of the convent there is a contribution box where they can put what they like; they should give the same amount that they would pay at a hotel.

This famous convent, or Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, is a large, regular, and gloomy mass of gray stone buildings, and is the highest inhabited place in Europe. Here there is scarcely any summer, but an everlasting winter reigns throughout the year. In vain did I look for a tree or bush; my eyes were dazzled by a dreary expanse of monotonous snow. The building is

exposed on its north-east and south-west sides, to every storm, but sheltered on the north-west side by Mont Chenelletaz and Mont Mort. The chief building has eighty beds for the use of visitors or travelers, and is capable of affording shelter to over 300 persons. Some days as many as 600 or 700 receive aid and succor. Independent of this building there is, on the other side of the way, a house of refuge, the Hotel de St. Louis, a building erected in case of fire, the Hospice having once been burned down in 1552, when a number of valuable documents were destroyed in the flames.

I walked over into Italian territory, and when I put foot on my native soil for the first time, after twenty-four years' absence, I could not realize it! I thought I dreamed, and in my dream trod once more the soil of beauteous Italy, after the chill and desolation of the Great St. Bernard. I could exclaim in the language of the Poet—

Oh Patria, dolce amata Patria!
Alfin a te ritorno!
Io ti saluto cara;
Terra degli Avi miei!

"Oh native country!
Sweet and beloved native country!
At last I come back to thee;
I salute thee, dear land of my forefathers!"

I walked for some distance descending on the Italian side of the mountain which is justly called a most romantic, rugged, and desolate piece of scenery. I walked back into Switzerland, and returned to the convent. There are nine or ten

ecclesiastics belonging to the Regular Canons of the St. Augustine Order, who periodically sacrifice their lives to give assistance to their fellow men. From year to year they hunt upon the barren tops of the Alps, amidst perpetual snows, frightful storms and heart-rending desolation; yet they are cheerful and happy. They have no pretensions; they make no boasts; they write no articles to publish in newspapers to show exaggerated and spurious good works. They love nothing else but God and their fellow creatures; making no distinction, on account of creed, color or nation. They expect reward from no one but God. The so-called Reformation deprived them of most of their property, and what was left was seized during the Revolution of 1848; and these good, hospitable Augustinian Fathers were obliged to remove from the convent. Good monks, is this the manner in which the world has repaid you for your hospitality, and the sacrifice of your lives? Yes! this was the good work of the Reformation of the Holy Patriarchs, Luther, Calvin, and their kindred rascals. This was the fruit of philanthropy in the year 1848. But the travelers across the mountains cried aloud for their restoration, which was speedily accomplished. I believe that their entire landed property was also returned to them. These good monks cannot remain over twelve or fifteen years on these desolate Alpine summits, but, disabled by rheumatism they retire down the valley to Martigny or the convent on the Simplon. Every stick of wood which they burn, and every

mouthful of bread that they eat, must be brought up from a distance of twelve miles down below in the valley, and it must be carried on horses or mules ; hence what immense trouble and expense.

The Hospice maintains about fifty horses to carry wood. In summer they keep plenty of cows in order to have fresh milk, butter, etc. ; they receive fresh meat from the valley, but they lay up a store of salted meats for the winter, at which time they send all the cows but one to Martigny. Summer, if it can be called so, lasts only two or three months. They plant nothing because there is no heat sufficient to ripen anything : then where could they plant ? There is nothing there but naked rocks, the most of the time covered with snow ; the winter is very long, and the cold is excessive.

I saw the famous dogs of St. Bernard ; they were six or seven in number, and are a cross between the Newfoundland and the Pyrenean ; they do not live more than seven years when they become rheumatic, and are killed. They were lying on the ground outside of the Hospice, loose and apparently sleeping. These world-renowned dogs are so well trained that every year they save the lives of a considerable number of travelers. In the midst of tempests and snow storms, when the Alpine blasts tear up rocks and shake the mountains ; when amidst avalanches of snow and ice, rushing down with terrible roaring, and thundering mercilessly, carrying along rocks, trees and houses that may be in the way, the frightened and

weary traveler pelted by the pitiless storm, vainly endeavors to plow a bottomless drift of snow, and to brave the storm ; he lives to find a shelter in the nearest refuge, or falls down exhausted in the snow.

The refuges of the Great St. Bernard are few and unprovided ; last year three persons perished in one of them ; they were found frozen to death. I visited the only refuge on the Swiss side, and it had human bones scattered all around ; the bones of persons who had perished there. The refuges of the Simplon are good and well provided. In the midst of these Alpine tempests and snow storms, the monks accompanied by the dogs (called *marons*), set out for the purpose of tracking those who may have lost their way. These dogs, aroused by the howling of the storm, rush madly down the mountain-side, plunging into deep snow drifts, so that their whole bodies are lost sight of up to their tails, seeking amongst the drifts and rocks for the perishing traveler. With a bottle in a basket secured around the neck, they afford them timely assistance and refreshment, and by a peculiar howl signify to the monks, who follow them, where a traveler is in distress. Sometimes travelers are obliged to remain the entire night in the refuge till next morning, when a servant of the convent, with a dog, goes down and conducts the party through the snow, which in some places is thirty feet deep.

The dogs never miss their way. If they find the body of a traveler who has perished, the monks

carry it into the Morgue of the dead, where it is placed against the wall, in the same position and in the same clothes in which it was found. He remains there amongst the other dead bodies, which, on account of the great cold, decay very slowly, in order that they may be recognized by their friends; which, sometimes, after many years, may chance to be the case. In time they fall to pieces, after having dried up and withered, and their bones and skulls may be seen scattered around.

I visited this Morgue, and it is certainly a frightful sight to see the dead bodies standing up or laying in the exact position in which they were found, and with the same clothes. One with a shawl covering his head and arms, as if trying to keep himself warm; another in a walking position, as if endeavoring to drag himself along through the snow; another with both hands near his mouth as trying to warm them with his breath; another in a sleeping position; one with his eyes frightfully open and gazing at you; another with his head and eyes turned to heaven as if breathing a prayer. The sight is so shocking that it requires strong nerves to look at it.

I saw four Italians who were found last year. I understand that they had started together from the *Cantine de Praz* late on the afternoon, in a snow storm, and expected to reach the Hospice in the evening. They were notified not to venture to walk eight miles on the Alps in a snow storm. They undertook the journey and all perished. Next day they were found frozen, and buried in

the snow; one of them not far from the Hospice.

Adjoining this Morgue is a kind of burying ground where the bones are deposited when they accumulate too much. It is impossible to bury them because there is nothing around the Hospice but the naked rocks. I visited the convent, in company with my friends; the ground floor is devoted to store-rooms and stabling. Refectory, drawing-room, dormitories and offices are located on the other floors. There is a large library, and a cabinet in which there is a fine collection of antiquities, minerals (especially from the Alps,) plants, arms, insects, and many relics and coins from the Temple of Jupiter Appinus that once stood here. In the church I saw the marble monument erected upon the grave of General, Desaix. It represents Desaix, in relief, wounded and falling from his horse into the arms of his aid, Le Brun. "I will give you the Alps for your monument," said Napoleon to his dying General, after the battle of Marengo. "You shall rest on their loftiest inhabited point, in the church of St. Bernard, and the monks of St. Bernard will be your guardians." On the stairs stands his statue in marble. Opposite to it there is a slab of marble on which the Canton of Valais commemorated Napoleon's passage, with heavy artillery and munitions, over the St. Bernard, May 15th, 1800, with an inscription in letters of gold. This place is celebrated also for having witnessed the military expedition of Charlemagne and of Francis I.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ALPS.

DESCENT FROM THE GREAT ST. BERNARD—SION—VALLEY OF THE RHONE—MONT ROSA — ASCENT OF THE ALPS BY THE SIMPLON—HOSPICE AT THE SIMPLON PASS—DESCENT FROM THE SIMPLON—ITALIAN FRONTIER—ITALY—DOMO D'OSSOLA—PROCESSION—LAGO MAGGIORE—BORROMEAN ISLANDS—ST. CHARLES BORROMEO—ALEXANDRIA—GENOA—NEYVE.

WE bid a hearty farewell to the good, hospitable, heroic ecclesiastics of St. Bernard, and on foot descended the mountain with less toil, and in shorter time than we did in ascending it. At the Cantine *du Praz*, we took our dinner, and conveyances, and returned to Martigny. There I left my friends, who were afraid to go to Italy on account of the cholera that prevailed in many Italian cities. So I again found myself alone, yet I would not commence the ascent of the Alps without seeing the wondrous gorge of the Trient, which is one of the most marvellous objects in Switzerland, the splendid water-fall of Pissevache; the snow crowned Dent du Midi, the Dent de Morcles, and other natural curiosities of Switzerland.

I took the cars at Martigny, and the ride along the Rhone was indeed romantic. In the evening we reached Sion, the terminus of the railway on the Simplon road. I stopped at the Hotel *Lion*

d'Or, a good and reasonable hotel. Sion is a small and old town, remarkable for nothing except the remains of three old castles, once the residences of bishops, who lived in feudal style and splendor. They are now in a dilapidated condition, and give cause to much criticism among the inhabitants.

Next day I continued my journey, by a diligence, which connects Sion with Arona, the terminus of the Italian railway on Lago Maggiore. The diligences on the Simplon road are large, convenient, and well conducted. I rode along the valley of the Rhone, having the river on our right, and at a distance we could see the majestic snow-capped Mont Rosa, which is only 200 feet lower than Mont Blanc ; these chains of the Alps separate the Valais from Italy. Mont Rosa is the extremity of the *Pennine Alps*, from *Col de Bon Homme* by Mont Blanc, and the Great St. Bernard ; and Mont Rosa is the beginning of the *Lepontine* or Helvetian Alps, through the Simplon by St. Gothard to the Muschelhorn. Mont Rosa derives its name from a number of lofty peaks, rising from a centre somewhat like the leaves of a rose ; it is the father of an immense number of glaciers. On the left we had the front of the lofty Alps of Bern. At Leuk we changed horses. We met another diligence going to the dangerous and steep Pass of *Gemini*, which is close to this village. At this place, I and a finely educated Austrian officer and his daughter were the only travelers, so we had the entire diligence at our disposal.

This is the great military road built by Napoleon I., who was continually asking, while it was in course of construction, "How is the road getting along? when can my cannons go over it?" We ascended the Alps gently till we reached the little village of Brigue; there we crossed the Rhone, and, taking a sharp turn to the right, commenced the ascent of the mountain. This military road by long zigzags is not too steep for the heaviest wagons to pass without danger. On the right we had a full view of the handsome covered wooden bridge thrown across the Saltine, a river larger than the Rhone, with which it unites. On the Simplon road there are twenty-four refuges, situated at equal distances between Brieg and Domo d'Ossola; they contain several cantoniers and their families, whose duty it is to keep the road in repair, and give assistance to storm stayed travelers. Every refuge is supplied with a large bell, which is rung at intervals in foggy weather, to direct the traveler to the refuge. This bell is also used for calling together the cantoniers when an avalanche has covered the road with snow.

After skirting some fearful precipices, the road ascends by bold and romantic windings through gloomy forests of Alpine firs to the first and second refuges. We passed over precipices and through several galleries hewn in the rocks and lighted by openings; several times we alighted and, gazing from the openings of the galleries, enjoyed the views of lovely valleys adorned with cottages, and above the dark forests of pine, ex-

tensive glistening glaciers, peaks covered with snow shining in the blue sky; mountains piled upon mountains, the Jungfrau towering above the rest. We passed over bridges thrown over tremendous precipices from one mountain to another. Beyond the first gallery there is a bridge eighty feet in height, spanning the Kantar.

The scenery from this bridge is frightful, and awfully savage; but the grandeur is imposing and sublime beyond description. We arrived at the Post Inn of Berisal, (third refuge). Here we could perceive fearful ravines and avalanches on which account the road is necessarily very winding. Roaring torrents went leaping down the whole mountains, in several plunges, some crossing the road, others vaulting over the Pass which we were traveling. After the fourth refuge the road is lined by larches mixed with firs, and the number and beauty of the cascades is large and grand. Here by a handsome winding road the fifth refuge is attained, which stands on an eminence much exposed to violent gusts of wind.

Here no flowers are to be found; soon all trees cease to blossom, and shortly after vegetation ceases to exist. Here a long and dreary gallery leads from this scene of desolation to the glacier Grotto 150 feet long, and we arrived at the sixth refuge, and the borders where toll is taken. Here the cold increased, no vegetation met the traveler's eye; but dreariness and barren rocks and desolation surrounded us on every side. From these indications we perceived that we

were approaching the summit of the Simplon pass. A little above this is a large wooden cross, indicating the culminating point of the pass which is 6,500 feet high. From this point we could see the Bernese Alps, and discern the Glacier of Aletsch.

The diligence stopped long enough to give us an opportunity to see the Hospice ; we could not accept a kind invitation from the good monks to take a lunch. They are a part of those belonging to the Great St. Bernard. This Hospice was left unfinished by Napoleon I., and was sold for 15,900 francs by the government of the Canton of Valais to the Fathers of the Great St. Bernard in 1824, and was completed by them.

This Hospice contains a chapel, refectory, a drawing-room, and several bed-rooms, and accommodates about 15,000 travelers every year, in the same manner as at the Great St. Bernard. The convent is not so large, compared with that of the Great St. Bernard, nor the chapel anything like that in the famous hospice, but the monks are the same and the treatment similar.

There are several dogs of the same breed as those of the Great St. Bernard, which are employed in a similar manner and for the same purpose. The Pass is not so dreary, nor fearfully desolate or cold, as that of the Great St. Bernard, being about 2,000 feet lower. There is a telegraph office in the convent, hence it is in communication with Italy and Switzerland. The Great St. Bernard is a perfect picture of desolation and savage horror.

We commenced to descend a rocky and treeless slope, and, as the descent is done very rapidly, soon reached the small village of Simplon, which is a scattered hamlet, surrounded by the summits of the enormous Alps, whose name it bears. We dined at this village, and soon continued our downward journey. These frightful, steep, rocky mountains, now gradually approached each other, and became perpendicular in such a manner that they scarcely left space for the road, which descends four or five zigzags to the gallery of Algaby, and enters the valley of Vedro. We now entered this great gallery 600 feet long, which is a master-piece of work, and emerging from it immediately crossed the Frosinone by a massive stone bridge. Here the road sloping gradually, we entered the Gorge of Gondo, the grandest and most awfully savage in the Alps. At the miserable village of Gondo, consisting of a few huts around a tower seven stories high, we stopped for a few moments at a kind of tavern.

It was Sunday afternoon, and the Swiss were merry-making; beer and the *gazose* were used freely.

We soon crossed the Italian frontier, which is two miles below the village of Gondo, where the road leaves the Valais and enters Italy, Italy! the beautiful Italy!

At Isella, the first Italian village, post-office, and custom-house, I found my baggage, which I opened in order to have it inspected, which was done in a gentlemanly manner. I was even al-

lowed to take from it what I needed and replace some articles. My baggage had been checked through to Florence, hence I had no right to take out anything till it had reached that city. As we advanced down the valley, the rocks and mountains receded, and verdure, vineyards, orchards, and beautiful villas refreshed and cheered our eyes in every direction. We could perceive that we were traveling into quite a different country, the climate and soil of Italy. After crossing the Doveria by a bridge ninety-six feet high, with two arches, we arrived at Domo d'Ossola, which is a small village nestled in the mountains. We stopped about one hour to see this place, which is very interesting for its Alpine scenery and romantic beauty. Having arrived at the little hamlet of Vogogna, I felt convinced that I was in Italy. I saw a long and devout procession of young men and women, apparently from fourteen to twenty-one years of age, headed by a large cross, and followed by three priests, who were chanting prayers and hymns. Whether this was a procession on account of the plague, cholera, or a Sunday religious ceremony, (a devotion very common in Italy,) I did not learn; but it awakened in my heart feelings of pleasure and satisfaction, assuring me that Italian piety and devotion to the practices of religion were firm among the people, notwithstanding the slanders of Protestant papers to the contrary. Italy is, and will always be, Catholic, in spite of English gold and intrigue, which have been successful in making

Switzerland apostatize ; but they will never succeed in Italy. Italy despises the Swiss and the Germans, because they have been hired by Italian and foreign princes to keep the Italian people in bondage. The Italians for a long time have cried loud "*s'intanino le Tedesche Belve.*" "Let the Dutch Beasts retire into their dens," and they have succeeded. Austria has sent hordes of Dutchmen and northern people to keep Italy in bondage ; for this reason the Italians have a disgust and hatred for northern nations. Nothing ever came from the north but the sword and desolation, as the immortal Chateaubriand said when he refuted the ridiculous notions of some writers, who contended that the gothic style of architecture was invented by the northern people, and spread over Southern Europe by them. The gothic style of architecture was introduced by the Crusaders, who brought it from the East, where it had been planted by the Saracens, who had copied it from the Egyptian Temples. The Italians like the English people, but they despise their religion ; *Angli! Angeli!* (English, Angels,) so they were called by the Italians when the English nation were Catholic, before their apostacy from the true faith ; and the Italians expect soon to call them again by the same name.

I experienced the difference between Switzerland and Italy, in the manner in which they observed the Lord's day ; the Italians were sanctifying it by devout processions, prayers, and other works of religion ; and the Swiss were pro-

faning it in frolicking with wine, lager beer, and a kind of drink called gassosa, around saloons, taverns, and other places of amusement. What a change in Switzerland! This is work performed by the Reformation. I was proud to be Italian. I took off my hat as the diligence passed parallel with the procession, and inclining my head to the cross, the sign of our redemption, I proceeded on my journey. We enjoyed a full sight of Mont Rosa, which is only a few miles from this village.

Passing Ornavasca, celebrated for the white marble quarry out of which the famous Cathedral of Milan was built, we soon came to the foot of the beautiful Lago Maggiore, the ancient *Lagus Verbanus*. The diligence crossed the Tosa in a ferryboat, near where this river enters the lake, and coasting the shores of this beautiful lake we arrived at the village of Baveno. I stopped for the night at the *Hôtel et Pension de Bellevue*, situated a stone's throw from the *Lago Maggiore*. It is a first-class hotel, therefore very dear; for one night's lodging and supper I paid six francs and seventy-five centimes. I was sorry to hear that the cholera was not only prevalent in Piedmont, but in every part of Italy.

There were several travelers at the *Lago Maggiore* who were returning to Switzerland, only a few of them venturing to go to Venice. The hotel keepers said that the cholera was also in France, and especially in Paris, but it was kept secret that the travelers might not be deterred from visiting the Paris Exposition; but in Italy the newspapers were not prevented from publishing

the cases of cholera. This, however, was a poor consolation, and no encouragement for me who was going to Italy. Next morning I hired a boat for three francs to carry me to the Borromean Islands, called formerly "*Isole dei Conigli*," on account of the many rabbits found there. For many centuries they have been in the possession of the horromean Family who had large estates around the *Lago Maggiore*. These islands are four in number, the smallest being that of *San Giovanni*, close to the promontory of St. Remigio, which is not inhabited ; the next is *l' Isola dei Pescatori* (Fishermen's Island), and although so small that it may be walked over in ten minutes, yet it is occupied by 530 persons, nearly all fishermen, who carry on a considerable trade in fish with Milan and Piedmont. I did not land on them but went to the *Isola Madre* which is the farthest of all, lying in the centre of the lake, and one and a half miles distant from the shore. It consists of five gardens or terraces, rising one above the other, ornamented with rare trees from all parts of the world, and trained in various shapes. Shrubs, lemons, oranges, pomegranates, camphor, etc., render this island one of the most lovely spots in Europe. The magnificent palace on this island is not finished, but is inhabited by the keeper of the place who has instructions to wait on visitors.

The climate is very mild. This island appeared to me more handsome than the rest because the gardens are more natural. On my return I went to *Isola Bella*, one mile distant from the *Isola Madre*, where I discharged my boat because I in-

tended to take the steamer which touches at this island for Arona. At the hotel on the *Isola Bella* I took a good lunch of fish caught in the lake, and then I went to visit the palace and gardens. This island has ten terraced gardens, one above the other, carpeted with flowers, shaded by rare trees, and watered by fountains. The noble palace crowns the island. Nothing can be more charming and beautiful than the view from these terraces. The gardens are laid out with great taste and skill. The palace contains many rare and valuable paintings, and several curious portraits of the Borromean family. The subterranean apartments, or grottoes, are ornamented with fine statuary, mosaic pavements, and fountains. By means of these grottoes there is communication with the terraces, which, narrowing according to the proportion of their elevation, terminate in a truncated pyramid, on the top of which stands a colossal unicorn, the armorial ensign of the *Borromeo* family. Yet all these beauties are artificial, and kept at a yearly expense of thousands of dollars. Some of these gardens have to be covered in the winter, and many plants are kept alive by the use of stoves when winter commences, and snow covers the island. However, these islands were originally nothing else but barren rocks, and the earth or soil was carried, at great expense, from across the lake.

While visiting these enchanting scenes, the keeper of the Palace notified me of the approach of the steamer. I heard the whistle and ran to

the hotel, took my valise, set out, and embarked for Arona. The trip on the steamboat was enchanting, the weather charming, and the southern shore of the lake gently rising from the water, was dotted with picturesque villas and villages. The beauty of the gardens, tastefully laid out with fragrant flowers, carefully selected fruit trees, vineyards overloaded with grapes, orchards rich with ripe fruits of every description, awoke in my mind a striking contrast to the bleak rocks and eternal snows of the Alps.

We soon came in sight of the colossal bronze statue of St. Charles Borromeo, which is 112 feet in height, including the marble pedestal on which it stands. This statue was erected by the inhabitants of Milan in 1697. It represents this great, persecuted, and calumniated Saint turned towards Milan giving his benediction. We soon reached Arona, a small, neat town on the lake, but it has nothing worth visiting except the old castle.

I took the cars for Novara, a fine city of 25,000 inhabitants. At the station I found a train ready to start for Turino via Alessandria and Neyve, and having no desire to stop on account of the cholera, I left for Neyve where I expected to remain for two or three days. The country is beautiful, and the soil rich and well cultivated ; vineyards were very common and overloaded with ripe grapes. Gardens invited by their ripe and sweet fruits of every variety ; but the cholera was chasing me everywhere in Italy. Fond of the sweet Italian fruits and grapes which I had not tasted

nor seen for twenty-four years, I was obliged to satisfy myself by humbly looking at them. We passed the small towns of Mortara and Valenza, but I had no desire to stop till I reached Alessandria. This city is notable for being one of the strongest fortifications in Italy, and for being near Marengo, famous for the battle fought by Napoleon in 1800. It has a fine railway station, and excellent hotels. I did not wish to pay a visit to Genoa, which city is not far from Alessandria, because the cholera was raging there. I had on other occasions visited Genoa, justly called *La Superba*, on account of its magnificent palaces which make it look like a city of kings ; the churches are truly grand and rich. I had seen the site where Christopher Columbus, the immortal discoverer of the New World, was born, and the magnificent light-house and harbor of this once great Republic, whose traffic and wealth were immense. This city being very ancient, is built up and down, and the streets are so narrow that people from opposite sides of the streets can shake hands ; not many streets are wide enough for carriages, and the palaces being very high render the sun invisible except for a few hours ; however, the palaces have spacious gardens and fine terraces.

The same day I left for Asti, a city of 28,000 inhabitants, and known for being the native place of Alfieri. I arrived at Neyve about sunset, and leaving my baggage at the station, I commenced to ascend a high hill on foot. There is a law in Italy that in every railway station there must be

an office where travelers can leave their baggage, overcoats, umbrellas, etc., and receive a check for the trifling sum of a few cents. On the way up I met three priests walking up to the town ; the middle one was the parish priest, as I afterwards found out. I saluted them and passed along, but a man who was carrying my valise told them that I was a clergyman coming from the place where Father Imasso was living, so I felt it my duty to join their company, and had the pleasure of entering into conversation with them. On leaving America, I promised to go to Neyve, in order to visit the relations of the Rev. John Imasso, a friend of mine, and a missionary in the State of Maine, the field of our labors for many years, where, amongst the deep snows and long severe winters, he has many times exposed his life in order to visit the Catholic settlements of his scattered and fatiguing missions. He had kindly written to his brother, Don Giuseppe, that I was to call there on my way to the East, and that I was much pleased at this opportunity, after so long and laborious a journey, to rest in a place where I could feel at home. I went to the hotel, but Mr. Giuseppe Imasso soon came to convey me to his house, but as the hotel belonged to one of his relations, I agreed to stop there, dining with him at his house. He went to meet his wife, *la Signora Irene*, who was recruiting her health at some springs near Alessandria. She is an accomplished lady, and they have three lovely children. *Ernesto*, *Clementina*, and *Camilla*. Mr. Giuseppe Imasso is a notary and

secretario comunale. The *Imassos* are among the first families of Neyve, wealthy, and of high repute.

I visited the town, which is very ancient, and contains about 5,000 inhabitants; but there is nothing to interest a traveler except that being situated on the top of a hill it commands a fine view of the surrounding country, which is very rich and well cultivated. I paid my respects to the pastor, who is an intelligent and zealous priest; he showed me the church which he was enlarging. Mr. John Bruno made me eat some excellent grapes and figs raised by him in his garden, but I was afraid to use too many of them on account of the cholera. During my stay in Neyve I visited often the excellent family of Mr. John Bruno; his accomplished lady, Antonia, and his son bestowed on me several acts of kindness. I take this occasion to express my sincere thanks towards them and the family of Imasso, and all my friends in Neyve.

A LEAF FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A MISSIONARY.

In conversation I was often solicited to give some instances of the difficulties and hardships with which some of the missions of North America are attended. To comply with their request I related the two following incidents:

During my residence in Bangor, Maine, I had a call to administer the Sacraments of the Church to some Catholics living at Tinker's Island, one of the group of islands laying west of *Mount Desert.*

I went to *Mount Desert* by land, and having arrived at West Harbor, I found a boat waiting for me according to agreement. I sent away the vehicle and embarked for Tinker's Island. After rowing for some miles, we were enveloped in a thick fog. We had no compass, yet we steered ahead. Late in the afternoon we arrived at the shore, and after landing, I sent the boat back. I approached a house not far from the landing, and inquired for the family to which I was directed. The answer was that there was no such family on the island. This disconcerted me very much. I asked again,

"Are you sure of it?"

"Yes, I am," was the reply, "there are only two families on this island; this family and an American one, the proprietor of the place living at the other end of the island."

Here I thought I was on the wrong island. "Is not this Tinker's Island?" I inquired of the man who had just arrived at the house.

"No, sir," he replied, "Tinker's Island is several miles south of this place."

I perceived that the boatman, in the fog, had mistaken the island, and the current had carried the boat to Bartlett's Island, where I was. I asked him to take me to Tinker's Island.

"I would do it most willingly," he replied, "but I have no boat, and there is none on the island."

I inquired, "How do you manage when you have to go to the main land?" He pointed out to an island a few miles westward, saying that there

was a boat on that island, and that it would be sent if they would signalize for it. The signal was to build a fire on an adjacent hill, and the smoke would indicate that they wanted the boat.

When the fog had cleared this man, with his daughter, proceeded to build the fire, and afterwards I went myself to pick up some driftwood to feed it. The fire being lighted I expected to see a column of smoke large enough to attract notice from the other island, but a heavy fog fell like a curtain, obstructing the view of every object, no matter how near. The fisherman, who was an Irishman, offered me his hospitality, remarking that the fog might clear next day about 10 A. M.

Now I considered myself to be a prisoner on that rock, which was hardly four miles in circumference. Here I reflected on what must have been the condition of Napoleon I. on the island of St. Helena, where he was condemned to live not for one day, but for life! . . . . I was very thirsty, but the water being too brackish was unfit to drink. I tasted it and it sickened me. My kind host called me to supper, which consisted of salt fish and an abominable drink, called black tea, at the strong smell of which my stomach revolted. I tried to eat a small piece of what they called bread, and I drank some milk.

The house consisted of a bed-room, a kitchen and an unfinished garret. I was kindly offered the choice, either of the bed-room or of the garret, where there was an old bedstead, but no bed or anything else. Considering that the whole

family, consisting of husband, wife and three small children, would be dislodged if I occupied the bed-room, I accepted the garret. I was informed that in the garret there was a boarder. I replied that I would not disdain his company; but besides him I found other occupants, consisting of a cat, rats, mosquitoes, etc. I had a small quantity of Mass wine, I drank a part of it, which settled my empty stomach. There is no need to remark that I did not sleep that night, which I spent sitting on a trunk, and covered in my shawl. Now and then I went out to see whether the fog had disappeared.

In the morning I was cheered by the news that during the night, on account of the fog, a boat by mistake had arrived at the island. I hastened to secure the service of that boat, but it was with great difficulty, and only at the earnest request of the two young ladies, who were in the same boat, that I succeeded; they all took breakfast at my host's house.

About 8 A.M. we started for Tinker's Island, enveloped in a dense fog and without compass. About 11 A.M. the fog cleared up and we saw that we were near to Long Island, which lies in another direction. We changed our course, and at 2 P.M. we landed at Tinker's Island.

I made arrangements to celebrate Mass on the next day, and I had brought with me everything necessary for it. On this island there were three Catholic families, and we sent word to a few other families that were dwelling on some other islands

not at a great distance from this, in order to afford them an opportunity to approach to the Sacraments, as they had not met with a good chance for many years, and I did not know when such would again occur.

On this island there was a fine spring of water, and being very thirsty, I drank from it too freely, and being also hungry, I ate mussels, which I found in great quantity along the shore. After supper I heard confessions, and, after giving an appropriate instruction, I retired to my room where there was a comfortable bed.

After midnight I was seized with a severe attack of cholera. I had terrible cramps, vomiting and diarrhœa. I felt ill and I apprehended that my last hour had arrived. I wanted a priest to administer to me the last Sacraments. I remembered that I had given the last consolations of the Church to persons who were not so sick as I was. But where could I send for a priest? Only to Bangor; there was none nearer. Reflecting that it would take two days to go to Bangor and two others for the priest to come, I concluded it useless to send, because in four days I would be either dead or well. I encouraged myself with the thought that having the Blessed Sacrament with me, I could take the *Viaticum;* and having the Holy Oil, could I administer to myself the *Extreme Unction?* . . . . Who can here relate the tortures that I endured in that long, very long night, longer than the preceding one which I spent on Bartlett's Island.

On a lonely and rocky island in the ocean, destitute of spiritual and temporal assistance, far from my friends, I was approaching the gates of death, and stepping into eternity! I resigned myself to my fate and submitted to the will of God. I recommended my spirit to Him who has promised *clamabit ad me, et ego exaudiam eum, cum ipso sum in tribulatione, eripiam eum.* I fell into a deep sleep, and, thanks to Him and to His merciful Mother, I awoke perfectly well.

I said Mass, gave an instruction, and administered Communion to several persons. At breakfast I inquired in what manner I could get away from that island as quick as possible. They said, either by going to Blue Hill by boat, and thence by land to Bangor, but that would be a long and disagreeable journey; or by going to a small island about four miles off, south-west, and there waiting for a steamboat, which once a week from Ellsworth goes to Bangor and passes by that island, and the boat would stop for me if I would signal her. I preferred to take my chance in this last manner.

I was anxious to know by what means they kept up a correspondence with the main land. "To send a letter," they said, "we must go to the nearest post-office, which is Blue Hill. We have a boat which is free to all the families of the island and every one of them can use it. All our letters are directed to Blue Hill. When there is a letter for some family of this island, the postmaster of Blue Hill hoists a flag on a tall pole

erected for this purpose on an eminence near the town. The different color of the flag indicates the family to which the letter is directed, and as there are only five families, each family has a distinct color."

Next morning I left in a boat, manned by two men, to meet the steamboat, and after waiting for about one hour on a small island, she made her appearance. We steered towards her and I signalled the boat with my handkerchief. The captain of the boat with his telescope had recognized me; he was a friend of mine, and he ordered the boat to stop. It did not take long for me to get on board; the captain shook hands with me and said, "Friend Vetromile, what in the world are you doing amongst these wild islands? As soon as I saw somebody making signals, I thought that it was some person belonging to the coast-survey, but with my spy-glass I recognized you, and I ordered the steamer to steer towards your boat." I thanked the captain very much, and I felt very glad to see that I was on my way to Bangor, where I arrived on the evening of the same day.

In one of my excursions amongst the Indians of Maine, I went to visit those children of the forest dwelling on the *Schoodic lakes*. I stopped for a few hours at Princeton, on Lewis Island, in the house of Captain Lewis, an Indian chief, from whom the island derives its name, at the foot of the first lake. I was waiting for a canoe to cross

the lakes and go to their settlement at *Dennis Point.* While they were making arrangements for a canoe, the chief invited me to dine with him, which invitation I accepted most willingly, since I had eaten no food that day.

His wife spread on a table a cloth, none of the cleanest, and put on two ducks which the Indian had killed on the lakes, potatoes, butter and a kind of bread baked in the ashes. Having placed three benches, made by the same Indian, I was invited to take a seat by him; the squaw, his wife, sat before us. There were only two forks and one table-knife, which was given to me, together with a fork; the captain took the other fork and a large sheath-knife, which he carried by his side; his wife had none, but each of us had a plate. The Indian with his hands took hold of one duck by both legs, seizing one in each hand, and tore the duck in two; one part was presented to me, which I received on my plate, at the same time he put the other into his own dish, then, having wiped his hands on his long and stiff hair, took the fork to eat, but not being used to it, he begged to be excused, dropped it and commenced to help himself with his hands.

In the meantime his wife had transferred to her plate the other duck, and having wiped her greasy hands upon her long hair, took a slice of butter, making use of the forefinger as a butter-knife, and with the same finger spread it very nicely upon a piece of bread, and presented it to me. I accepted it and laid it aside my plate.

I was endeavoring to eat a piece of the duck when I observed that some water was dropping from the ceiling upon the table; this was noticed also by the captain, who in Indian asked his wife what was the matter with that water. "Nothing," she replied, "it is the papoose in the garret that must be doing something." . . . That was enough for me to finish my dinner and to call for the canoe to carry me across the lakes to Dennis Point, the Indian settlement.

CHAPTER VIII.

ITALY.

TURIN—CATHEDRAL — SANCTUARY OF LA SUPERGA — NOVARA—MILAN — CATHEDRAL—BODY OF ST. CHARLES BORROMEO—ST. AMBROSE AND HIS CHURCH—ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL REJECTED BY THE POPE—MAGENTA—PIACENZA—PARMA—BOLOGNA—PISTOJA—LUCCA—PISA—CATHEDRAL—GALILEO—BAPTISTERY—CAMPO SANTO—LEANING TOWER—ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL REJECTED BY THE POPE—LEGHORN—PROTESTANT MEETING-HOUSE IN LEGHORN.

I REMAINED three days in Neyve, enjoying the hospitality of Mr. Imasso, and on the fourth, early in the morning, I left for Turin, where I did not intend to stay, not even for the night, on account of the cholera which was very bad in that city.

Turin, one of the finest cities in Europe, is the *Augusta Taurinorum* of the Romans ; it was made a military station under Julius Cæsar, and it is famous for being near the spot where Constantine the Great gained a great victory over Maxentius in 312. It is the chief city of Piedmont, and was once the capital of the Sardinian monarchy on the west side of the Po. It contains 180,000 inhabitants, and is situated between the Dora-Ripuaria and the Po, just beyond the junction of these two rivers, in a richly cultivated country, studded with charming villas, fine villages, enticing vineyards, and orchards, at the foot of the Alps. The streets are wide, regular, intersecting

at right angles, and very clean. Palaces ornamented or built of marble of every vein and color are a common thing in Turin, and for this reason they attract no attention. There are many built of brick and covered with stucco in front. There are no mean houses ; even the poor live in palaces. The public gardens and promenades are numerous and beautiful, its public squares excellent, and the churches and other public buildings magnificent.

I visited the Cathedral which is the oldest church in the city, and was founded by Agilulphus, king of the Lombards, about the year 602. It is admired for its architecture and fine monuments. This church was once very rich, but its treasures in vases, candlesticks, statues, etc., were sold to construct the bridge across the Po, and to improve the *Tuilleries*, and to build the *Rue Rivoli* in Paris. I went into the chapel of the *Santa Sinode* where is preserved the winding sheet of Our Saviour. I saw the Piazza Reale which, for beauty and size, ranks as one of the first in Europe, and the Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele. Several streets have, at their sides, arcades or piazzas, affording a convenient walk for foot passengers in time of rain, and during the hot days of summer. I visited the Royal Palace, which is grand but not of extraordinary merit.

I changed several napoleons into Italian paper money, and I returned to the railway station which is the best and the most magnificent depot that I have seen in my travels. Many glasses in

the roof and windows had been broken by the terrible hailstorm which prevailed a few days previous, doing much damage to the city.

Turin has many literary institutions. The University is famous and the libraries and museums, of the city are very rich and valuable. This city was the birthplace of the great astronomer Lagrange, and many others. I saw only at a distance the Sanctuary of *La Superga*, which is a great monument of architecture ; in this Sanctuary are the tombs of the Royal family, and of Charles Albert. It is worthy of notice that in the Hospice of the *Catecumens* amongst the names kept in the record book, is found the name of J. J. Rousseau, who in 1728 was received there to abjure Calvinism and become a Catholic.

I returned to Novara by the shortest route, along the Po, passing through a luxuriant country. The Piedmontese people are very industrious ; silk, cotton and linen factories are to be seen everywhere, which with a well-cultivated rich soil renders this part of Italy a source of an extensive commerce with every part of the world.

Late in the evening I arrived at Novara where I stopped for the night. Next morning I saw the Cathedral which is a fine structure and has a very high tower. The city contains 25,000 inhabitants and has some very interesting buildings and many charitable institutions. It is not my object to mention all the churches, charitable institutions, hospitals, academies, universities, and colleges, of the places mentioned by me in speaking of Italy.

They are so numerous and extensive that to describe them would take several volumes, and be out of the sphere of the present volume.

I left for Milan, where the cholera was raging in a fearful manner. At the station I saw several vases in which sulphur and other chemical preparations were burning in order to purify the atmosphere. I resolved to visit nothing but the Cathedral and the Church of St. Ambrose. I hired a carriage and drove to the Cathedral, and when I alighted at the great square in which it stands I was enchanted in beholding before me the grandeur and beauty of this magnificent dome.

I had admired the grand Cathedral of York; I had gazed on *Nôtre Dame* in Paris; the proud Cathedral of Antwerp had struck me with wonder; the world-renowned Cathedral of Cologne impressed me with the greatness and might of God who gave such power to man, and when I looked aghast at the spirited boldness and grandeur of the Cathedral of Strasbourg I thought I had seen the *ne plus ultra* of human skill. But when at the moment that the magnificent majesty of the Cathedral of Milan met my sight; when my eyes wandered through that forest of pinnacles and spires; when I commenced to behold that immense multitude of statues and bas-reliefs; when I began to gaze on the wonderful workmanship so exquisitely finished of each cornice, fret-work or moulding, I was struck with such feelings that I could hardly dare to raise my eyes. I said humbly, "*truly, this is the House of God; what must Heaven be!*"

The foundations of this world-renowned *Dôme* were laid in 1386. It is nearly in the centre of the city, and occupies a large portion of the grand Piazza. After St. Peter's in Rome it is the largest church in the world. It is built entirely of the best white marble, from the quarries of Ornavasso and Gandoglia, beyond Lake Maggiore, bequeathed to the Cathedral by Gian Galeazzo. The first architects who worked upon it adopted the later Gothic style ; but Pellegrino Tibaldi, in the sixteenth century, erected the front in a more ancient style and thus destroyed the unity of the whole. Its entire length is 490 feet, the length of the transept 284 feet, height to the top of the statue 354 feet, height of the nave 152 feet. The form is that of a Latin cross. But if the exterior dazzles the beholder by the pure brilliancy of the marble, he is no less strikingly impressed by the interior. The Church is famous for its magnificent roof, which for elaborate detail and richness of decoration is not equalled by any in Europe : it rests upon fifty-two marble clustered pillars. However, I would rather say, that the Architecture can be called a peculiar German style rather than Gothic.

Its double aisles, its lofty arches, the numberless niches filled with superb statues, give it an appearance of magnificent and imposing grandeur. The many clusters of pillars ninety feet high, but only eight feet in diameter do not conceal any portion of the edifice, but allow a clear and full range to the eye of the spectator. The number of statues outside and inside is 400 ; the pavement

is of marble of various colors. It is to be remarked that the marble of this structure is not a mere crust or veneering, but solid blocks; which forms one of the characteristics of this Cathedral. Every statue, moulding, cornice, etc., is so worked and minutely and laboriously carved with such exquisite skill and method that they will bear close and critical inspection. Napoleon I. almost completed it at an immense expense; so also did Austria, but it is not yet finished, although very little remains undone. I went under the dome into the subterranean chapel, and saw the body of St. Charles Borromeo. I knelt before that holy Bishop, real model of every true Bishop.

The Church of St. Ambrose is a remarkable and ancient structure, and is believed to be the Church presided over by that great luminary, St. Ambrose, whose body lies in a shrine under the high altar. My nerves were excited when I stood in the quadrangular portico, on the very threshold from which St. Ambrose rebuked the Emperor Theodosius, and refused to admit him into the Church until he had done penance, on account of the horrible massacre of the people of Thessalonica. The humble and pious Emperor submitted to St. Ambrose, and, thanking him for having been sincere in telling him the truth, retired penitent and in due time he was afterwards admitted into the Church by the same holy prelate. In the present doors of this church there are panels made out of the wood of the door which St. Ambrose closed against the Emperor Theodosius.

The interior of this church struck one with veneration and awe ; I felt nervous in thinking that this had been the place where St. Augustine was gained to the Church by the holiness and eloquence of St. Ambrose. Under the high altar also are the remains of Sts. Gervasius and Protasius. There are also several other churches in this city well worthy of a visit./

This city is also well known for the Œcumenical Council, celebrated in the year 354, in which all the Bishops, except three Italian Bishops, through fear condemned St. Athanasius, and indirectly condemned the Catholic faith. The Pope, of course, rejected that council. Only three bishops had the courage to perform their duty, to sustain the truth of faith, to stand by their conscience, and reject what the Eusebians had done in Tyre against St. Athanasius. These three holy and true bishops were sent into exile by the Emperor Constans ; Eusebius of Vercelli, was banished to Scythopolis ; Lucifer of Cagliari to Palestine, and Dionysius of Milan to Cappadocia./

Milan is one of the best cities of Italy ; it contains 180,000 inhabitants, but is not regularly built. It is an ancient city annexed to the Roman empire, 191 years before Christ by Scipio Nasica, and in the fourth century ranked fifth in the Empire. It has suffered much by war and pestilence. Its commerce is very extensive ; it has many literary institutions, and has been the native place of many great men. Napoleon I. made it the capital of the kingdom of Italy, but

in 1814 it was ceded to Austria, and made the capital of the *Lombardo-Venitian* kingdom till 1861, when it was annexed to the Italian kingdom. Milan is rich in architectural monuments. There exists the ruins of the ancient *Thermæ*, called the *Colonne di San Lorenzo*. This city is entered by ten fine gates.

The same day I left for the capital of Italy. I passed through Magenta, famous for the victory gained by the French and Piedmontese over the Austrians, a victory which rescued Lombardy from the grasp of the Dutch. It was there that Napoleon III., with only a handful of French and Piedmontese soldiers kept the entire Austrian army at bay till the main body of the French soldiers under General McMahon arrived and routed the Austrian hordes. The valley of Charavalle, famous for its abbey, is not far from Milan. I passed through Lodi, a beautiful city of some 20,000 inhabitants, finely located on the river Adda, and amidst a rich and well-cultivated country. It is beautifully built, and its palaces and churches are grand, especially the Church of *l'Incoronata*, designed by Bramante. Lodi is the capital of the province of Lodi and Crema.

Charitable institutions, hospitals, schools, academies, universities, libraries, etc., being a common thing in Italy, and conducted on a high scale are to be found in every town and village. I do not, therefore, make any mention of them except when some particular circumstance requires it. The industry of the city of Lodi is great. There are

many manufactories, especially of porcelain ; and the *cheese of Lodi*, called the *cheese of Parma*, is known and used in all parts of the world.

Piacenza a city of the abolished Duchy of Parma, and once the capital of a Duchy of the same name, has a population of 30,000 inhabitants, and is handsomely built at the confluence of the Trebbia and the Po. The streets and palaces, especially the *Corso*, are worthy of Rome in her best days. The Cathedral and the great hospital are magnificent. The fine statues and paintings, both in the public and private places are numerous, but they are not considered in Italy as extraordinary, because these works of art are very common in this country. The learning and the university of this place are famous. It is the native place of many great men. Parma the capital of the late Duchy of that name is one of the finest cities of Italy. It is beautifully constructed on both shores of the river *Parma*, which is spanned by three bridges. The cathedral is a magnificent structure, or rather a pile of buildings, of the eleventh century, and is ornamented with *frescoes*, the most important of which are those of the Cupola, by Correggio and his masterpieces are also to be found in the Churches of St. John, St. Stephen, St. Anthony, etc. The Farnese Palace contains gems of Raphael, Correggio and other masters. The Church of the *Madonna della Steccata*, built in the sixteenth century, is considered as the best in Parma. The Baptistery, an octagonal edifice, entirely built of white Veronese

marble is the most splendid baptistery in Italy This city is famous for its university, scientific and charitable institutions, and also for the industry of its inhabitants. The celebrated *Parmigiano* cheese, is known in every country. Parma has in every age brought forth great men as Grapaldi, Vico, Siri, Lanfranco, etc.

Bologna, a city two miles in length and one in breadth, is entered by twelve gates, connected by picturesque glass covered walls and a moat. It is the centre of a strongly entrenched camp, and of an important railway station. The city is badly built and gloomy. Its population is reckoned at 90,000 inhabitants. Being an old city the streets are irregular and narrow, whilst the thoroughfares and arcades are broad and noble. Many of the long streets have a deserted air, on account of the houses overhanging the footpaths, which are arcades and cover the passers by. Bologna will be long remarkable for the events of 1848. It is celebrated for its university, founded in 1119, by Wernerus, called *Luvena Juris.* It has given to the Church five Popes and 100 Cardinals, and has been the native place of Guido, Domenichino, the two Francias, and many other great men. It has 100 churches, all remarkable for their structures and paintings : that of St. Petronio is very remarkable for its antiquity. This saint was the first bishop of the city. The piazzas are beautiful, and the leaning towers, although much inferior to the one of Pisa, produce a good effect, and render the piazza an attractive place to the citizens and travelers.

I did not stop long in Bologna because the cholera prevailed very extensively in the city. I took the cars for Pistoja where I arrived late in the evening after a pleasant ride amidst a fine country and with a pleasant company. Pistoja is a decayed city of Tuscany, hardly containing 10,000 inhabitants. Its streets are long, wide and deserted; the palaces large and empty. I went to a hotel which I supposed to be the best in the city, but it belonged to a primitive age. I ordered supper to be ready after writing a letter to my uncle and mailing it.

I could scarcely see by the light of a brass lamp burning olive oil. I soon remembered the old machine used by me twenty-four years ago. I wrote a short letter and went myself to mail it. On returning from the post-office I could not find my way back to the hotel. For nearly one hour I went rambling about late in the night alone and through many dark lonesome streets. I was at last obliged to inquire from some persons passing by, and they very kindly accompanied me to the hotel. I thought that if I had been in New York or Boston, or some other city in New England or America, I might have been robbed and perhaps assassinated in the streets, if not led astray to some obscure corner of a city or country place and there murdered. But in Italy I felt no fear or apprehension of any such thing. I feel astonished in reading some English and American Protestant travelers who write abominable scandals, lies and absurdities about the

Italians. "The Italians are all Catholics and firm in their religion; they scorn and despise Protestantism, therefore they are ignorant robbers and cut-throats." Good sound logic, indeed!

At the hotel I found a good supper prepared for me, and a large decanter containing over a gallon of excellent white wine. I said to the landlord that I did not want all that wine, and he replied, "Use what you want." Next day my bill was only three francs and fifty centimes including all.

In the morning I left for Lucca, once the capital of the Duchy of that name, which contains a population of 50,000 inhabitants, who are very industrious. Lucca is well-known for being the first place where silk was manufactured and also for its excellent oil. The city is well built and neat, and the churches contain fine paintings and mosaics, especially one in the cathedral representing "*The Judgment of Solomon.*" The stained glass windows of the cathedral are also worth a visit. This city is situated on the river Serchio, which abounds with excellent fish. One hour is sufficient for seeing all that is worth seeing, and I left for Pisa.

At the station I was assailed by a number of *Cicerones*, at least they call themselves so, and it was with great difficulty, and after some time, that I could get rid of them. I made my way to the famous Cathedral. Pisa is one of the oldest and finest cities in Italy, and belonged to the late Grand Duchy of Tuscany. It was origin-

ally a Greek settlement, but in the time of Strabo became a Roman colony. It is beautifully situated in a rich and luxurious country, on both sides or banks of the Arno, which is crossed by three bridges, one of which is considered to be one of the most magnificent in Europe.

In the tenth century Pisa had taken the head amongst the most commercial republics of Italy. It was the terror and scourge of the Saracens and African Corsairs, and in time of war it was feared by its rival cities, although its population was only 150,000 inhabitants. Eventually it dwindled to the number of 17,000, but lately it has increased considerably, and now it numbers 50,000 souls. The two great quays are adorned with grand edifices whose fortified appearance show its warlike days. The streets are wide, straight, and well paved. The magnificent cathedral was built by a Greek architect and was the work of the eleventh century. The form is that of a Latin cross, and the entire building is 300 feet long and 107 wide, its front being 120 feet in height. The interior is decorated with seventy-four lofty and splendid columns in the Corinthian style, and the magnificent high altar is enriched with *lapis lazuli*, verd-antique and other precious stones. The cupola is ornamented on the outside with a number of pillars, arches, etc. A grand effect is given to the outside of the cathedral from the white marble platform, the steps of which surround the Duomo. I felt proud on looking at the large and fine bronze lamp of rare workmanship, hanging at the same

place in the middle of the church as in the time of the famous Galileo Galilei. This great philosopher was sitting on a bench looking at the men who with ladders were ornamenting the church for a festival; a ladder accidently struck the lamp when it commenced to oscillate. Fortunately Galileo Galilei (who was born in Pisa of Florentine parentage) observed the vibrations of the lamp, reflected upon them, and conceived the theory of the pendulum, which led him to those immortal astronomical discoveries, and brought him to the discovery of the motion of the earth, and of the system of Copernicus.

Many stories have been industriously propagated with regard to Galileo, by persons actuated by a spirit of prejudice or bigotry, or both. He was never condemned as a heretic, nor was his theory of the diurnal motion of the earth ever considered as a heresy, nor was he ever imprisoned for teaching that system. By a decree from Rome, as early as 1620, Galileo received express permission to teach his system "as an astronomical *hypothesis*." This expression was used for two reasons: first, because this system at that time had not been proved to a demonstration in the minds of learned men; second, it was done in order that this system should not be demonstrated from the Bible. This system was publicly taught at that time in one of the first colleges of Rome, under the very eyes of the Holy Office. The falsehoods, that he was persecuted and abused by the Pope and cardinals, that he suffered long and

cruel treatment in a frightful dungeon, are sufficiently refuted by reading his own letters.

The Baptistery is situated opposite the cathedral, and is an octagon of white marble, 150 feet in diameter and 160 feet in height. It is surmounted by a cupola and cone upon which is placed the statue of St. John the Baptist. The front is ornamented with beautiful mosaics; and the pulpit, designed by Nicholas Pisano, is a master-piece of workmanship. From this pulpit the keeper made me hear a fine echo resounding from the lofty vault; the echo produces a full octave of tones, on a descending *Diatonic* scale. The *Campo Santo*, from which every place of interment derives its name, is a large rectangle surrounded by sixty-two beautiful Gothic arcades of white marble, and the pavement is of the same material. The earth was brought to Pisa by the famous Lanfranco, from Mount Calvary in fifty galleys, in 1228, and deposited on the spot around which these arcades are built. Although the building was finished in 1283, yet the frescoes, with which the walls are decorated, are the work of the fourteenth or fifteenth century. I was much pleased to see that these master-pieces of frescoing were undergoing a thorough repair to prevent their utter ruin; in many places they are badly defaced.

The leaning tower of Pisa is a wonder of the twelfth century, that age called "*Dark;*" but which has produced the greatest master-pieces of work now in existence. The architect tasked his brain and skill to find a style to surpass any other

building in existence, and to erect a monument which no age had ever witnessed. He wanted to construct an edifice on an entirely new plan, without borrowing his ideas from any other architect who had preceded him. He succeeded in accomplishing his designs. He invented the model of a leaning tower; being a great mathematician he knew that it could be built without any fear or danger of its falling down. This leaning tower is the admiration of the whole world. Several critical travelers of the present enlightened age of ignorance, scepticism and presumption, think that the tower was built erect, but that it has settled on one side by the gradual yielding of the earth, but their opinion does not find any encouragement. It is 190 feet in height, consisting of eight stories with outside galleries, projecting about seven feet, and adorned with 207 columns of granite and precious marble. I had requested the keeper to open the door, because I wanted to ascend the tower after visiting the Baptistery, but he informed me that being alone I was not allowed to ascend it. A recent city order had forbidden the ascension of the tower by single individuals and by a party less than three; the cause why the city had issued such a prohibition was because single individuals on several occasions had cast themselves down from the top of the tower; but when a party of three or more are present, such suicides might be prevented, and if unfortunately it should take place, the company could testify against any suspicion of foul play. He

observed that some other travelers might come during the time of my visiting the other buildings. However, nobody happened to be there, but he found a woman and with himself we formed a party of three. But I was obliged to pay each a franc for their trouble, besides the fee which I paid to him as keeper. But one franc was poor encouragement for the woman. The ascent is made by 295 steps ; it is a hard and laborious task to get to the top, but the extensive view from its summit is grand and pays for the trouble of ascending it ; it is fearful, alarming and terrific to look from the top down to the ground, especially from the leaning side ; it requires strong nerves to avoid giddiness. The topmost story overhanging the base on one side about fifteen feet, is perfectly secure ; the centre of gravity being ten feet within the base. The proportions are very light and elastic. The bells are very heavy and harmonious ; I went and tried their sound, but not too loud for fear of alarming the people.

As I had time enough to visit the city, I went to see the palace of the cardinal and some other churches which are very imposing. The church of St. Michael *de' Camandoli* is noted for having been the place where an Œcumenical Council was held in 1511, in which the bishops did not behave as they should have done. They rebelled against the Pope, abused him and dared to pretend to summon him to appear before them. Those bishops were a bad set and sought only the friendship of the Emperor Maximilian and the King of

France, and not obedience to the Vicar of Christ. The Pope rejected that council, which of course was null.

I entered an eating-house, and being Friday, I ordered some fish which was from the river Arno, and was exquisite. I had in addition vegetables, fine bread, and wine, and excellent grapes; my bill was sixty *centimes*, twelve cents American money. In America it would have amounted to a couple of dollars at least. How cheap it is to live in Italy, and I wondered why American Protestant reports sent from Italy or manufactured in America, say, that the Italians are poor and starved. Nothing else but abundance makes living so cheap in Italy.

At the station I learned that the cholera was raging fearfully in Leghorn, and every train arriving from that city was full of people fleeing to Pisa, which is only fourteen miles from Leghorn. I had no desire to expose myself to the cholera. I had seen Leghorn several times; it is a great commercial city of 75,000 inhabitants who trade with every nation, and it is known in America by the *Leghorn* straw hats. Its harbor is large, safe and well-fortified, but there is nothing particular to be seen in the city. The Jews possess a synagogue, and the English a meeting-house, which is looked upon with contempt even by the Jews, who are numerous in Leghorn. The Italians consider the Protestant religion as a belief unworthy of a person of sound judgment and heart; they cannot understand how a man of education and

integrity can be a Protestant. They pity the Protestants for their ignorance and pray for their speedy return to the Catholic religion, to which all their forefathers belonged. Their meeting-houses are called by the Italians in contempt "*Stalle*," (Stables), that is, places fit only for horses, and not for beings endowed with reason.

CHAPTER IX.

FLORENCE AND NAPLES.

ARRIVAL AT FLORENCE—DUOMO — BELL-TOWER—PITTI PALACE, ETC.—DEPARTURE FOR ROME—FOLIGNO—NARNI—CHOLERA IN ROME—DEPARTURE FOR NAPLES—CEPRANO—CAPUA—CASERTA—NAPLES — ARRIVAL AT GIUGLIANO—MEETING WITH MY UNCLE, D. LUIGI VETROMILE—GIUGLIANO—NAPLES AGAIN —DEPARTURE—BENEVENTO—HESPERIA.

I RETURNED to Pistoja, and thence I started for Florence, enjoying the beautiful scenery of the Apennines, on the summits of which the railroad is built; between Bologna and Florence it passes through forty perforated mountains. In Florence I found my baggage, and I was charged five francs for storage. I took up my residence at *Nucci Hôtel et Pension de Milan* in *Cerretani* street.

This city was formerly the capital of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, but at present is the capital of Italy. It has a population of 130,000 inhabitants, and is beautifully located on both sides of the Arno. Florence is called *La Bella*, beautiful, and no doubt it deserves that title. Yet I expected too much. Having seen most of the principal cities of Europe, and visited many master-pieces of art, I confess I found myself disappointed. The Duomo is a wonder of architecture. The outside

is grand, and all covered with marble. It is 554 feet long, 387 feet high, the transept nearly 334 feet long, the height of the nave 152 feet, and that of the side aisles 96½ feet. Arnolfo di Cambio da Colle was expressly requested by the Florentines to plan the Duomo, or as it is called, *S. Maria del Fiore*, formerly *Santa Renovata*, in such a manner as to erect an edifice to surpass anything that had preceded it. In fact, after St. Peter's in Rome, no building can compete with this Duomo. The large and lofty dome has been constructed with such consummate architectural skill by Brunelleschi that it served as a model to Michael Angelo for that of St. Peter's, which exceeds it in size. Yet it appeared to me as if the interior was unfinished. Except in architecture the inside is inferior to the outside ; it is too barren, and not all marble except the floor. It is sombre and gloomy ; a fault of the small windows and the stained glass. The front outside appears unfinished, and this is the fault with most of the churches in Florence. Giotto continued the building, and Brunelleschi completed it.

On the south side of the piazza there are two statues, master-pieces of art, from Pampaloni, in honor of the two architects, Arnolfo and Brunelleschi. On the knee of the latter is the plan of the cupola, and he is gazing at its realization. Near this statue is a stone seat on which Dante used to sit and contemplate the Cathedral. The bell-tower or campanile stands on one side, and forms a separate building from the Cathedral. It

cost an immense sum, and is a light and quadrangular marble edifice of the fourteenth century, adorned with statues and fine bas-reliefs of highly finished workmanship. It is 275 feet high, and is easily ascended by 413 steps, and it is mounted with six large harmonious bells. The Baptistery and church of St. Giovanni is also a detached octagonal building of white and black marble, and is supposed to have been the Temple of Mars. Dante was delighted with this building, to which he alludes when he said, "*Mio bel San Giovanni*," (my beautiful St. John). The three bronze doors were termed by Michael Angelo the *gates of Paradise.* All the baptisms of the city are performed in this Baptistery or church. Dante had the misfortune to break a portion of this baptismal font in saving a child from drowning.

Florence is surrounded by tastefully laid out gardens, beautiful groves, and every variety of orchards, which render this city a delightful residence in every season of the year. It has a mild and healthy atmosphere, and a romantic situation; the cleanliness of the streets, paved with flags, as they are through all the towns and cities of Italy, the grand and rich palaces, its monuments of the fine arts, the magnificence of the four stone bridges that span the Arno, in a word, nature and art combine to make Florence a beautiful spot. Much of this is due to the *Medici* family, who spared no pains or expense to adorn and dignify this city. The character of that time is yet visible in Florence. The buildings are generally cal-

culated for offence and defence—a thing rendered necessary by the civil wars of the period. The architecture of the buildings, destitute of the peaceful elegance of the Grecian style, is, however, characterized by dignity, simplicity and solidity. Such is the *Palazzo Pitti*, once the residence of the Grand Duke, with its famous gallery containing gems of the fine arts, near the beautiful *Boboli* gardens. Such are also the Strozzi and Riccardi Palaces, (formerly the Medici,) and the irregular old Senate house. I entered the Royal Palace, occupied by Victor Emmanuel, king of Italy, but I found nothing extra in it. I visited also the houses of Dante, Galileo, Michael Angelo, Macchiavelli, Alfieri, and several other great men, born in Florence. Galileo was born in Pisa, but the family belonged to this city. Florence, the cradle of science, literature and art, was the native place of a crowd of great men. Besides the above-mentioned, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Alemanni, Guicciardini, Vespucci, Alberti, etc., were born in this city.

The great persecutor of my travels in Italy, I mean the Asiatic cholera, was very bad in this city, and I soon left for Rome, where it was still worse. I did not wish to stop at any place on the road, but I only enjoyed the fine view of the Appenine mountains. When we arrived at a corner of the Roman States which the railway cuts through for a short distance, the train took on board a Roman policeman, who was landed again on reaching the frontier.

Being Saturday I stopped at Foligno. At the station I was surrounded by coach-drivers, but I wanted none of them, as I intended to stop at a hotel near the station. One coachman followed me with great importunity, but a policeman rescued me, and threatened to imprison that driver, whom he rebuked strongly for troubling the passengers in such a manner. The hotel was very good. Next day, Sunday, I said mass at the Cathedral. The city is good but old fashioned; I did not like it very much. The population must be above 12,000 inhabitants.

In the afternoon I left for Rome. At Narni, the Roman frontier, I was asked for my passport the first time since I left America; here all the baggage was inspected. The officer wanted to keep my passport, but I did not like to leave it because I was going to Naples, but they took it and gave me a receipt for it, and told me that I would find it at Ceprano, the other frontier towards Naples. On the road I heard terrible reports of the cholera in Rome, and several friends in the cars advised me not to stop in Rome; they reported to me several cases of death every day. A gentleman in the cars said that a few days ago a man who had taken a drove of cattle into Rome in the evening, was a corpse the next day. I concluded to follow their advice, intending to return afterwards.

We arrived at Rome at 9 P. M. The station is an abominable one. There was no parlor, (*salle d'attendre,*) and the ticket office was in the street.

This is one of the worst stations, for a large city, that I have seen. I was told that they were building a new and better one. I took supper, and at 10 P. M. I left for Naples. In a short time, in the night, we arrived at Ceprano where my passport was returned to me, and at Isoletta, the other Italian frontier, the baggage was again inspected very politely. We changed cars and left for Capua; after a few miles the cars were stopped again, and we were asked for our tickets. A gentleman who had several times attempted to sleep, here got in a fit of passion for being continually interrupted from rest. He got in a passion and severely denounced the managers of the road between Rome and Naples. It was, no doubt, a vexation. During the same night our passports were examined twice; our baggage was opened and inspected twice; three times we were called on for tickets, and changed cars twice. It required great patience. In the morning we were in the station of Capua. This is a fortified city of 18,000 inhabitants, on the Volturno. It lies near the site of the ancient *Capua*, whose ruins were used to build the present city. Many interesting remains can yet be seen. The ancient Capua was the rival of Rome and was a great and agreeable city, and it ranked with Rome and Carthage. It was the place where Hannibal went into quarters after the battle of Cannæ. It was pillaged in succession by the Vandals and Lombards. Close to the city we passed through the Campanian fields, famous for their rich soil, which produces three crops a year.

Caserta is a small town, but celebrated for the Royal Palace, which is considered to be the most magnificent in Europe. The falls are worth a visit. It was a beautiful morning when I arrived in Naples. Its charming atmosphere and the beauties of the villas awoke in me the former spirit of youth, and my associative ideas; I did not feel as a stranger. I asked how the cholera was, and they told me "very bad, about forty or fifty cases a day." I resolved to make no stay in Naples. My baggage was only opened and closed again at the station by the city officers who are appointed to collect the duties on wines, meat, and a few other articles, in entering the city limits. I drove to the *Hôtel de Genève*, a respectable, reasonable and first-class hotel. I went to the bank at the American Consulate, in the *Largo del Castello*, and after three hours' delay in Naples, with four francs I hired a carriage for Giugliano, a town about nine miles from Naples, situated in a luxuriant and rich country. As I had arrived at Naples sooner than I expected, my uncle Sig. D. Luigi Vetromile, was not looking for me so soon. Not knowing the Palace where he dwelt, I ordered my vetturino to drive to the best hotel. He took me to a dirty *bettola*, (a place where wine was sold by retail,) with a stable attached to it. I refused to enter it, and on remonstrating with the vetturino, he told me that that was the best hotel in the place. I did not alight, but directed him to make some inquiries about my uncle. Being a primary magistrate of the Italian government, according to the

custom of the place he was known by his official title and not by his name; hence the difficulty in looking after him by his name. The vetturino could gain no information. I was obliged to stop at that dirty *bettola*, and I sent him again to inquire about my uncle in some public office, but fortunately he met with Chevalier N—— N——, an intimate friend of my uncle, so at once I drove to his residence, and with my carriage, entered the large covered yard of that immense Palace. He was at home, and on hearing the sound of the carriage and the voices of the servants in the court-yard, suspecting that it might be his nephew, he rushed from the apartment at the left of the second story, and we met together in the middle piazza of the covered stairs. I had not seen him for over a quarter of a century, but it did not take us long to recognize each other. I could not restrain the tears from flowing from my eyes on embracing him who had been a kind and good schoolmate, and the companion of my youth. He introduced to me Mrs. Marianna Verdi, his wife, and his two sons, Salvadore and Joseph, and his two daughters, Luisa and Concerta, who being married, introduced me to her husband; so I found myself surrounded by a large circle of loving relatives. As I intended to go immediately to Gallipolis, I consented to remain only for a few days. On Sunday and other days I said mass at the Collegiate Church, whose kind Rector invited me, after mass, to breakfast.

Giugliano is a tolerably good-looking place, it

has two fine churches, whose harmonious pealing bells were very pleasing to my ears. The churches contain some excellent paintings and marbles. The streets would be tolerably good if they were kept clean, but Giugliano makes no pretensions to being a clean town, although it contains some very fine Palaces. It has no hotels, and it is surprising that many villages around Naples, a city famous for its progress in civilization, are yet very backward in cleanliness, and other comforts of which Naples is an immense source. The deficiency of great inns and other improvements has been explained to me in a satisfactory manner. Giugliano and other villages around Naples being too near to that great metropolis, stand in no need of hotels, because strangers and travelers prefer to stop in Naples, and for ten cents they can find a seat in a carriage or coach at all times. It is not so around the Bay of Naples, where first-class hotels are common, reasonable and comfortable; strangers go there expressly to stop and enjoy the views of the Bay of Naples. Hotels in Italy are superior to those of any other country. They are clean, comfortable and accommodating. They are not like the first-class hotels in Boston, New York, Washington, and other places, where, when a stranger presents himself he must beg for a room, and must consider it a great favor if the landlord condescends to speak to him, and grant him some corner in the top of the hotel, for which he must pay a high price.

I went to Naples several times to make some

purchases, and found prices very reasonable, and articles good; but the cholera was raging. One day, driving in an open carriage, in company with my cousin and nieces, through *Strada Medina*, one of the most crowded streets of Naples, I saw the entire crowd take off their hats and fall on their knees. All carriages, which, by their immense number, nearly obstruct that street, stopped; it was a parish priest passing with the Blessed Sacrament, going publicly in procession, according to the rubrics of the Church, to administer the last Sacraments to a sick person. My driver wanting to take advantage of the stoppage of the other carriages to get ahead of the rest, continued to drive, but I sprang at his neck and made him stop at once. I knelt in the carriage, and my heart rejoiced, observing that the religious feelings of the Neapolitans were as firm and solid as ever, notwithstanding the calumnies circulated by ignorant and bigoted people.

I left Giugliano for Naples in the carriage of Chevalier N—— N——, accompanied by all my relations, and as the railroad from Naples to the south of Italy was not yet finished, I was obliged to go by diligence as far as Bovino. In the coach there were only two other passengers, the Governor of the province of Lecce, where I was going, and another gentleman, both well acquainted with my brother Ferdinand, judge of the Supreme Court. We passed through the fertile Campania. Vineyards, orchards of fig-trees, pomegranates, and every kind of fruit, luxuriant gardens of a

variety of excellent vegetables and the tall pine trees loaded with their delicious fruit, lined the road. These pine trees are different from the barren American pines; the fruit is of the shape and size of a pine-apple, but it is very hard. It must be put in the fire when it opens like a rose, and the inside contains a large number of kernels of delicious flavor, and very luscious.

We passed through several neat villages surrounded by rich and charming gardens and fields. At Acerra, a small village of about 7,000 inhabitants, the native place of the comic *Pulcinella* (Puncinello) as it is commonly believed. We provided ourselves with a supply of fine bread and *asprinio*, a kind of wine, so called because it is made from grapes of that name, very abundant in this place. This wine is not relished in America. Last year a cargo arrived in New York which at first could find no sale, but as soon at it came to the notice of a French merchant, he purchased the entire cargo to make champagne. It was with difficulty that I could get a cask of it, in order to use for mass. It is a light white wine, of a peculiar taste, having a little resemblance to cider, and is abundant and cheap. Here we provided ourselves with many *muzzarelle*, a kind of curd, which I have never seen in America. We made these provisions for crossing the Apennines, where, amongst the mountains, we might find no refreshments.

We passed the territory of the Samnites, famous in Roman history for their valor in war, and love of liberty. They were subdued by the Ro-

mans with great difficulty, and after many bloody battles, 4,000 of them being at last cruelly put to death by order of Sylla, on the Campus Martius, in 482. We went through that narrow pass near the city of Caudium, where, in 433, the Roman army were obliged, by the Samnites, to submit to the disgrace of passing under the yoke; yet the Samnites proved to be more generous and humane than the Romans. The Romans rejected the peace concluded on such humiliating terms by the captive consuls, and delivering up the authors of it to the Samnites, continued the war. Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, being invited by the city of Tarentum, assisted the Samnites against the Romans, but finally the Romans were victorious.

In the afternoon we arrived at Benevento, an ancient city, once a Dukedom, in the time of the Lombards, but after the extinction of their kingdom it remained independent. It was afterwards occupied by the Saracens and Normans, but Henry III. had given it to Pope Leo IX.; now it forms a part of the kingdom of Italy. It contains about 25,000 inhabitants, but is gloomy, foggy and badly built. It is surrounded by two rivers, the Sabato and Calore. It has many antiquities and figures often in ancient and modern history.

Benevento has many fine churches and palaces; the Cathedral is a large, splendid Gothic building, but it is too gloomy. The magnificent triumphal arch of Trajan is a fine monument, built in the year 114. In a former visit to this city, I had the pleasure of being introduced to Cardinal Pacca, so

well known for having accompanied Pope Pius VII. to France, when he was taken prisoner by Napoleon I.

This part of southern Italy, where I have now commenced to travel, has been rendered still more famous by the immortal Bishop Fénelon in his world-renowned *Telemachus*. This is that part of *Hesperia*, called so by Hesperus, son of Atlas, who, persecuted by his father on account of his passionate love of astronomy, fled to Italy. The Italians paid him divine honors. The Apulians are described by Fénelon as of gigantic stature, brawny and robust, on account of their athletic exercise. In time of war they were covered with the skins of the wild beasts slain by them, and armed themselves with clubs covered with knots and stuck full of *iron spikes*.

CHAPTER X.

APULIA.

CROSSING THE APENNINES—ARIANO—BOVINO—FOGGIA—APULIA OR IAPYGIA—DAUNUS AND DAUNI—MOUNT GARGANUS—ST. MICHAEL ARCHANGEL—BARESE OR PAUCETIANS—CANNE—VENOSA, NATIVE COUNTRY OF HORACE—BASILICATA OR LUCANIA—BARI—SANCTUARY AND BODY OF ST. NICHOLAS—COUNCIL OF BARI—DESCRIPTION OF THE PEOPLE OF THIS PART OF APULIA, BY FENELON—LECCESE OR MESSAPIA—BRINDISI—MEETING WITH MY BROTHER—LECCE—SALENTUM—DEPARTURE FOR GALLIPOLIS—MEETING WITH MY OTHER BROTHER, ETC.—RECEPTION AT GALLIPOLIS—THE CITY—CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE—PHALANTUS—DEPARTURE—FAILURE TO CREATE A SENSATION TO HAVING ROME FOR THE CAPITAL—THE APENNINES AGAIN—MOUNTFORTE—CUSTOM HOUSE IN NAPLES—NAPLES AGAIN, AND MEETING WITH MY UNCLE.

We passed through a charming and beautiful valley, and late in the afternoon commenced again to ascend the Apennines. These chains of mountains run from the Alps through the entire length of Italy, and separating in different directions near Tarentum, one short branch of hills goes through the province of Lecce to Cape *St. Maria di Leuca*, the other to Calabria. It is broken by the Strait of Messina but it continues to Sicily.

The Apennines are not barren, rocky mountains, but contain rich soil, and are well cultivated. Many luxuriant chestnut and walnut forests are also found in the Apennines, especially towards Calabria. About midnight we had ascended to the highest top of this chain of mountains. We

arrived at Ariano where we changed horses, and we had time to take some refreshments.

I had visited this city on other occasions. It is situated on the top of one of the highest points of the Central Apennines, is well fortified, and contains about 12,000 inhabitants. But it is old-fashioned and very irregular. The streets are narrow and crooked. Here we were obliged to use oxen on account of the steepness of the mountain. We descended from Ariano to the valley, and soon commenced to ascend another steep and high mountain. This is the last range of the Apennines before the fine plains of Apulia. With good reason these plains are called the *Granaries of Apulia*, on account of the abundant harvests of grain gathered every year.

We reached Bovino, a small city of 6,000 inhabitants, but well fortified, and situated on the top of a mountain. We soon descended to the railway station. The *tunneling* of the Apennines is expected to be finished in the course of the next two years, then the railroad will be connected with Naples. In less than one hour and a half, passing through the perfectly level Apulian country, we arrived at Foggia, to meet the train which, from the north of Italy, goes to the extreme point of the south to Otranto.

Foggia is a handsome city, situated on the river Cervera, and is the capital of the province of Capitanata, with a population of 18,000 inhabitants. It is well built, and possesses some good edifices. The commerce of this place is extensive. It has

some very fine churches, and the Cathedral is really handsome. Yet the condition of the present Apulia is very inferior to what it was in ancient times. It is only a melancholy relic of the old splendor which poets and historians have celebrated as in the time of the Carthagenians. It is the ancient *Iapygia*, so-called from *Iapix*, son of Dædalus, and it included the territory between the river Siris and Mount Garganus. In order to give a correct idea of the former greatness of this section of the country, it is sufficient to mention that the great historians Plutarchus and Polybius recorded that, when the Tarentini visited Phyrrus to assist them against the Romans, they had already an army of 350,000 infantry soldiers, and 20,000 cavalry. This great army was composed only of Iapygians, Lucanians, Messapians, Samnites and Tarentines. Its inhabitants are the ancient *Dauni* or Apulians. Latin tradition testifies that Daunus expelled from Illyria, settled in this part of Italy, and was made king of the Apulians. Many of the wandering heroes of the Trojan war settled in this section of the country. Diomed retired to Apulia, and, supported by Daunus, made war on the Messapians or *Salentines*, whom he subdued. These are the Daunians of whom Fénelon speaks in his *Telemachus*. They, under Adrastus, their king, made war against Phalantus, king of Tarentum. He went with one hundred transport vessels, attacked the enemy, killed Phalantus and Ippia, but Telemachus ran to the rescue of Phalantus' army, and killed

Iphicles, son of Adrastus, and defeated the entire army. Idomeneus was often attacked by the Dauni.

The railroad passes close to Mount Garganus, famous for the apparition of St. Michael the archangel. I will relate the authentic fact of this miraculous apparition, as it stands recorded by public notaries in the archives of Manfredonia, and as it is related by tradition, by all the inhabitants of the mountain, and of Apulia in general. These records have been examined by the judicious critic Mabillon, who visited these localities. Sigebert confirms this fact in his chronicle. Many other writers have proved the authenticity of this apparition. The facts are as follows :

In the fifth century a bull of the herds pasturing on the Garganus mountains had been lost, and after searches had been made, it was found at the mouth of a cavern on the mountain. One of the shepherds shot an arrow to kill it, but without effect, the arrow returning to the hand by which it was sent. It was repeated by several persons but with no different success, so that nobody dared approach the cavern. They referred this fact to the bishop of Sipontum, now *Manfredonia*, who ordered a fast for three days, after which St. Michael appeared to him, saying, that that cavern was under his protection, and that he wished in that place a sacrifice to be offered to God in his honor and in honor of all angels. The Bishop, with the Sipontine people, went in procession to the mountain and they found the interior of that

cavern constructed in the form of a temple. Now there is a magnificent church built in this place, erected in the fifth century, whose solemn dedication the Church celebrates with great pomp, in every part of the world, on the 29th of September.

To this sanctuary the Emperor Otho III., in 1002 walked barefooted on a penitential pilgrimage for having put to death, in violation of his pledged word, Crescentius, a Roman Senator. To this sanctuary the people of Apulia often go in procession and pilgrimage, to obtain intercession and graces. Many miracles have been and are performed in this place. In cases of pestilence, famine, war, great drought, and other plagues, the inhabitants go in penitential procession, fasting and praying, to this sanctuary, to implore the mercy of God, through the intercession of their patron, Saint Michael the archangel.

We crossed the Ofanto, the ancient *Aufidus*, (celebrated by Horace,) and entered the Barese, the land of the ancient *Peucetians*. This is the scene of the second Punic war. The little village of Canne is immortalized as being the spot where an immense Roman army was cut to pieces by Hannibal, leaving 60,000 Romans dead on the field. Amongst those who fell were Æmilius Paulus and Proconsuls Servilius and Atilius. I saw the massive gate of Canne, the only remains of that ancient and populous city. In one of my former visits to these classic localities, I saw in Canosa, the tomb of *Bohemond*, Prince of Antioch, and

a museum containing valuable Roman and Carthagenian relics, coins, rings, etc., which are continually found in this territory. In this place there is a fine church. Not far from this field is the city of Venosa (*Venusia*), on the Ofanto, the native place of the immortal Horace, in the Basilicata, the ancient *Lucania;* the name is derived from *Lux* (light), on account of the high mountains exposed to the sun. The inhabitants are described by Fénelon as going to war with chariots armed with scythes.

Barletta is a finely built city of 18,000 inhabitants, handsomely located on the Adriatic sea. It is a manufacturing place, and its commerce is very extensive. The streets are spacious, regular and clean. In a few minutes we arrived at Trani, another handsome city on the Adriatic. This city has a magnificent Cathedral, and contains 15,000 inhabitants. It is neat and beautiful, and its commerce, especially in olive oil, is large. The streets are regular, wide and clean, and ornamented in a tasteful manner with a variety of trees.

Molfetta, Bisceglie, Bitonto, Giovinazzo, are fine cities on the line of railroad, and are known for their excellent wines and oils. Each of these thriving cities has about 12,000 inhabitants, who peacefully enjoy the luxurious abundance of the land and sea. Bari is the capital of the province; it is handsomely located on the Adriatic, and is the place where the kings of Naples were formerly crowned. The king of Naples is a canon of the Cathedral of this city, and has the right to dress

like the other canons and sit with them in a stall behind the high altar.

In my time Ferdinand II. passing through this city made use of this right, and afterwards he made a present of his canonicals and *benefitium* attached to it to the clerk who unbuttoned the silver clasp of his *cappa magna;* but now I suppose that Victor Emmanuel has done away with this middle-age barbarism, and abdicated his canonicals.

Bari, the ancient *Barium*, has a population of over 20,000 inhabitants, and possesses a fine harbor. This city has figured well in the annals of the Church. Nearly the whole of Apulia was under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Patriarch of St. Sophia in Constantinople. The ritual was Greek, as it still remains in many parts of the country, and when the Patriarch of Constantinople refused obedience to Rome, the bishop of Bari and his flocks refused obedience to the Patriarch and remained faithful to Rome. A Council held in this city condemned Michael Cerularius, the schismatic Patriarch of Constantinople. This is the first council in which that proud, worldly and disobedient prelate was condemned.

Here is the famous sanctuary where the body of St. Nicholas is kept. Here is also the Hall in which the Council of Bari was held in October of the year 1098, which, although it is not numbered amongst the Œcumenical councils, yet was a very important one.

It was convoked by Urban II., who presided in person, and there were present one hundred and

twenty-three bishops. There was also present the famous Doctor of the Church, St. Anselm, archbishop of Canterbury, exiled by William Rufus, the wicked king of England. The object of this council was the reconciliation of the Greeks. The doctrine of the Holy Ghost proceeding from the Father and the Son was defined. The Greeks did not deny, and they never had, that the Holy Ghost did not proceed also from the Son. They only asserted that the Holy Ghost did not proceed from the Son in the same manner as He did from the Father, because the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father, *a principio sine principio;* from the Son, *a principio ex principio*, calling the first *principium quo;* the second *principium quod*, which school distinction does not assert that the Holy Ghost proceeds from two principles, but only from one principle, yet differently from the Father and the Son, on account of the mutual relation of these two Divine persons. This they proved from St. Paul. (1 Cor. 8.) "*Unus Deus Pater ex quo omnia. . . . . Unus Dominus Jesus Christus, per quem omnia.*"

This they proved also by the doctrine of St. Basil, St. Cyril and other Greek Fathers; and this is the doctrine of the Catholic Church. It is a fact that the Church does not condemn the Greeks as heretics but only as schismatics. The scholastic distinction being not well understood by the Latins, who were not well acquainted with the scholastic forms of the Greek language, caused a suspicion that the Greeks did not admit the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son.

Here, at the instance of the Council the Pope was about to excommunicate the king of England for his simony oppression of the Church, persecution of St. Anselmus, and for his obstinacy after several admonitions; but at this time St. Anselm rose up, and casting himself on his knees before the Pope, entreated him to withhold the censure. The Saint's petition in behalf of his Sovereign was granted, and the Pope sent only a threat of excommunication.

The railroad passes through a beautiful, rich and highly cultivated country; a territory blooming with olive trees, fig trees, almonds, pomegranates, and a great variety of fruit-trees. Vineyards are numerous, and they are not cultivated in the style of the *Campagna*, where, on account of two much sap and watery soil, the vines must be brought up to a considerable height on poplar-trees, and the branches of the vines extended and tied from tree to tree. Here the land is strong, and the vines are trained low without any support; the grapes form just where the vines shoot out their branches, and so near the ground as to touch the earth in many cases.

We passed Noia, Mola, Polignano, Monopoli and Fasano, all handsome cities of about 8,000 inhabitants each, and finely located between the railroad and the shores of the Adriatic. I was now in my native country, the ancient *Messapia*, at present the province of Lecce, amongst my Salentine people. The country for miles and miles to Brindisi, and from that place for about fourteen

miles further, is sparsely settled and is not cultivated ; the soil is good, but it wants the hand of man; it is kept for pasture. In Brindisi I drank some common wine of the place, in company with an English gentleman returning from the East Indies, and we were convinced that this wine in England would pass for genuine port, having all the qualities of that wine. In strength it is superior to sherry, but the color, taste and body, are similar to port. All this wild land could be laid out very profitably in vineyards.

At noon I arrived in Brindisi, in the land of Otranto, on the Adriatic sea. This is the ancient *Brundusium*, but now it is a miserable place of 7,000 inhabitants, and has nothing of its former splendor and commerce, except the name. In the 12th century it had 60,000 inhabitants, and was the terminus of the *Appian* and *Trajan* ways ; its harbor was splendid and the finest on the Adriatic sea. From this place the Romans usually embarked for Greece and Asia, it being the nearest route from Constantinople to Rome by the way of the mountains of Macedonia and Albania. It is surrounded by the same Roman walls and forts. It is the native place of Pacuvius, and Virgil died here.

Brindisi is reviving again. The harbor has been cleaned and improved. There is a line of first-class steamers to Alexandria in Egypt, which carry the mails to India by the strait of Suez and the Red Sea. The mail from the East Indies, via Brindisi, arrives in London thirty-six hours in

advance of any other line. When the tunneling of Mount Cenis will be completed, the time will be still further reduced. There are other lines of steamers connected with this place, and this tends to revive its commerce. There is still near the harbor one of the two fine marble pillars built by Pompeus, which are said to have supported the balcony of his residence. On a former visit I saw an iron ring to which, in former times, the Roman vessels were fastened. The city is dirty and irregular. It has some fine churches and palaces, and there are yet some monuments of Roman antiquity.

We passed close to Manduria, whose inhabitants have been described by Fénelon. When Idomeneus, with his party, arrived at this coast, the Mandurians, with great generosity, left the shores and retired to the heights. Some of his men, in exploring the country, met with them; Fénelon, describing their character, makes the chief of the Mandurians speak thus—Book X.: "We have abandoned the pleasant borders of the sea that you might possess them; and nothing remains for us but mountains that are almost inaccessible; it is therefore but just that you should leave us the peaceable possession of these mountains. You have fallen into our hands, a wandering, dispersed and defenceless party; and we could now destroy you without leaving to your companions a possibility of discovering your fate; but we will not dip our hands in the blood of those who, though strangers, partake of one common nature with

ourselves. Go, then, in peace. Remember that you are indebted for your lives to our humanity, and that a people whom you have stigmatized with the name of savages and barbarians, have given you this lesson of moderation and generosity."

The Cretan soldiers of Idomeneus, disdaining to owe their lives to a horde of savages, as they called them, went out in great numbers and attacking a party of natives drove them to the mountains. The Mandurians sent two old men to Idomeneus, and holding in one hand the sword, and an olive branch in the other, they said: "O King! we hold Peace and War! Choose either! Peace has the preference in our estimation. We abhor that brutality which under the spurious name of ambition and glory desolates the earth and destroys mankind. If thou hast placed glory in carnage and desolation we do not envy but pity the delusion. . . . . It will be our glory to continue just, humane, faithful and disinterested. We prize nothing but health, frugality, freedom... the love of virtue, the fear of the gods, benevolence to our neighbors, zeal for our friends, and integrity to the world; moderation in prosperity, fortitude in distress, courage to speak truth in every situation, and a just abhorrence and contempt of flattery."

This is the character of the people of my native country, the extreme south of Italy.* But in war their valor is great. Fénelon continues, that

* See Galateo. *Descriptio Urbis Gallipolis.*

when the Mandurians were forced to take up arms they, joined by the Lucanians, Apulians, Brutians, the people of Crotona, Neritum and Brundusium appeared before the gates of Salentum with Philoctetes, Nestor and Pisistratus, Idomeneus let Mentor go to meet them and sue for peace.

Before reaching the small village of St. Peter Vernotico, we entered again a rich country all planted with vineyards, olive trees and fruit of every description ; the olive trees are cultivated in forests, this being the greatest product of this part of Italy. We passed the little and elegant villages of Squinzano and Trepuzzi and we soon reached the fine city of Lecce, the capital of the province of the same name.

At the station I found my eldest brother Ferdinand, Judge of the Supreme Court, who had gone thither the day before to meet me. From the cars I looked with solicitude to see him, and it did not take long to recognize him, although I had not been with him for about twenty-nine years. I was assisted to perceive him by observing his anxiety in looking to the windows of the cars. In a minute I was in the arms of a loving and loved brother. The voice could not utter our emotions except by sobs of the tongue, but an abundance of tears flowed from the eyes of both. He had his carriage ready and we drove to the hotel ; there I saw Mr. Nicholas Massa my former schoolmate, but at present a representative at Florence, and many other warm friends.

Lecce is the ancient *Locri*, called afterwards *Lupia*, *Liceum*, *Lupion*, etc. It was one of the most powerful, splendid and wealthy cities of Magna Græcia. The inhabitants of Locri were the *Epizephyrian*, *Locrians*, a colony of the *Ozolian* stock, which with the two other branches, the *Epicnemidian* and the *Opuntian* formed the *Locrian* nation and one of the oldest Grecian people of Locris, a country of middle Greece. This city is not far from the old city of *Salentum*, immortalized by a description of Fénelon. It was built by Idomeneus. Here Mentor and Telemachus stopped a considerable length of time when they assisted him in war against the Locrians, Daunis, Neritum, Brundusium, Tarentum, etc. Homer, Horace, Virgil and Fénelon have rendered this land immortal for ever. Salentum must have been near to Lecce or perhaps what is now called Soleto, a small but beautiful village. This city, containing 20,000 inhabitants, is well built, the streets are spacious and clean, and the churches and palaces on a grand scale. The snuff of Lecce is famous and much esteemed not only in Italy but in every part of the world where it is known. No American tobacco can compete with it as several competent tobacconists who tried it have testified. Occasionally it has been imported into this country, not for sale, but as presents to friends. The railroad has increased to a considerable extent the commerce of this city.

As the railroad has not yet been completed to Gallipolis we started in a private carriage at

4 P. M. The distance is only twenty-two miles. We passed many ancient and neat villages; St. Cesario, Galatone, Nardò, (the ancient *Neritum*) renowned for its learning, Academies, etc. A few miles from the city we were met by a number of carriages containing my other brother Felix and family, the Chevalier Balsamo, Sig'r. Tafuri, a marquis, and other relatives and old friends whose appearance enkindled in my breast the liveliest emotions, and whom I warmly embraced. How many sweet and happy recollections did they not awake in my mind! But when from a far distant hill, in the intermittent splendor of the light-house, I discovered Gallipolis, my heart throbbed with joy. A moonless, calm and starry night increased the romance of the occasion, and as in a dream I saluted it:

"Vi ravviso, o luoghi ameni:
In cui lieti i dì sereni
Mi rammento ch' io passai
Della prima gioventù."

Cari luoghi io vi trovai
Ma quel dì non trovo più.

(I recognize you, O smiling places, where I remember that joyfully I spent the quiet days of my former youth. Dear places, I do find you, but those days I find no more.)

We entered Gallipolis at 9 P. M., and drove to my brother Ferdinand's residence, where his family, my sister and family, and many relations and friends seated on the balconies awaited our arrival with great anxiety. My sister was anxious to get a glance of me as I alighted from the carriage, but not being able on account of the

multitude, she ran to meet me at the head of the long flight of stairs on the second story. Here a ludicrous comedy took place. She expected to see me in cassock and long tall cape wearing silver or gold shoe-buckles, Roman collar, belt with long tassels and three-cornered hat. Dressed in the American costume and wearing a duster (or linen coat), white straw hat and a traveling bag hanging at my side, alone I ran up-stairs, leaving the crowd of relations and friends in the Palace court-yard, and I heard her voice, "*Dove è Eugenio?*" ("where is Eugene?") "*Sta montando sù, è là,*" they said, ("he is coming up,") "Non il vedo," she said, ("I do not see him.") I was before her, but she taking no notice of me with great eagerness was looking for somebody else. I saw her at once, and folded her in my arms. She drew back her head and gazed at me with amazement, but soon recognized my voice when I said, "*Teresina!*"

The large reception room was crowded with relations and friends who have longed for many years to see me. The entire palace was crowded to excess. After supper I found myself surrounded by a circle of no less than eighteen nephews and nieces, two brothers, and one sister and two sisters-in-law. But what a change I found in Gallipolis where I was born in 1819! My dear parents Peter Vetromile and Anthonia Margiotta were dead! They slept in peace in the Church of the Franciscans, where a cold marble slab covers the vault which encloses their ashes.

An inscription and their coat of arms pointed out to me the place of their sepulture. All my professors the Arch-Priest, De Pace, D.D., Canon Charles Leopazzi, D.D., Rev. Joseph D'Elia, etc., all dead! The only professor whom I found alive was Canon Sabbato. They were men of great learning, and high dignitaries in the church, and ornaments of the city and country, but their loss undoubtedly has not been replaced, and I fear it will not be for many long years on account of the secular education inaugurated by the present Italian system. The Italian Government (or misgovernment) has seized the funds appropriated by the citizens for the support of the Seminary; it has occupied the buildings and left the youth at the mercy of the Government to give them such an education as will be best calculated to suit the present state of things, but unfit for ecclesiastical students.

The next day, and for weeks, I was continually occupied in receiving visits from my friends, and citizens, who came singly and in a body; some from distant cities and towns. His Lordship, the saintly and learned Bishop Valerius Laspro, the Capitulum, and clergy, headed by the Vicar-General, and many ecclesiastical, scientific and philanthropic institutions, the Governor, the municipality, came to visit me. The kindness and affection of my fellow-citizens and other friends, shall never be forgotten by me; kindness and affection are characteristic marks of the inhabitants of Gallipolis, and the whole of Messapia or province of Lecce.

For this reason the coat-of-arms of Gallipolis, is a cock holding the inscription "*Fideliter excubat.*" Before leaving the city I made it my duty to return all the visits.

Gallipolis is a perfect island on the Gulf of Tarantum; a long stone bridge, of many arches, connects this city with the main land; the circumference is one mile, and it stands high on a solid rock; its massive walls rise many feet perpendicularly from the sea; it is well fortified by several forts around the island, and a large, strong citadel defends it on the land side. The streets are generally irregular, crooked and narrow, but all well paved and clean. The Cathedral is a magnificent building in the shape of a Latin cross, with three aisles supported by Doric pillars, and it is ornamented with a number of exquisite paintings of good masters, especially Melanconico. The churches of St. Dominic and St. Francis d'Assisi are fine, and possess good paintings. The inhabitants are about 10,000 in number.

The origin of this city is not known, but it was built many centuries before Rome was founded. It is supposed to have been built from the ruins of the ancient city of *Alezium*, which was about four miles from Gallipolis. Alezium was founded by Lizius Idomeneus, who had a military post at *Raggi*, which Idomeneus converted into the city called Alezium. There is still at the present time near the village of Picciotti, four miles from Gallipolis, a parish church called St. Mary *della Lizza*, which is a very ancient building, showing that that

locality was called Lizza ; another place about a mile from it is called Raggi to this day ; the name may be a corruption of the word *Alezium*.

This part of Italy, *Iapygia*, was settled long before the Greek colonies from the Trojan war had arrived in these localities. When Phalantus, with the colony of the Partenians landed at this place, the country was flourishing ; Strabo (*Geography lib. VI.*) says that Iapygia had thirteen cities but in his time except Tarentum and Brundusium, the other places were small villages. The *Oscans* occupied Messapia before the Greeks. The Oscans originated from the Ausonians, called also *Aurunci*, *Opici* and *Osci*, who originally descended directly from the dispersion of the descendants of Noah.

During my stay in Gallipolis I was invited to celebrate mass in several churches ; in that of the Dominicans where we own a tomb, in that of St. Francis de Paula, at the altar of St. Anna, which, with the sepulchre attached to it, belongs to our family, and many of my relations are interred in it ; in the churches of the nuns, etc. But my favorite church was that of the Franciscans, at the rich marble altar of the Immaculate Conception, because my beloved father, mother and many other dear relatives were buried under it, as the altar and tomb belong to my family. I felt a great satisfaction in celebrating there, and offering an immaculate sacrifice for the repose of their souls. There I called to mind St. Monica, who begged to be interred near the altar, in order to be remem-

bered at the celebration of mass, by her son, St. Augustine, and by others. I felt happy to have the same opportunity towards my parents as that great luminary of the Church had towards his dear and holy mother, St. Monica, at whose death he cried with tender tears.

Gallipolis, as well as the other Salentine cities, received the Catholic faith from the apostle St. Peter, who was in this neighborhood three times. First, seven years after the ascension of our Saviour, when returning from Antioch, accompanied by St. Mark and other disciples he landed in the Gulf of Tarentum (see Gio Giovani, *De antiquitate et varia Tarentinorum fortuna*, lib. III.) St. Peter said mass at a place near Gallipolis, as is asserted by many historians. (See Ravenna, *Memorie di Gallipoli*, lib. 1. cap. xvi.) The second time was ten years after the ascension of Our Lord. (See Lupoli, *Juris Ecclesiastici prælectiones.* lib. 2. cap. xxiv. Mr. Foggini, *De Romano D. Petri itinere et Episcopatu.* Dessert. XIII. Ravenna, *Memorie di Gallipoli*, *ib.*) The third time it was two years afterwards; after the death of the Emperor Claudius, when St. Peter left Judea altogether and went to Rome, where he remained till his martyrdom under Nero (*Ibidem*). Card. Baronius *Ann. Eccl.* anno 44, num. 27 says: "*De certis locis ad quæ Petrus Romam veniens, divertit, nobilia in his remanserunt antiquitatis vestigia, sed traditione potius quam scriptura firmata.*" ("There are noble vestiges of antiquity about the different places through which Peter

passed in going to Rome, but they are proved rather by tradition than by writing.") Many traditions exist to this day in the province of Lecce where St. Peter went, and the spots are marked by several ancient churches consecrated to the Prince of the Apostles ; there is the venerated church, amongst others, of St. Peter *De'Samari*, (Samaritanus.)

The Bishopric of Gallipolis is very ancient, and no memory exists of when and by whom it was instituted. (See Ughelli, *Italia sacra*, tom IX.) It existed long before the time of St. Gregory the Great, as the letters of that Saint to the bishop of Gallipolis testify. It is believed with good reason that St. Pancras, a companion of St. Peter, by name *Pancras*, was the first bishop of Gallipolis. This proves, also, that Catholics existed in this city at that time, when a bishop was considered necessary to be sent to the place.

In an old church dedicated to the Prince of the Apostles, in a village near Gallipolis, there is a very ancient custom on the festival of this Apostle, to expose the Blessed Sacrament, and put it into the hands of the statue of St. Peter. A sermon is then delivered to the people, who, in large crowds assemble from the surrounding towns, even from distant cities. No tradition exists of the origin of this very ancient ceremony, recorded and respected by the bishops in the visitation of the Diocese. It is stated to have been originated by the primitive Christians, to represent the position of the Apostle St. Peter and his successors,

to hold on earth the place of our Saviour, whose Vicar he is to the end of the world ; and that to listen to Peter is to listen to Christ, and to despise Peter is to despise Christ, and that the Church of Christ and its infallibility is built upon St. Peter and his successors, who are the Rock supporting it.

Gallipolis and the entire Apulia take great pride, and, with good reason, in the fact that, having once received the true faith from St. Peter, they have kept it faithfully to this day, and the whole world would not be able to rob the people of this precious gift—their religion. They would give up every thing, even their lives—but, never the Catholic faith. It being a Greek city, the practice of religion was, formerly, according to the Greek rite. On account of the commerce with the West, the Latins increased considerably in the middle ages. Some clergymen of the Latin Rite were provided for the Latin people ; yet, the Office was recited every day in the Cathedral in Greek. Matins and Mass were sung, daily, in the same language and ritual. The number of the Latin clergymen and people increasing, it was found necessary to elect a bishop, alternately Greek and Latin. The titular of the Cathedral was changed from that of St. John Chrysostom to that of St. Agatha. The Office was also recited alternately, in Greek and Latin, till the sixteenth century, when the Greek ritual was entirely abolished ; yet, Greek customs and practices remain to this day.

High Mass is sung, daily ; and sometimes, three and four Masses on the same morning, and the Greek language is spoken yet in the country. Nearly all the citizens belong to some confraternity divided into classes, according to their trade and occupation ; for instance, the nobles, merchants, fishermen, carpenters, etc. ; and each has a rector who, however, is not a parish priest. Each of these confraternities has a particular church, some of which are beautiful. Thither they repair every Sunday or oftener and sing the Office of the Blessed Virgin and Mass. The members of the Confraternity of the Souls in Purgatory go, in turn, every Monday round the city to collect alms to celebrate Masses for the souls in general in purgatory. This confraternity is associated with that of the *Buona Morte* in Rome (*Bona Mors*). The Confraternity of Mary of Mercy, composed mostly of shoemakers, obligate themselves to accompany the dead of the poor to the grave. They must go in solemn procession, dressed in sackcloth, hood and monzetta, headed by the cross, followed by the parish priest, with lighted torches, slowly and with devotion, chanting the *Miserere* and the *De Profundis*. The Confraternity of the *Facchini* (or, what travelers call *Lazzaroni*,) have two churches—one in the city, which is one of the finest in it, and kept extremely clean. It is considered to be the richest of all the confraternities, even of that of the nobles, and they have a small church outside of the city. The former is dedicated to the *Purity* of the

Blessed Virgin; the latter to St. Lazarus, from whom they take the name of *Lazzaroni*. This being the most numerous, is provided with a rector and an assistant, to whom they pay a large salary. The rector of this confraternity is always one of the canon dignitaries of the Cathedral. In case of distress, sickness, and death, they are provided for by the confraternity; but they seldom stand in need of it. They allow nobody to become a member of their confraternity unless he belongs to their class. Some of the principal citizens are admitted only as honorary members. Yet, the churches are public and open to all. Women are allowed at Mass, Instructions, Complin, and Benediction. It would be surprising and out of my province to relate the works of piety, devotion, and penance, performed by these confraternities. During Lent they practice even discipline.

They have many ancient customs; for instance, on Ascension Day, all the confraternities, regulars, and clergy form one procession, and carry the Blessed Sacrament around the walls of the city, singing psalms and hymns. This practice comes from the procession performed by the Christians of Jerusalem upon the Mountain of Ascension celebrated on that day. On the day of Pentecost, when the celebrant at High Mass intones the "*Veni Sancte Spiritus*," a pigeon is let fly from the Epistle-corner of the altar in commemoration of the dove, in whose form the Holy Ghost vouchsafed to make his appearance on the day of Pentecost. Every evening the people assemble at

the Cathedral and recite the night prayers with the parish priest and, afterwards, they receive the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; but, only with the *ciborium*, and not with the *Ostensorium*. The devotion to the Blessed Virgin is great. From the first centuries, they honored her under the title of Immaculate Conception; and they kept, and do still keep, the vigil of that festival with a strict fast on bread and water, and that only once in the day. They build no fires in the kitchen on that day. I finish speaking of Gallipolis by remarking that, to my recollection, Lent is kept so strict that, not only no flesh meat is allowed, but not even what comes from it—milk, butter, eggs, etc.—till Easter.

During my stay at Gallipolis, I made several excursions into the country. One morning myself, the family of my brother Ferdinando and that of my sister, went to spend the day at the *Villa Capani*, belonging to my sister, where she rusticated in the spring and autumn. About midway in our journey, one of the carriages became half disabled on account of the spring becoming loose. It was ordered back, notwithstanding the assurance of the driver that there was no danger. The party accommodated themselves in the other carriage in the best manner that they could, and in a wagon which happened to pass, which kindly offered to take some of them. I and my nephew preferred walking; the weather being beautiful, and the road excellent.

I took this occasion to visit the parochial church

of St. Maria *della Lizza*, a fine stone building containing some excellent paintings. That of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, to whom the church is dedicated, is magnificent—and also that of St. Pancras, who is believed to have been the first bishop of Gallipolis. There is a painting of St. Charles Borromeo represented in the act of preaching to the inhabitants of Galiipolis. In the thirteenth century, this church was occupied as a Cathedral for over one hundred years; when Gallipolis was destroyed by Charles D'Angiò, the same tyrant who caused the revolution in Sicily known as the famous Sicilian Vespers. My brother had sent another carriage after me, but I preferred to walk as the villa was not far off; the whole distance from Gallipolis being only six miles. In my boyhood, I had been several times to this villa. It is a large stone building; the second story is surrounded by a balcony, but it requires some repairs. I saw the fine vineyards, whose wines are considered the best in the country, and I found them superior to the port wine. There are extensive olive plantations, trees of a great variety of fruits, besides lemon, orange, and pomegranate trees. The flower-gardens and vegetable-gardens were very luxuriant. In the afternoon, we were visited by Rev. N. N. from Tuglie, and other friends. On our return, we visited several relations and friends residing in the village. We stopped at the villa of Hon. Vincent Tafuri, a judge of the Supreme Court, and well known for his deep learning. He belongs to one of the prin-

cipal and noble families of Gallipolis. I take this occcasion to thank him for presenting me with a copy of his valuable work—"*Della Nobiltà, delle sue Leggi e de suoi Instituti nel già Reame delle Sicilie*"—("Of the Nobility, its Laws and its Institutions, in the Before-Existing Kingdom of Re-Sicilies"). He showed to us some ancient Etru-vases found on his farm.

On another day, in company with my eldest brother, Ferdinando, and my sister, I drove to the villa of my youngest brother, Felix, who with his family, were spending there some months of the autumn season. This beautiful villa is located in the best part of the village of St. Nicholas. It is a large two story building, with vineyards, olive plantations, orchards of every kind of fruit, and an enclosed garden of selected lemon and orange trees. I found the fruits very luscious, especially the pomegranates and winter figs. I made other excursions to the villas of my eldest brother, and those of some of my friends.

One day, standing on the balcony of my brother Ferdinando's palace, I was amused, and laughed at two carabinieri, (*policemen*,) who were raising a fuss and making a great ado about three donkeys and wagons which had got entangled in the street just under the balcony. One donkey was standing while the vetturino was loading the wagon, another was coming from an opposite direction, while the third was crossing the street at right angles. The street was narrow, and the carabinieri threatened the vetturino who was load-

ing the wagon; the latter vexed at the officers, repeatedly cursed the earthquake, "*mannaggia quiddu terramotu.*" I had seen in New York, London, Paris, etc., hundreds of horses, carriages and omnibuses obstructed and stopped, and the police setting all right without noise, ado or excitement, while here two carabinieri made so much fuss about three donkeys! I laughed heartily. The carabinieri being strangers, I believe from Piedmont, did not comprehend the force and meaning of the vetturino cursing the earthquake. He meant the Italian government, and by cursing the earthquake he wished an earthquake to upset Victor Emmanuel's ministry and the present condition of Italian affairs, and restore the former government, and the old state of things, as they existed in 1848. He could not express himself openly because they would have arrested him; hence he cursed the earthquake—the moral earthquake, the revolution, for its delaying so long in coming.

Having stopped in Gallipolis a sufficient length of time among my relatives and friends, I made preparations to return to Naples and go to Rome, as the cholera had ceased. At this time Garibaldi had commenced to invade the Roman territory; but this did not affect me. My brother Ferdinando and my sister offered to accompany me in this short trip. On the 25th of October, at 5 A. M., in a private carriage, we set out for Lecce, where we calculated the same evening to take the cars for Bovino, and there to connect with the stage for Naples. We arrived at Lecce in season, and

telegraphed to Bovino in order to secure three places in the stage. By a telegraphic dispatch we were notified that all the places in the stage were engaged, hence we secured three seats in the train for next day. We employed our time in visiting the city.

After supper we went to the large square where we heard a drum and fife. The Italian flag and Garibaldi's likeness were carried in procession by about two hundred people, mostly boys, shouting "*Viva Garibaldi, Roma capitale, viva L'Italia.*" We were surprised at it, not knowing what was the matter, and the people were inquiring "*Che cosa el?*" ("what is the matter?") Some said that it was the celebration of the festival of some saint, others that it was the feast of St. Oronzo, (the patron saint of Lecce). The people took no share in that humbuggery, and kept aloof from it. After several inquiries we were informed that Garibaldi, with his associates, were marching upon Rome, and that the Italian government had sent secret instructions to every city of Italy to excite the Italian people, and make such demonstrations in order to show that it was the desire of the people to march on Rome.

To judge from what I witnessed with my own eyes, the people not only had nothing to do with the matter, but, by their conduct, disapproved and condemned such proceedings; nay, I heard learned Italian patriots, crazy for the union of Italy and exaggerating the great progress and prosperity of Italy at the present time, declare to

me that they could not yet see the necessity of having Rome for the capital. The next day I read in the newspapers that a grand demonstration was held in Lecce in favor of marching on Rome, and having that city for the capital . . . . and that 4,000 persons had marched in the procession. The same day we learned that those two hundred people had been paid to march in procession, and shout, "*Viva Garibaldi, Roma capitale,*" etc.

We spent the day in visiting the churches, and city. At the Cathedral, which is a fine and splendid ancient structure, we saw the body of St. Cataldo, the patron saint of the city, and the fine life-size statue of the same in solid silver. We saw also the statue of St. Oronzo in solid silver. In Italy it is common to have the statues of the patron saints cast in solid silver of the life-size, or at least their busts. Every city, town and village has got one or more. Gallipolis possesses the statues of St. Agatha and St. Sebastian, both busts of solid silver, they being the patron saints of the city. The churches of St. Chiara and St. Irene are very fine.

In the afternoon we left the hotel in the midst of a pouring rain, which penetrated even the carriage, and arrived at the station at 5 P. M.; the whistle gave the signal, and we were off for Naples.

About half-past eleven, P.M., we arrived at Foggia; there we changed cars, and reached Bovino at half-past two, A. M. Thence by a very incon-

venient diligence belonging to the same line, we continued our journey to Naples. The night was very dark, and the diligence had no light, while we were crossing the Apennines, and the stage was very near tumbling down a steep mountain in making room for another coach to pass by. After Ariano we took a route for Naples different from that by which I had come; and crossing some steep passes, the driver was obliged to use oxen. Nothing happened of any consequence except that at Monteforte we were forced to make a long round, lengthening the road three miles, because the Mayor of that village would not allow the diligence to pass by the short road which belonged to the village, and not to the government, which had refused to pay for the use of it. The next evening was very dark, and when the horses were changed the vetturino refused to drive unless the diligence was furnished with lights, as required by law.

The conductor was obliged to light the lantern, so the driver went on; but as there was very little oil in it the light soon went out, and we all remained in darkness. The vetturino, however, went on in bad humor, but without saying anything.

Arrived at the boundaries of the city of Naples, where a tax has to be paid on wines, liquors, meats, cheese, sweet-meats, etc., here the conductor asked the passengers whether they had in their possession anything liable to be taxed. All said "No," except two students who had some preserves

and sweet-meats to use at the college where they were going. The Custom-house officers presented themselves, and the conductor declared that there was nothing in the diligence subject to taxation except what I have mentioned. They asked about the quantity and quality, and not feeling satisfied, these articles were carried to the office for inspection. While there we heard some sharp quarreling in the office about these preserves and sweet-meats, between their owners, the conductor, and the officers, who had commenced to doubt whether there was anything else in the diligence subject to taxation. The conductor lost patience, and protested that since his word was called in question, in future he would no longer report about articles contained in the diligence. He said that it was not his duty to report it, but it belonged to the passengers; the officers might satisfy themselves by questioning the passengers. Here was a puzzle for the officers. The conductor was asked again by the officers, whether there was any thing in the trunks or valises liable to be taxed, and he answered—"I do not know. There may be—ask them." We being asked, answered, "No!" The officers questioned us whether we had any article subject to taxation. We replied, "No." A pause followed.

When there are angry clouds in the sky and a dead calm is observed, it is always a sign of an approaching storm. Such was the case in our position; this dead silence of the officers, conductor of the diligence, and passengers, was the sign of

a severe storm. We prepared ourselves for it. They were all as stiff as if they had been exposed to a hard frosty night. Nobody wanted to open the battle ; but the officers were obliged to cave in. They were vexed, and again questioned the conductor who gave no answer. The officers threatened to unload the diligence and search every trunk, valise, etc. The conductor said, "You can do it if you have a mind ;" but as it was to be done by the officers and not by the conductor of the diligence, and it was to be a rather laborious task, it being a very dark night, the officers did not feel disposed to do this hard work ; they got to quarreling with the conductor, who had calmly taken a seat on the steps of the office, and bade the officers unload the diligence, protesting that he would never, in future, declare anything to them.

While this comedy was going on outside of the office, inside there was another sharp quarrel between the two passengers and the other officers about the sweet-meats and preserves. They had already fixed the price they might be worth, but the passengers had no small coin, and the officers refused to change large bills. We had lost over one hour without coming to any conclusion. It was 10 P. M., and there was no appearance of any solution of the difficulty. After the hour had expired, the conductor and driver determined to proceed on their way. They called the passengers to take their seats. The two passengers were yet in the office, and they, with their sweet-meats and preserves, were left there, and the other officers

remained disputing and quarreling, and the conductor drove on to Naples where we arrived about half-past 10 P. M., and reported everything to the office. I must do them the justice to say that, in all this affair there was no cursing and swearing, no injurious or offensive words uttered against anybody.

We took a carriage and drove to the *Hotel de Genève.* Being Friday, they offered meat to us for supper, which we refused to take, and reproached the host for presenting it to us. He said that there was nothing else ; but when he saw me determined to apply to another hotel, and I did procure fish from another place, on returning to the hotel I found that they had already procured fish for my brother and sister. The wine was half water, and we refused to use it, but we procured an excellent quality of wine from elsewhere.

Next morning my uncle, D. Luigi Vetromile and Salvadore, my nephew, came from Giugliano with a carriage to take us to their residence. My brother, with Salvadore, went to the Church of the *Annunciata* to look after the patrician tomb of Margiotta, belonging to our family, and they succeeded in finding it.

We drove to Giugliano where we arrived about noon. Next day, Saturday, 26th, we rested, and wrote letters to Gallipolis and to America. Sunday the 27th, I said Mass at the same church, and as the clergyman who was to celebrate the last Mass after High Mass was absent, I was requested to say it, and I did so. In the afternoon we visit-

ed the town. Next day, the festival of St. Simon and St. Jude, I said Mass early with the intention of going to Naples, but as it was raining very hard we remained at home. Tuesday, 29th, I, my sister, brother, and Donna Marianna, my uncle's wife, and my nephew, Salvadore, went to Naples to make some purchases, and view the city.

CHAPTER XI.

NAPLES.

NAPLES—MANNERS OF THE NEAPOLITANS—LAZZARONI—ST. FRANCIS DE PAULA—THE GESU—ST. CHIARA—MIRACLE OF THE LIQUEFACTION OF THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS—PORTICI — POMPEII—SALERNO—PÆSTUM — LA CAVA—HERCULANEUM—RESINA—ROYAL PALACE AT NAPLES—CATACOMBS—CATHEDRAL—CAMPO SANTO—ALL SOULS' DAY—VESUVIUS—SAILING FOR CIVITA VECCHIA—ENTRANCE TO ROME.

NATURE and art have combined to make Naples one of the most handsome cities of the world. It was once the capital of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies in the *Terra di Lavoro*, and it is the largest and most important city in Italy. It contains a population of half a million of inhabitants, exclusive of foreigners, of whom there are hundreds of thousands. Originally it was a Greek city, founded by the people of *Cumæ*, a colony from Greece ; hence it was called *Neapolis* or new city. It was formerly called *Parthenopes* because its site contained the tomb of *Parthenope*, one of the Sirens. Their language was the Greek, and the church belonged to the Greek rite. The church of St. Restituta was the Greek Cathedral, and the offices are even now celebrated in Greek, and it is attended by a large Greek congregation. It con-

tains a fine picture of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Byzantine costume called *Madonna del Principio*, being the first picture of the Blessed Virgin publicly venerated in Naples. The church occupies the site of the Temple of Apollo.

As we before stated, nature and art have rivaled each other to render Naples one of the best cities in the world, and the third in Europe for situation, population and wealth, as all travelers acknowledge. It is situated in an amphitheatre, at the margin of a magnificent bay of the Phlegrean fields, which extends from the *Punta della Campanella* to *Capo Miseno*, the former terminated by the island of Capri, and the latter ornamented by the islands of Ischia and Procida. These islands rise boldly to form a majestic outline of the superb bay. Watched and threatened by Vesuvius, blessed with a balmy, mild and salubrious air, surrounded by eminently rich fields, decked with grains, and vines which wind picturesquely around elms; studded with charming villas, casinos, villages, and gardens of every variety of fruits, verdure, and flowers; gazing in the azure mirror of the sea, whose transparent waters are stored with every kind of delicious fish; environed by numerous classic antiquities, which, at every step proclaim her nobility, Naples makes the patriotic Neapolitans exclaim with justice "*Vedi Napoli e poi mori!*" ("See Naplesand then die.") Although its magnificent palaces and public buildings, on account of their redundancy of ornaments, do not approach the architecture of Rome, Venice

and Genoa, yet their extensive terraces, taking the place of roofs, which are converted into spacious promenades, ornamented with flowers, shrubs, and trees, produce a charming effect, very pleasing to the eye. The streets are generally narrow, yet no city in the world can equal the streets of Toledo and Chiaja; the former is straight and wide, and presents the appearance of a perpetual fair; the latter, an enchanting promenade, flanked by the *villa Reale*, which is a public garden extending along the margin of the bay, and tastefully and richly ornamented with trees, flowers, shrubbery, parterres, fountains, temples and statues, amongst which is the famous *Toro Farnese*.

There are three harbors: the *Porto Piccolo*, a relic of the ancient Palacopolis; the *Porto Grande*, large, safe and crowded with vessels from every nation; and the *Porto Militare* for the Navy. The elegant quay or mole, is always full of men attending to their business, or idly assembled around the booth of a *pulcinello*, or a minstrel, or listening to some of the *Quattro del Molo* (the Four of the Mole) who declaim and sing the adventures of Rinaldo; and their declamations are accompanied by appropriate gestures, shedding tears, uttering sobs, and other expressions. The Neapolitan lower classes, especially the Lazzaroni, feel great sympathy with the adventures of Rinaldo. I have seen them so attentive, listening with profound interest, their eyes sparkling, and shedding tears when the *improvisatore* cries. They manifest disdain and revenge at the persecu-

tions of Rinaldo ; and woe to the man who would laugh or show signs of incredulity in the presence of the crowd ! they would chastise him severely.

Naples is the gayest and most luxurious city in Europe, even excelling Paris ; and its inhabitants the merriest of all men. The windows and balconies are ornamented with flowers, and filled with young men and girls. This is the reason why strangers slander the city, saying that the ladies are proud and immoral. If strangers were better acquainted with Neapolitan society they would speak differently. It is not pride, but modesty, that keeps the ladies at home ; and when out, they are always accompanied by proper company ; you never see them running from street to street alone. They take their promenades on the top of their palaces, and in the afternoon they ride in the Chiaja or other principal public walks. Neapolitan ladies and matrons are seen continually visiting the hospitals, poor houses, and like places, not distributing tracts or Bibles but visiting the sick and relieving their wants. If they stand at windows and balconies it is not for evil purposes ; but in Southern countries they cannot stay near a stove, nor yet be confined in a twelve feet square room, thrusting their head from a three by two feet opening called a window. They require fresh air and plenty of it ; even a large window does not satisfy them ; they must have balconies spacious enough to put chairs, sofas, flower vases, etc. It is true they are fond of seeing and being seen,

but no harm is attached to it. If there were any harm they would avoid being seen. All the Neapolitans are fond of amusements and they must have them. They are passionately fond of music and they like theatres, which in Naples are numerous and well conducted. The Theatre of *San Carlo* is the largest and best in the world; but they have no inclination for grog-shops nor gambling. This city is all bustle and activity by day and night; much of the public business is conducted in the open streets and many shops never close their doors at night. Naples has at all times produced great men. Statius, Velleius Paterculus, among the ancients; Sannazaro, Borelli, Bernini, Genovesi, Filangieri, Macchiavelli, Vico, etc., among the moderns are sufficient without mentioning the rest.

Ignorant and bigoted travelers have related many stories about the Lazzaroni. I laughed very heartily once, when I was asked in America by a well educated clergyman to what race of people did the Lazzaroni belong, and whether I thought that they were of the same race as our Indians. Even well educated and well meaning people entertain strange ideas about these Lazzaroni. Who, then, are the Lazzaroni? I will answer by an anecdote of an occurrence which happened in Naples, in my time, before I left for America. A Jesuit Father from Piedmont came to Naples and was anxious to see the Lazzaroni. He told a lay brother at the door, who was a Neapolitan, that he was going to see the Lazzaroni.

The lay brother smiled at him but said nothing. He engaged a *timonella*, (a kind of buggy,) and said to the driver, "Go where the Lazzaroni are in order that I may see them." He drove around the Molo, then to the *Largo del Castello*, now *Piazza del Municipio*, then to the *quantai vecchi*, and the good Father at last asked the driver, "Where are the Lazzaroni?"

The driver said he would take him to some other place. He drove to the *Carmine*, then to the *Porta Capuana* and *Porta S. Gennaro*, and the Father asked again, "But where are the Lazzaroni?" The driver answered, "*Signò, che posso fà ì; quannu fà vientu se ne stannu dintu casa.* ("Sir, what can I do, it is windy and when there is wind they stay at home.") "Home," replied the Father, "I have heard that they have no houses." Here the driver said, "They go into some grotto, *portone* (door-yard), or other shelter."

The Father felt very much disappointed and was driven back to the College. He expressed his disappointment, in not having succeeded in seeing any Lazzaroni, to the lay brother. The brother laughed and said, "Who was the driver? Was he not a Lazzarone?" The Father replied, with surprise, "What! do the Lazzaroni drive carriages?" "To be sure," said the brother, "they are like other people and you have seen thousands of them in the streets walking, standing or chatting. They are the lower class of the people, called *Lazzaroni*, from St. Lazarus their Patron Saint." They work, have houses and

families and feel contented in their position. When they gain enough to eat and drink, and have a few cents to spare to pay to see a punchinello they feel as happy and more too, than Rothschild or Stewart, or any other rich man, who is burdened with money. They are polite, obliging and honest; when you speak to any one of them, he will always take off his hat.

One morning we went to visit the Church of St. Francis De Paulo in the elegant and spacious square called *Largo del Palazzo Reale*, opposite to the Royal Palace. It is a fine edifice embellished outside with two rows of colonnades in imitation of that of St. Peter's in Rome, and the inside is ornamented with fine marble statues in modern style. The grand altar is rich with *lapis lazuli*. We saw also the *Gesú Nuovo* which is considered to be the best church in Naples, and it is of the same style of architecture as St. Peter's at Rome. The outside is gloomy, but the inside is all marble, including the floor, and is richly decorated. In a side chapel, we saw the body of St. Francis de Geronimo. Thence we went to the church of St. Chiara, a large and magnificent structure, ornamented inside with rich marbles, and it is the burying-place of the Royal Family. It is in this place that the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius takes place twice a year; when the blood which is contained in a phial, is placed near his head, which is carried in procession from the Cathedral. I have witnessed this miracle myself when residing in the city. The manner

of behavior of the Neapolitans may appear strange to foreigners, especially Protestants. When the blood and head are put near to each other on the high altar, in the presence of thousands of people, who assemble in the church on that occasion, they say prayers to St. Januarius to perform the miracle. If it takes a long time to make the liquefaction, the people address him in a friendly and brotherly manner to beseech him to perform the miracle. If the miracle is not performed at all, or, if it is done far later than usual, it is considered by the people of Naples, especially by the Lazzaroni, as a bad omen.

It is edifying to see how they entreat, expostulate, and importune him, and with what faith and confidence! They promise to say more prayers, to recite the rosary two or more times, as if they were bargaining with St. Januarius to perform the miracle at the end of the extra prayers—which, when finished, if the blood still refuses to liquify, they rebuke him as if not fulfilling the bargain. They call him "*Lazzarone, faccia verde*" (blue face), and other injurious names, and use offensive expressions. They even threaten to say no more prayers, to forget him, and so on. Some Protestants once had the imprudence to laugh, but they were glad to get out of the church as quick as possible. The Holy Ghost says, "*Deridetur justi simplicitas*" ("The simplicity of the just is ridiculed"). This is the effect of faith, confidence, and religion—and not of disrespect. The faith of

the Neapolitans is great. Their devotion to the Blessed Virgin and St. Januarius is profound. In times of pestilence, earthquake, and, when threatened by the blazing Vesuvius, they have recourse to St. Januarius, and they have always experienced his beneficial aid. They continue so till the miracle is performed. In the evening, we returned to Giugliano.

Wednesday 30th, I, my brother and sister, with my nephew and niece, went to see Pompeii, Herculaneum, Salerno, Pœstum, Portici, etc. We started in a carriage for Naples ; there we took the cars for Portici, where there is a splendid palace belonging to the Royal Family, which commands a view of Naples and the bay, unsurpassed by any other point. We did not stop at the *Torre del Greco*, nor to the *Torre dell' Annunziata*, because we intended to visit them on our return from Pœstum. At Pompeii, we paid ten francs and were furnished with a guide. The government arrangements are good—every visitor is obliged to give two livres, and nothing else is to be paid ; those two livres include the guide's fee. The melancholy history of Pompeii, a populous and commercial city on the River Sarno, is well known. During an eruption of Vesuvius, in the year of our Lord, 79, in the reign of Titus, this city, together with Herculaneum, Stabiæ, Oplontia, and Teglanum, was buried by a flood of lava and a shower of ashes. The small number of skeletons found shows that the inhabitants had time to escape. Excavations bring to light the fact that Pompeii was first reached by a shower

of hot water, then by ashes and gravel (*lapilli*), which makes the excavations easy and the objects found there well preserved; but, Herculaneum was first reached by a stream of lava which imbedded the city in such a manner that, when cooled, it formed a substance several feet thick harder than a rock.

Pompeii was a city in Campania, twelve miles south-east of Naples. The origin of this city is involved in obscurity; but it is supposed to have been settled by Osci and Pelasgi, prior to the establishment on this coast of the Greek colonies from Eubæa. If this supposition is correct, Pompeii is anterior to *Cumæ*. It is certain that the Samnites took possession of it in 440, B. C., who having revolted, were replaced by Roman colonies eighty years afterwards. Pompeii is considered the most interesting and wonderful antiquity in Italy. Detached buildings and isolated Roman remains are found in many places; but, an entire city, with its walls, streets, public and private buildings furnished with every article of furniture, utensils, tools, food, etc., are discovered nowhere but here. They exhibit at one glance the domestic life of the Romans of 2000 years ago. We see here the dispositions of their houses, and the domestic arrangements of their furniture, utensils, tools, etc. It is a melancholy sight to behold an entire city without inhabitants; a city of the dead. In the streets we could distinguish the ruts in which the wheels of vehicles once rolled, temples with altars to false gods, houses without tenants. The streets are well-paved, straight and

furnished with sidewalks ; fountains not only in the streets but in the porches of private houses. I remarked that many buildings had rooms opening on a porch without a roof as in the East. I have seen many of this description in Egypt and Asia.

The names of many houses have been derived from some painting or some name found on the premises, as, for instance, the villa of Diomede was named from the tomb of M. Arrius Diomedes, on the opposite side of the road. Near the garden gate of the villa were found two skeletons supposed to be the owner and a slave, one holding the keys of the villa, the other a purse containing 100 gold and silver coins and cameos. They were supposed to have been suffocated while endeavoring to find their way out. In a cellar of the villa, twenty-seven female skeletons were found near a door, and the impression of the breast of one of these unfortunate women in a once soft and subsequently hardened mass of ashes. Ornaments for the neck and arms were lying around the floor. There was a tavern, and the name of the landlord written in front of the door ; a stable where rings and chains to fasten horses were found.

We entered Pompeii by the gate of Herculaneum where there is a fine wall of masonry twenty feet high. The Street of the Tombs is the most remarkable on account of the many tombs which line each side of the street. Near this there is a villa supposed to have belonged to Cicero. There

were eating houses, drinking shops, a bakery, and from several surgical instruments found in a house, it is supposed to have been the office or the dwelling-house of a surgeon. In many houses there were found bread, flour, tables set with many dishes containing meats, vegetables, fish and wines. All that could be moved without injury is preserved in the Bourbon Museum, where we saw all these articles. We visited the forum, the theatre, the amphitheatre, and the barracks for the soldiers; a large building capable of containing 5,000 soldiers, called, formerly, the Forum.

At the *Hotel di Diomede* we took dinner, drank the *Lacryma Christi*, and in the afternoon took the cars for Salerno, and purchased some good wine for Pæstum. The scenery here is truly romantic, amongst mountains, groves, gardens and forests. On the right we left the road leading to Sorrento, where, in former days I had visited the grottoes of Ulysses, and the house where Torquato Tasso was born. We passed the handsome village of La Cava, and arrived at Salerno late in evening. We stopped at a good hotel, and made arrangements to start early in the morning for Pæstum. We made provision for dinner, engaged a guide and carriage for thirty francs; the hour for starting was fixed at 5 A. M.

But when I proposed the question whether the guide and vetturino would guarantee us from being robbed, they refused to give any assurance because they had heard of robberies by banditti in that locality every day. I, the guide, and the

vetturino, went together to the police-office for information about the security of the road to Pæstum. We learned that on the previous night the stage had been assaulted by banditti and all the passengers robbed, and even stripped of their clothes, and barely escaped with their lives.

Counselling together with my brother and sister, whether we could venture by taking a number of policemen and *gendarmes* with us, we concluded to give up that expedition. Next to Pompeii, Pæstum is the best antiquity in Italy. The Basilica, the Temple of Neptune, that of Vesta, the Forum and Amphitheatre, are so well preserved that few antiquities can equal them. They are solid and gigantic structures, and standing solitary and alone amongst mountains and wilderness, like the antiquities of Balbec, have an enchanting effect.

Next morning, October 31st, we visited the city, which is very ancient, and badly built; the streets are irregular, and in many places very steep; Salerno was called *Civitas Hippocratica*, and is located in the form of an amphitheatre, on the gulf of the same name. It contains 12,000 inhabitants; its School of Medicine is famous, and was once the nursery of all the medical faculties in Europe. It was founded by the Arabs and Saracens; it was the principal source of modern practical medicine, and its precepts were put in verse, and widely diffused in every part of Europe. We were obliged to leave the carriage and walk some distance, in order to visit the Cathe-

dral, which is a splendid building, and magnificent in its architecture and ornaments. In the subterranean chapel we saw the tomb of Pope Gregory the Great, and were shown the body of the Apostle St. Matthew and the bodies of several martyrs.

The people of Salerno contend that they never gave up the body of the Apostle St. Matthew, but when they were forced to do so, they gave another body instead of that of St. Matthew, which they kept in Salerno, and they show it in the Cathedral, and we venerated it. We went to La Cava in a carriage, and the ride was most charming; the road went winding amongst finely cultivated mountains, whose picturesque views changed at every turn of the road. The day was beautiful, and the romantic scenery makes the ride to La Cava one of the best trips in Italy. We took a kind of grotesque dinner, then we visited the town, and by cars we went to Torre dell'Annunziata. We spent about half an hour to see the church and the city, and engaged a carriage for Herculaneum.

We paid two lire each, according to the regulations of the government; a guide was given us; and each of us was furnished with a candle. We were led by the guide down a dark stairway, and first of all we saw the theatre of Herculaneum, or what was excavated from the hard lava twenty-seven feet under ground. It was a large building capable of containing ten thousand spectators. No other light penetrates this subterranean place except that from a well, the digging of which was

the first discovery of the long buried and forgotten Herculaneum. This discovery led to the finding of Pompeii, Stabiæ, etc. We saw the stage, the orchestra, the consular seats, the proscenium, and the rooms for the actors, and passages leading to them, all being a hard mass of lava. The corridors also with some frescoes are in a good state of preservation. Several precious statues found here have been removed to the Bourbonic museum. Near the sea we saw a part of the harbor, the jail, streets paved with lava, and sidewalks. The baths found here as well as in Pompeii, are magnificent, and have contributed many improvements to our present baths. The houses here, and in Pompeii, were painted and frescoed, and they look as fresh as if the paintings were done yesterday. The colors are bright, and the figures are of superior workmanship. Many statues, bronzes, mosaics, etc., have been removed to the Royal museum at Naples. The houses had windows closed by wooden shutters as in Italy; although some thick panes of glass were found; yet they must have been melted, having been exposed to the exterior action of the heat. Glasses inside the houses were preserved because protected from the exterior heat. It is supposed that the people of Herculaneum had time to fly, and remove their valuables, as not many rich objects, and still fewer skeletons were found. The jail was found open, and no skeletons were in it; it is supposed that the doors had been unclosed to give an opportunity to the prisoners to escape.

Various articles of food, such as corn, barley, almonds, figs, etc., which we saw in Naples, were preserved in their original form. Many papyri manuscripts, and an extensive library, were found rolled, and laying on shelves, but in ashes. A curious machinery has been invented in Naples to unroll them by steam. This wonderful and ingenious machine, invented by a Neapolitan priest, has rendered valuable service to science and literature, by unfolding these papyri. A learned and antiquarian society has been formed in Naples, having members throughout Italy, to interpret them. Several volumes have been printed, and they have given valuable historical information, and still more is expected when the work will be finished.

Emerged from this subterranean city we resumed our seats in the carriage, and rode through Resina, a village of 9,000 inhabitants, principally situated upon the ruins of Herculaneum. Here is made the famous and luscious wine called *Lacryma.* I do not know where and by whom originated the profanation of calling it *Lacryma Christi.* This is not the name by which it is known in Italy ; the first time that I ever heard this profanation was in New England, in America. Although I have resided two years in Sorrento and four in Naples, and many a time have been in these localities, and drank the *Lacryma,* I never heard it called *Lacryma Christi.* The reason why it is called *Lacryma* is, that in making this kind of wine they pick out and select the best

grapes from the bunches of a peculiar kind of grape raised in this locality; they press them enough to let the first drops of juice run from the cracks of the grapes, which drops look like tears, hence the wine is called *Lacryma*, not of Christ, but of the grapes.

We reached Portici, another village of 6,000 inhabitants. Herculaneum lies eighty feet under the streets of this village. It is the favorite residence of the wealthy and aristocratic classes of the Neapolitans in the spring and fall; the palace of the king, and its museum of antiquities, are grand. The public road passes through the yard of the palace. We arrived at Naples in the evening, and took another carriage for Giugliano.

November 1st, Friday, after mass at the usual church, we rode to Naples. I went to see the Very Rev. Father Ferrante, provincial of the Jesuits of Naples. Afterwards we visited the Royal palace, for which we got a written permission. It is a massive, large building, richly ornamented inside, and the chapel in which a clergyman, independent of the archbishop of Naples officiates, is truly splendid. Yet the palace is inferior to that of Caserta. In the afternoon we visited the Catacombs, which are larger and more extensive than those of Rome. They extend for miles and miles, and are not all explored; they are divided into three stories communicating with each other by flights of stairs or by inclined planes. They contain many halls and corridors. We entered by the entrance from the *St. Gennaro de' Poveri*,

the subterranean church used by the primitive Christians ; the altar, the chairs of the bishop and clergy, are all cut from the solid rock, and are in a good state of preservation. The tombs are arranged like shelves on both sides of the corridors, and closed and cemented ; only a few of them have been opened, and bones can be found scattered on the floor. Some stuccos and paintings are yet visible.

Naples has 300 churches. The Cathedral is a fine structure, and the best in Naples ; it was built in 1299, from the design of Niccolò Pisano. The body of St. Januarius lies in the subterranean chapel, and his blood in the splendid chapel of the treasury. In this chapel there is a very valuable treasury, and amongst the other objects are thirty solid silver life-size statues, the preservation of which is due to the Lazzaroni. In the time of the French Revolution, the French pillaged every church in the city ; but when they came to take the treasury of St. Januarius, the Lazzaroni paraded in front of the church, and with stones pelted the French cavalry, which had come to support the pillagers, until both were obliged to retreat. This being a holy day of obligation, the stores and shops in Naples were closed, with the exception of some belonging to the Jews.

Next day, the 2d of November, being All Souls day, after Mass we took two carriages and every one of our families went to the *Campo Santo.* Naples has two *Campo Santos* ; the old one contains 365 cells. One of these cells is opened every

morning in rotation, and the dead bodies of the previous day are buried in it; the cell then is closed, and opened no more for one year. The next morning another is opened, and so on throughout the year. The respect of the Neapolitans for the dead is great. The bodies are never buried before being left for twenty-four hours in the dead-hall, where they are adjusted in such a manner that the least movement of the body touches a spring and rings a bell in the room of the watchman. This arrangement is made in order to find out the revival of any one of them, and thus to prevent some of them from being interred alive. This *Campo Santo* is only used for the interment of persons having no particular tombs, or not belonging to any confraternity. There is a church belonging to this *Campo Santo* in which a chaplain officiates every day.

The new *Campo Santo* is a grand affair, and the best that I have ever seen. There, not only every congregation, confraternity, convent, society, etc., have their own church, but every family that wishes it, has a particular chapel into which, or under which, the corpses are deposited. So that if Naples has 300 churches, the *Campo Santo* has innumerable chapels. But what a sight on All Souls' day! Half Naples was there, not frolicking or promenading, but kneeling on the graves of their relations and friends, praying, shedding tears, reciting beads; while on all altars erected permanently there, which are counted by thousands, the holy sacrifice of Mass is offered. The

chapels and tombs are properly ornamented for the occasion; you hear thousands of voices chanting the office of the dead in the chapels belonging to the different confraternities, and High Masses are sung with great solemnity by hundreds and simultaneously in the different churches, and in many chapels. The pathetic strains of the solemn and beautiful sacred music are heard in the churches and chapels, and the best professors are engaged for the occasion; most of the priests from Naples and surrounding villages are secured many weeks in anticipation, in order to celebrate in the *Campo Santo* on that day, and during the octave, which is kept with the same piety and devotion, although with less solemnity. Millions of candles burn around the graves. It was a sight which I can never forget.

November 3d, Sunday after Mass I, with my brother and sister, rode to Naples, and most of the day was employed in visiting the Bourbonic museum, a description of which would fill volumes. It is sufficient to say that the collection of ancient paintings numbers 2,000 pieces; that of ancient glasses contains 4,000 specimens.

We took great interest especially in examining the curiosities found in Pompeii and Herculaneum, the statues, paintings, mosaics, gold ornaments, precious stones, cameos, furniture, domestic utensils, petrified bread, meat, fishes, sweet-meats, fruits, thousands of varieties of pottery for every use, stoves, cooking apparatus, kettles, frying-pans, etc., surgical instruments, medicines, scales,

weights, nails, screws, letters for stamping bread, etc. Amongst the other objects of curiosity we were shown a shirt of a material called *Salamander*, which does not burn in the fire ; it was found at Pompeii. The world-renowned *Toro Farnese*, a group formed out of a solid block of marble two hundred years before the Christian era, is kept in this museum. It is a wonderful masterpiece of sculpture. This museum is justly considered to be the best, and the largest in the world. We visited the library, which contains about 250,000 volumes, besides 17,000 papyri found in Herculaneum ; and thousands of manuscripts. There is an echo in the library which answers twenty-two times.

November 4th we went to Naples and enjoyed a view of Vesuvius, which was vomiting lava. We could see the stream of fire issuing from the mouth of the mountain, running down the valley. It was dangerous to attempt an ascension of Vesuvius at this time. I had visited it many years before. Vesuvius only represents the remains of a more ancient and larger volcano, and Mount Somma is a part of it. walked on foot with a number of students ; the road to the Hermitage is rough, rugged, full of lava of black burned stone, *scoriæ*, a mixture of iron and ashes, all ejected by the volcano ; then comes a steep ascent after which we reached the crater. It is an awful sight! You hear thundering, bellowing, and cannonading under your feet ; the ground intolerably hot ; smells of brimstone, vapors arising from cracks,

smoke emerging from many holes in the crust. The entire crater, except the centre, is a crust covering the fire burning underneath. If a stick is thrust into one of these holes, it takes fire immediately. It is necessary to follow the guide, because a foot may be put where the crust is not hard enough to bear. When I visited Vesuvius it was casting immense columns of ashes, smoke, and flames, and throwing immense fiery rocks at least four miles high. It was providential that the wind was blowing strong from the opposite side and the materials cast off forming a large parabola, and falling, rolled on the opposite side of the mountain, down into the valley. It requires strong nerves to stand on Mount Vesuvius. The mountain was shaking, quivering, thundering, and roaring; yet we ascended the cone, although with some difficulty.

We did not stop long at the brink of the crater looking down the gaping mouth of the mountain. The aperture was only about thirty feet in diameter, and it varies oftentimes. Sometimes the cone disappears, sometimes it is higher or larger, according to the state or condition of the mountain. Nobody ascending this volcano is expected to descend with sound shoes. When I first saw Vesuvius on returning from America, it did not throw forth smoke. This is the first time that I have witnessed it in that state; and it is a bad omen, and a sign of an approaching eruption.

Now I determined to delay no longer going to Rome, but it was nearly impossible. Garibaldi

had invaded the Roman States; he had cut off all communications, destroyed the railroads on both sides; he had cut the telegraphic communication and no news could be received from Rome, upon which city he was advancing. The mail from upper Italy was obliged to go around the Apennines to Foggia and to Bovino, and from thence by diligence to Naples. Wild rumors of every description and of the worst kind were afloat. I went to the agents of the different lines of railroads and steamboats, and they said that there was no communication with Rome. I went to the American consul and he confirmed it officially. I went to a friend of mine the Marquis Balsamo, who owned a part of the line of steamers to Marseilles which touch at Civita Vecchia, and he told me that a steamer was going on the next day, and although the railroad from Civita Vecchia to Rome was in the hands of the French who were transporting troops to Rome, yet he told me that I could pass. So I availed myself of this opportunity. I advised my sister and brother to remain in Naples till my return in one week. I was obliged to go to the Spanish consul to get a *visé* to my passport in order to proceed to Rome! It cost me over five francs and was of no use. What has Spain to do between Rome and Italy? I only spent my money without profit. An Italian must subject himself to a foreign consul to get a passport to go to another part of Italy? The Roman authorities do not let any person pass with an Italian passport, not even the Italians themselves!

Next day in the afternoon I embarked for Civita Vecchia. It was a pleasant sail along the coast of Naples, Pozzuoli, Cumæ, and passing close to the romantic Islands of Nisita, Ischia and Procida, we rounded Cape Miseno and enjoyed the picturesque views of the famous Lakes Fusaro and Fucino, the *mare morto* (dead sea) and the Elysian fields. I had at one sight as in a panorama all the classic places described by Virgil. It was a glorious evening. The setting sun, the Italian sun! illuminating those classic shores, ruins, temples, cities venerable for their age and once inhabited by a world-renowned people, excited in me sentiments of profound admiration. The glassy waters reflecting as in a mirror those immortal monuments; the sun setting in the full splendor of its beauty and majesty, and vanishing away by degrees; the steamer rapidly plowing the immense azure waters of the Mediterranean, the objects retreating and growing fainter and still fainter, presented to me a vivid history of their transient glory and bygone existence. It was the image of *Time!* It explained to me better than in books the fleeting condition of human things! The next morning we arrived in Civita Vecchia. There I saw many French men-of-war, steamers disembarking artillery and cavalry, and the harbor was all animation, landing troops. We passed several hours waiting before we got permission from the police to leave the steamer. We became weary of this delay and it caused us to lose the train for Rome.

We were obliged to send ashore our passports and after waiting a long time an officer came on board and gave us a written permission to be presented to the police. We disembarked, our valises were examined by the custom-house officers and on presenting the written permission I received my passport and obtained leave to enter the city. The price for landing was *mezza lira.* I sent my valise to the station for Rome for another half lira.

Although the train for Rome was to leave at 2:30 P. M., the time appeared to me so long that I did not know what to do with myself. I visited the fortifications and the harbor, built by the Emperor Trajano and improved by Urban VIII., and the French troops. The city is well built but does not afford much interest to the traveler. The French were repairing the massive walls and fortifying the harbor, and patching the old fortifications. In the afternoon I left for Rome. The cars are the most miserable that I have ever seen. I had a second class ticket and I thought that I was in the third class ; the seats had no cushions and looked to me inferior to the third class cars in any other country. I complained of it saying they were third class cars and I was told by an officer that they had been so for eight years. "Still worse," I replied, "if in eight years there has been no improvement there is a poor prospect for the future."

We passed through a marshy land showing evidently that the place is not healthy. I saw Palo

and some fine villas; we coasted the famous Tiber and about 7 P. M. we arrived in Rome. I drove to the *Hotel de Minerva* and made a bargain with the landlord. The room was not convenient, but every place was occupied by French officers and soldiers. I learned that Rome was under martial law.

CHAPTER XII.

ROME—RETURN TO NAPLES.

ROME — ST. PETER'S — CARDINAL BARNABÒ—SCALA SANTA — ST. JOHN LATERAN —ST. MARIA MAGGIORE — AUDIENCE WITH THE POPE — PIUS IX. — KING OF NAPLES—REV. CHRISTIAN KAUDER—RETURN TO NAPLES—POZZUOLI—AMPHITHEATRE—CUMÆ—ACHERUSIA—AVERNO—GROTTO OF THE SYBIL—BATHS OF NERO—MISENO—BALÆ—RETURN TO NAPLES.

NEXT morning, Friday, November 8th, I went to the Gesù to see Father Sopranis and Rt. Rev. Father Beckx, the General of the Jesuits. I visited Cardinal Patrizi, the Vicar of Rome, and obtained permission to say Mass on the tomb of the Holy Apostles Sts. Peter and Paul in the subterranean chapel erected by Constantine the Great. I was kindly allowed to say Mass there every day during my stay in Rome. A favor seldom granted, and I was told by Monsignor —— the *Sacrestano Maggiore*, that to say Mass on that altar they must generally apply weeks before they can celebrate only once. I left my cassock in the Sacristy of St. Peter.

Rome, the centre of Christendom for 2,500 years has been connected with nearly every great and memorable event that has happened in the world.

Rome was founded in the year 754, B.C., according to Varo, by Romulus and Remus, who made a colony from *Alba Longa*—or, I would say, that Rome proper was not entirely new, but it was rather an extension of *Pallantium*, built by Greek colonists on the Capitoline Mount, which perhaps was in existence in the time of Romulus, who did not give the name to Rome, but probably derived his name from the city. Rome was called after the river which was anciently called *Rumon*, as Servius informs us. The city at present numbers 190,000 inhabitants, including 9000 Jews, and it barely occupies half of the ground inclosed by the walls of ancient Rome. It is divided by the Tiber into two unequal parts, and is about fifteen miles in circumference. The streets are narrow, except the Corso, but the churches, palaces, squares, and fountains are magnificent; which, together with the antiquities and ruins, proclaim the ancient majesty and the present greatness of the city called once the "*City of the Seven Hills.*" It is entered by sixteen gates; ten of which have been walled up, and the French have closed four of them, and the two remaining are encumbered by ditches and breastworks for cannons. On account of the martial law there were only a few, if any travelers; but the city was full of French soldiers, who were to be met everywhere, and had quarters in every convent, college, etc. At the *Gesú* there were three companies. The Basilica of St. Paul's was occupied by French troops; every square had cannon and

soldiers. Public buildings, museums, etc. were closed; citizens were required to retire before dark; all monuments, as the Coliseum, Campidoglio, etc. were watched by a guard; so, not finding my stay in Rome very pleasant, I determined to leave the city as soon as possible.

My first visit, of course, was to St. Peter's—the pride of Rome and of the entire world—the most beautiful, the most conspicuous, and the largest temple on earth. The design is by Bramante, and continued in succession by Sangallo, Peruzzi, and Michael Angelo, who erected its immense dome, which is 450 feet high. Maderno finished the front and the two towers. The first stone was laid by Pope Julius II., on the 18th of April, 1506, and it was finished in 1614. It cost $50,000,000. The church is in the form of a Latin cross. The nave is 607 feet long and the length of the transept 444 feet. It occupies the site of Nero's circus, on the spot where St. Peter was martyred—that rock on which Christ built His church. Storms of heresies, persecutions, infidelities, and vandalism have swept over it. The gates of hell have endeavored to beat it flat to the ground. She sits majestic on the seven hills, reigning over the whole world; she is still the chair of Peter, the humble fisherman.

Emerging from the street, I was attracted by the beautiful square, ornamented in the centre by an Egyptian obelisk, having on each side a fountain. In front it is surrounded by a magnificent colonnade by Bernini, supported by four rows of

columns, and united to the church. On the entablature there are 192 statues, each eleven and a half feet high. The height of these colonnades is sixty-four feet. A long flight of marble steps leads to the porch, which is four hundred and thirty-nine feet long, thirty-seven feet wide, and sixty-two feet high; and, in approaching it, I gazed with amazement at the magnificent mosaic of Giotto representing *La Navicella* (the ship), and under the portico, opposite the great door, is the great bas-relief, depicting Christ commanding Peter to feed his sheep and lambs—a grand masterpiece of the celebrated Bernini. On entering the church, my eyes and mind became enchanted by the grandeur, harmony, and proportions of this august temple in which, immense as it is, I could distinguish all the parts without confusion or difficulty; and, when each object is examined apart, every person is astonished at the magnitude of this temple.

But the mind and heart become attracted by the hundred shining lamps that, day and night, blaze upon the confession or tomb of the Holy Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul. Thither I directed my steps and, prostrate at the *Limina Apostolorum*, I offered my humble prayers—but the sincere prayers of a pilgrim who, although born in Italy, yet hailed from the distant shores across the ocean. My heart throbbed as I reflected on the great grace and happiness granted to me by the Almighty of kneeling on that spot where so many good Christians and po-

tentates desired to prostrate themselves and could not! How many saints, kings, and men despised by the world have knelt there!

After some time spent in prayer and meditation, in silence and alone, I contemplated the immense canopy of the high altar, supported by four twisted columns of Corinthian bronze; that sublime dome, the boldest work of modern architecture. To attain a correct idea of the immense size of the Church of St. Peter, one must ascend the dome, from the top of which, looking down at persons walking on the pavement, you can scarcely realize them to be human beings, so diminutive are they in appearance. The ball that supports the cross at the top of the dome, is capable of accommodating sixteen persons. Opposite the high altar on the wall, is the chair of St. Peter supported by four colossal marble statues of superior workmanship—St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. John Chrysostom, and St. Gregory Nazianzen, two Latin and two Greek doctors.

The magnificent mosaics, tombs, paintings, frescoes, etc. are of great value. The chapel where the clergy officiate, and that where the Blessed Sacrament is kept, are large churches by themselves, and immensely rich in valuable decorations. While I was gazing at that wonderful and majestic dome, a miracle of human skill, a colossal structure of 417 feet in circumference, elevated to the very top of the church, and resting upon four huge pillars, I perceived round its base, in letters of gold, which can be distinctly read at

such a great height, the following inscription: "*Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram ædificabo Ecclesiam meam et portæ inferi non prævalebunt adversus eam*," (Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it).

Next day, after Mass, on the tomb of the Apostles, I visited Cardinal Alexander Barnabò, Prefect of the Propaganda. He received me as a father receives his son; he embraced me, and bade me be seated by him, and I had a long conversation with him. I had the pleasure of visiting him very often during my stay in Rome. He is an intelligent, well-educated, learned and pious gentleman; amiable in his conversation, winning, without affectation or ostentation, and so simple and humble that I must confess to have seldom met with such a personage, occupying so a high position; in a few words he is a holy man, a learned scholar, a zealous and wise cardinal. I presented to him some of my Indian books, of which, not having sufficient copies, I promised to send a few more.

On this day I had determined to visit the Basilica of St. Paul, but I was obliged to give up the idea because the French troops had taken possession of it, and allowed no one to approach it. It is the site on which the Apostle St. Paul was buried; it is in an unhealthy situation, and four miles out of the city. The first church was erected by Constantine, the Great, at the request of Pope Sylvester. The Emperor Theodosius re-

built it, but it was completed and adorned by the Popes. It was burnt in one night on July 15th, 1823, by a fire caused by the carelessness of a workman who was repairing the roof. This Basilica has been rebuilt. I saw, and ascended on my knees, the *Scala Sancta*, whose steps are those by which Our Saviour descended from the Prætorium of Pilate to be crucified.

Stains of blood are yet visible through the case of wood which covers them. They were brought from Jerusalem, and I saw the place, in the house of Pilate, at Jerusalem, from which they were removed, and brought to Rome. I measured the length of the steps, and they exactly correspond to the length of the sockets from which they were displaced. I visited the Basilica of St. John Lateran, built by Constantine the Great; it is the parochial church of the Popes, where their coronations take place; hence it takes precedence of all other churches, and is called "*Omnium urbis et orbis Ecclesiarum mater et caput.*" ("the head and mother of all churches of the city and of the world.") It contains several pillars of granite, *verde antique*, and the Twelve Apostles in marble, life-size, statues by Rusconi and Lecros. In this venerable Basilica five Œcumenical Councils have been celebrated; the first in 1123, to end the quarrels about the Investitures, and for the Crusades; the second in 1139, for the reunion of the Greeks, and against the errors of the Albigenses; the third in 1179, about discipline, and against the errors of the times; the fourth in 1215, against

the same errors; the fifth in 1511, against the Council of Pisa. In the afternoon I visited the church of St. Maria Maggiore, the nave of which is supported by forty Ionic pillars of Grecian marble taken from a temple of *Juno Lucina*. The High Altar was an antique porphyry sarcophagus; the ceiling was gilded with the finest gold brought from Peru. The richness of marble monuments, mosaics, frescoes, etc., in this Basilica is grand and interesting. I saw the manger in which the infant Jesus was laid; it has been conveyed here from Bethlehem.

I was invited to say Mass in the chapel of St. Ignatius, once his room, where he died. I saw some very valuable relics; amongst others were the umbrella used by St. Francis Xavier in Japan, and his blood in a phial. I did not learn how they got that blood. In one of my visits to the Cardinal Barnabò, I mentioned my desire of seeing his Holiness. He told me that the Pope had heard of my arrival in Rome. Through the kindness of his Eminence I obtained permission to have a private audience with His Holiness. I was to be introduced at 11 A. M., and immediately after me the King and Queen of Naples were to have an audience. It happened, however, that on that day the French General and staff were to be presented to the Pope in the room appointed for such ceremonies; hence we were delayed over one hour. We waited in the anticamera, because our audience was to take place in the private room of his Holiness.

This afforded me the pleasure of observing Pius IX. passing before me through the anticamera, while going to see the French officers; and then returning again to his private room.

He was dressed in a white cassock, accompanied by his attendant Cardinals, Monsignores, *Guardia Nobile* (guard of Nobles) and Swiss guard, etc. As I was very close to him I knelt; he looked at me, and with a smile, accompanied by an inclination of his head, he gave me his blessing. What a superhuman countenance! Nothing worldly in his demeanor!! That affectation, endeavoring to cover an interior pride, and force an appearance of being something which does not exist, and which betrays emptiness, selfishness, low breeding. and a position in society above their condition, as we observe continually amongst so many little men occupying high places or positions, was not to be found in that glorious personage. Holiness, piety, benevolence, wisdom, intelligence, and peace of mind, were marked in his face; his eyes penetrating and full of expression, but betraying no shrewdness or macchiavellism, and his tall stature bearing no marks of old age or of stooping; his steps natural, easy and dignified, made on me a great impression of the glorious Pius IX.

At the Vatican, Monsignor Pacca requested me to allow the King and Queen of Naples to enter before me, which I granted, not only with great pleasure, but I felt it to be my duty not to make their Majesties wait for me. I introduced myself to them in the Yankee fashion. I was not

personally acquainted with them, but I was with Ferdinand II. his father, the Queen, the *Regina Madre*, the prince of Calabria, and his other brother, who died, and at whose funeral I was present, and I remember the following curious circumstance which happened on that occasion.

He had led a very dissipated life, which was the cause of his death; yet he died repentant and made a good death. In the funeral procession at which there was an immense display of royal grandeur, the streets were lined with thousands of troops, the bands performed funeral marches, and all the confraternities and religious communities were present. At the end of the procession came the royal clergy, whose canons and dignitaries, robed in their magnificent vestments, holding lighted torches and singing psalms, formed two lines preceding the royal corpse, which was covered by a magnificent gold embroidered velvet cover. A large hog intruded itself between the two lines of the canons before the corpse, and walked with them in the procession. The clergy, feeling ashamed to chase it, left it undisturbed till it attracted the attention of the people, who made remarks about it. Some soldiers broke the ranks and tried to hunt it out, but to no purpose; the hog, running up and down, would not leave the procession till after a long time; at last it disappeared. Whose hog it was, how it got there, we could never learn. In Naples there are no hogs, cows, poultry, etc., running through the streets. I wish to make a few remarks in regard to the King of Naples, Ferdinand II., who has been much

abused and slandered, especially by Protestants and infidels, and revolutionary newspapers. I was well acquainted with him, and that personally. He was just, benevolent, charitable, religious, and the father of his people, no matter what has been said and written against him. They are all slanders and lies. He loved the Neapolitan people, and the people loved him ; and many would do anything to restore the Bourbon family to the throne of Naples. Innumerable monuments of his piety, religion, munificence, and benevolence throughout the kingdom, are sufficient proof of what I have asserted.

Three weeks before my arrival in Rome, the King of Naples, and his Queen, presented themselves to the Pope, asking leave to quit Rome and go to Austria, saying that he was sure that a revolution would break out in Rome in a few days.

"The people," said he, "will respect the person of your Holiness, but I shall fall a victim."

"Be not afraid;" replied the Pope, "in a few days there will be assistance sent to us and there will be no more danger."

The King did not feel satisfied, and the Pope offered to him and his family an apartment in the Vatican, to remain there till the danger was over, and so the King and Queen of Naples, and their family, dwelt in the Vatican for one week.

Pius IX. remembered that when an exile from Rome he accepted an asylum in Gaeta from the King of Naples, the father of the present king. It was after midnight when a cardinal, in disguise,

arrived in Naples, whither he had been sent by the Pope. He drove to the king's palace, and asked an audience with the king at that hour, as he had a very important matter to communicate. The audience was granted, and he made the king acquainted with the fact that the Pope was in Gaeta.

"Up!" he cried to the Queen, in that good nature and faith of his noble heart, "up! prepare linen and everything necessary for the Pope; he is in Gaeta, and he must be with us."

The Queen remarked that everything would be ready for the morning.

"Morning!" said he, "it must be ready to-night!"

"But," she replied, "the Major-domo, the waiting *damicelle*, must be asleep."

"No sleep to-night! The Pope is in Gaeta, and nobody must sleep till we are there."

Early in the morning the king, queen, and other noblemen were in Gaeta to welcome the Pope. The Pope, under an assumed name, had taken up his residence in the palace of the governor in Gaeta. When the king arrived thither he asked the governor,—

"Where is the Pope?"

"The Pope," replied the governor, "I do not know; in Rome."

"*Gran balordo*," (great blockhead,) exclaimed the king; "he is here."

The king and queen met him, kissed his feet, welcomed him, and asked him to accept either his

palace in Naples, or that of Portici, or Caserta. The Pope preferred to remain in Gaeta, and the king gave him the disposition of the entire city of Gaeta.

This is that King of Naples so much abused by bigoted and ignorant strangers. I can testify that nearly all the Neapolitans are mourning after him, and the government of Victor Emmanuel is aware of it. The Bishop of Gallipolis related to me that during my stay in this city his palace had been entered and searched by the police without any notice. They were looking after correspondence between him, or his people, and the ex-king of Naples; but as there was none, none was found. The good bishop applied to the proper authorities for a redress of this insult and violation of right, but to no purpose. This is freedom under the Italian government!!

He was the father of his people, the friend of the poor, the supporter of religion, the comforter of the afflicted; but the victim of secret societies, which he detested and tried to keep at a distance from his people. He was loved by his subjects. Now his son is an exile from Naples, and has an asylum in Rome. How wonderful are the ways of God! How changeable the circumstances of this world!

Monsignor Pacca, was the *maggior-domo* of the Pope, a prelate of distinction and intelligence, and nephew of the great Cardinal Pacca, who accompanied Pope Pius VII. to prison in France. As I had the pleasure of being personally acquainted with that cardinal, I felt happy to see his nephew,

with whom I had several conversations, and at the *salle d'attendance*, I showed him some of my Indian books, and the Abnaki history, which I was to present to His Holiness. He exhibited them to all the cardinals, prelates, and attendants, to whom I was requested to explain them; they were much pleased, and some of the books were well used up before I had the honor to present them to the Pope.

Here I admired the benevolence, easiness and piety in the cardinals, prelates, nobles and attendants in the household of the Pope. I stopped at the Vatican and conversed with them for more than two hours, and I found nothing of that worldliness, ostentation and pretension which I found in some petty persons in other places. And how could they be otherwise, having continually before their eyes Pius IX.! He had infused into them his simplicity, dignity, holiness and venerable deportment. How true is the language of the poet: "*Regis ad exemplum, totus componitur orbis.*" (Horace.) "All people are formed according to the example set them by the king;" that is by their superiors.

I was ushered into the presence of His Holiness in his private room by Monsignor Pacca. The Pope hardly allowed me to make the usual genuflexions. He did not let me kiss his foot. I was not worthy to kiss the foot of the Vicar of Christ; but I kissed the ground and the thought of being in the presence of him who was the vicegerent of Christ on earth, of him who had received the command to feed me, made me so nervous

and confused, that I had no courage to rise from my knees. I wanted to talk to him in that position but he did not allow it, but bade me stand before him face to face. I offered to him my books which he accepted with pleasure. I was surprised to see him so calm and tranquil while Rome was under martial law, invaded by the Garibaldians, full of French troops, and rumors of battles, prisoners, explosions of mines, and the reign of terror existing in the Pontifical States, and within the walls of Rome; yet His Holiness was calm! The terrified Romans were all shut up, though several had offered themselves to the police to patrol the city and assist them to preserve order. The bold revolutionists were threatening to blow up the city which was ruined at several places. The French themselves were afraid to pass through some localities fearing an explosion. The quarters of the Zouaves had been blown up by a mine a few days before and a number of them were killed; yet the Pope was calm, and not only entertained no fear, but was pleasant and tranquil, sitting at his desk with papers; looking at my books, attempting to read them, laughing at those big long words, and questioning me about the Indians. The calmness of the Pope surprised me. Again he opened my books and commenced to read the Indian language: he asked me to read for him, and after reading a few lines he smiled and said, "*Linguam, quam non noveram, audivi.*" ("I heard the language, that I knew not.") He inquired about my Missions among the Indians, he asked of my visit to my

family, and my pilgrimage to the Holy Land and gave his Papal benediction to me, to every member of my family in Italy, and to all my missions. He expressed his desire to see me on my return to America. I remarked that I would follow another route. "Will you not return to Rome again before going to America?" the Holy Father said, with surprise. I replied, "If your Holiness wishes I shall return, but if there is any command for me, Cardinal Barnabò has my directions." "That will do," said the Pope. I attempted again to kiss his foot, and making the usual genuflexions I retired.

This is the Vicar of Our Lord, the Head of the Church on earth, to whom all cardinals, patriarchs, bishops and priests of the world owe obedience. He is their superior, from him they receive their jurisdiction. He is the pillar of truth. To him alone was given the commission to feed his sheep and lambs, bishops and laymen. To him alone were given the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven and for him alone Christ prayed that his faith might never fail.

By particular permission, I visited the library of the Vatican, the Sistine Chapel, the *Loggie* of Raphael, the museum, statues of the Vatican, etc. I visited also the Pantheon, now called the *Rotunda*, the Temple of Vesta, the Forum, the Palace Borghese, Monte Cavallo, etc. The Coliseum, guarded by a number of French soldiers, is a grand affair; it was capable of containing 87,000 spectators and standing room for 20,000

more. I venerated that spot imbued with the blood of so many martyrs! I knelt on that holy ground, and while I was immersed in profound meditation on the many thousands of Christian victims devoured by wild beasts, or compelled to fight in order to amuse a crowd of cruel and barbarous spectators, I considered how the gates of Heaven had been opened on that locality to receive the souls of those martyrs who laid down their lives for the Catholic faith on that spot. I was notified by a guard that the sun had set and that I was no longer allowed to remain there on account of the martial law.

I hurried into the city. In the evening I went to the *Trinità de Pellegrini* to see my friend Rev. Christian Kauder, a German by birth, who had labored many years among the *Micmac Indians* of Nova Scotia. I learned from Cardinal Barnabò that he was in Rome: he commissioned me to see whether I could persuade him to return amongst the Indians to whom he has done an immensity of good. How anxious and earnest is that illustrious and eminent prelate about the poor Indian! What care and interest he has for the missionaries laboring among them! I saw Father Kauder; how pleased he was to see me in Rome. We talked together for a long time about our Indians and Missions. He told me that being about sixty-two years of age and in bad health, he did not feel able to encounter the snow storms of Nova Scotia, nor could he stand the hard, long and severe winters of the North. He would re-

turn in the spring if an assistant were given to him, otherwise he would retire to Strasbourg where the bishop would give him a place. He had spent for the Indians every cent he had received; now he was penniless in Rome, but Cardinal Barnabò and two other cardinals had taken every care of him. They had provided him with money and a lodging in the *Trinità de' Pellegrini*. How hard is the condition of missionaries in America! After having spent their best years, their health, and every cent, for their missions and church, in old age and sickness they find themselves homeless and penniless, at the mercy of the providence of God.

Father Kauder related to me that two days after the explosion at the Zouave quarters he had been arrested while passing by that place. He was in the habit of passing through that locality and every stranger and curious looking person was watched by the police. His personal attire excited the attention of the Zouaves. The explosion took place just half an hour after he had passed by that quarter. He was taken on suspicion. Two days after passing again that way he was arrested and many questions asked. He said that he was a missionary from America, a Catholic Priest; but this answer instead of clearing him complicated his case. They said that priests did not wear that kind of dress, and did not wear the beard; he was detained till he referred to Cardinal Barnabò and to another one. When he was released they apologized, saying, that several Garibaldians had

dressed themselves like priests and monks, and committed murders and other outrages, and that several Zouaves had been assassinated by persons who were disguised as priests and monks.

I spent many hours on the *Campidoglio* but every department was shut up. There were few strangers in Rome, hence the city was dull, but the French troops kept it very lively. I visited several stores but the articles they had, were all from Naples. I was told that during the *Centenarium of St. Peter*, thousands and thousands of dollars entered Rome, but the most of it went to France and Switzerland to pay for articles imported. The Romans cheat as much as the Yankees. I purchased many medals of Pius IX. and I was assured that they were pure silver; but I found afterwards that they were brass washed with silver; perhaps they had been deceived themselves. These articles could be manufactured in Rome, but the Romans live by the strangers who visit the city, and do not apply themselves to commerce and arts; for this reason the business was quite dull, and the people complained very much about hard times.

Rome has always been and is now the seat of learning, fine arts, music and architecture. The great men of Rome are too numerous to mention. Rome has always been the capital of the world, and it will always be to the end of time. The enemies of Rome (that is of the Christian Religion,) may promulgate prophesies to suit the ears of those who like to be deceived. Rome is the Eternal City!

The railway to Naples having been repaired, I had a Roman *visé* put on my passport, for which I paid five *lire*, and returned to Naples, and found my sister and brother at the *Hotel di Milano*. We took a carriage and returned to Giugliano.

We made an excursion to Pozzuoli and its antiquities. After Mass we started in two carriages; the weather at first threatened rain, but it soon cleared up, and the sun shone out in all its full majesty. The ride was pleasant, amongst the ruins of Roman buildings, vineyards, and fine villas. We arrived at Pozzuoli, the ancient *Puteoli*, a city famous in the annals of Rome.

We saw the mole built by the Emperor Caligula, when he ordered a chain to be cast into the sea to enslave it.

This is the place where St. Paul landed after his shipwreck on the island of Malta. We visited the amphitheatre, which is the largest and best preserved in existence, It is 480 by 380 feet. We went on the arena where the Emperor Nero fought. Under this amphitheatre we visited the prisons in which St. Januarius had been confined. What a sight! to see the well-preserved dens of lions, tigers, panthers, and other wild animals. We fancied ourselves gazing at those ferocious beasts grinding the bones of the martyrs, tearing their limbs, and sucking their blood! We imagined we heard their terrific roar, which amused thousands of spectators and made the eyes of Christians turn toward heaven. The different stories of corridors were intact; the cells of gladia-

tors, the rooms of officers, of the keepers of the animals were also perfect. We visited the spot where St. Januarius suffered martyrdom, and saw the stone on which he was beheaded ; it is yet sprinkled with blood, which becomes liquid at the same moment that the blood of the martyr becomes liquid in the city of Naples.

At this place we took a guide, and provided ourselves with torches. We visited the Temple of the Nymphs, and that of Neptune ; we saw the ruins of the famous villa of Cicero, where he composed his immortal Academics, and where the Emperor Adrian died ; it is called now the *school of Cicero.* Many of the great men of antiquity studied in these localities where they had charming villas. We rode to *Cumæ*, of which city nothing remains except the grand, massive gate called now *Porta Felice*, some walls, and one street. This city was built about 1030 years, B. C., by Chalcis of Eubœa, and peopled by Asiatic Cumæans, and by Phocians, the oldest colony of the Greeks in Italy. The Cumæans founded Naples and Messina (*Zancle*,) in Sicily, 420, B. C. Cumæ was taken by the Campanians, then by the Romans, and destroyed by them in 1207, A. D.

We climbed to the top of the hill where that opulent and proud city once stood, and enjoyed the enchanting view of the country and the sea. The place where Æneas landed, the temple of Apollo, the light-house of Dædalus, were all before our eyes. Excavations in Cumæ have made some very important discoveries of three distinct

races. Many tombs have been found containing, not only skeletons but arms, jewels, pictures, vases, and other utensils. They have three strata of tombs. The uppermost stratum contains the narrow graves of the Romans. The tombs of the early Greek settlers are found in the stratum beneath that of the Romans, and deeper still, some fifty feet below the surface, the original sepulchres of an unknown race, which must be the Italian inhabitants before the Greek colonies.

The vetturinos notified us of the custom of tasting the famous Cumæan wine; it was brought and we found it superb; and the drivers, smacking their lips, said: "Very good." We passed the ancient *Literum*, the residence and burial-place of Scipio Africanus. We saw the half-extinct volcano of Solfatara, (Forum Vulcani, Campi Phlegræi,) from which constantly issues a column of smoke. Brimstone can be seen in every crevice, and the suffocating air can be felt for some distance.

We came in sight of Monte Nuovo, a mountain vomited by a volcano in one night, which swallowed up at the same time the entire village of Tripergole on the shore. We saw Lake Fusaro, famous for its oysters, but which are now all destroyed; and it was the *Acherusia* or *Acheron* of the ancients, (Acherusia Palus of Virgil,) from which lake, according to the poets, the souls of the just were ferried by Charon, stationed on this lake, to the Elysian Fields, by paying the toll. The *Elysian Fields* are, to this day, delicious vineyards and gardens, always verdant. The *More Morto* (Dead Sea), lies

a little beyond the *Acheron*. It is the ancient *Stygian Pool* or lake. In the same night that Monte Nuovo was vomited by a volcano, the neighboring Lucrine lake, whose oysters and fish were the delight of the ancient gourmands, was almost entirely drained, and reduced to a small pond.

Through a recently-discovered tunnel, longer than the Grotto of Posilipo, our guides preceding us with lighted torches, we reached the shores of the Lake of *Avernus*, the Hell of the Poets. This lake is of an oval form, four miles in circumference, and is the crater of an extinct volcano. Its pestilential waters have lost the poisonous miasmas on account of a canal, cut by the Emperor Agrippa, connecting this pool with the lake, or Pool *Lucrino*. We approached the Grotto of the Sibyl, who had her residence here, but her home was in Cumæ of Asia. We found a number of men ready to take us on their shoulders, and so we entered the Grotto and formed a long procession, preceded and accompanied with torches. They and the men who carried us on their shoulders, were up to their knees in water. We were landed in a small-sized chamber on a stone seat. These were the Sibyl's baths ; this chamber had several feet of water in it. Here I heard my brother quarreling with the man who was to take him on his shoulders ; he was afraid, and refused to come ; but I shouted to him and he allowed himself to be carried on the shoulders of Charon. From this we entered another chamber, which is a duplicate

of this Grotto; here Æneas, conducted by the Sibyl, offered sacrifices to the infernal gods. We admired the fine frescoes of this second Grotto. Vines with grapes and other ornaments were in a good state of preservation, although there is no light. We found the place unpleasant on account of soot and foul air. We were shown a large stairway by which the Sibyl descended from her abode. This abode has not yet been dug up; it is inside of this Grotto, and ascends to a considerable height.

We paid the local guides, and went to the Steam-Baths of Nero (called *Stufe di Nerone.*) They consist of several corridors hewn in the rock, and terminating in a fountain of boiling water. We could not venture to go to see this hot spring on account of the great heat and steam which issue from the boiling water. It was too suffocating. The guide went to the spring and drew a bucket of water, in which he cooked some eggs, which we eat. There is a room for sick persons, who have to make use of these hot baths.

Next we proceeded to Baja; where, ordering a dinner to be ready in two or three hours, we started for Miseno. We passed the Castle of Baja on the top of a hill; the tomb of Agrippa, and the ruin of the villa of Lucullus, or at least the foundations of it, which are now visible under the sea. In this place, the Emperor Nero—that infamous monster of numberless iniquities—that brute of which the earth was never so much disgraced in supporting—plotted the death of his

mother, the wicked Agrippina, who was murdered at her villa—*Lucrino.* We entered one of the prisons of Nero, called the *Cento Camerelle* (hundred little chambers). They are a number of grottoes under ground, opening into each other, and forming a kind of labyrinth. We arrived at Miseno, which was the principal naval station of the Romans. It was there that Pliny died—suffocated while supported by two slaves; he was contemplating and studying the famous eruption of Vesuvius, that buried Pompeii, Herculaneum, and other cities, so foul and sulphurous was the atmosphere. Miseno is the site of an ancient city.

We visited the *Piscina Mirabile*, an immense reservoir constructed by Augustus and other emperors to supply with water the fleet stationed at Miseno. We descended by a flight of steps into this wonderful cistern, 125 feet long, 65 feet wide, and 20 feet high. This is divided into five corridors and many arcades, supported by forty-eight huge pilasters. It is constructed of brick covered with a crust formed by deposits made by water, harder than marble.

We returned to Baja and took our dinner. We had some fresh fish from the sea of Baja, meat, maccaroni, wine and fruits; and the whole for the entire party, including the vetturinos, cost seventeen francs! Baja, or *Baiæ* was once the most lovely and the most charming spot that ever existed on the face of the earth. The favorite abode of the Ambubaiæ and the Balatrones, was a cherished resort of the wealthy Romans where

they had their country-seats. Horace said, "*Nullus in Orbe sinus Bajis prælucet amenis.*" The abundant gifts which nature has showered over this soil made Baja one of the most beautiful spots on this planetary orb. These abundant gifts of nature, increased and improved by the skill of man, made this locality the residence of poets, orators, heroes and emperors. The great and learned had their villas here. Julius Cæsar had a palace here, where Marcellus was poisoned by Livia. Here was the villa of Piso where the conspiracy against Nero was matured. The Romans when here thought themselves entitled to lay aside the restraint of their republican hypocrisy, and give themselves up without shame to every kind of pleasure and voluptuousness ; and this charming spot was brought into such ill-repute that Propertius was impatient to call his mistress away from it ; and Cicero in his defence of M. Cœlius thought it necessary to apologize for defending a man who had lived at Baja ; and Martial says, that the Roman matrons arrived here with the reputation of Penelope and left with that of Helen. This place is now deserted, unhealthy, and interesting to the stranger only for the ruins of the old baths which are shown by ignorant and deceitful *Ciceroni* as ancient temples ; many credulous travelers are grossly imposed upon by this set of rascals. After dinner we drove to Giugliano through Naples.

We took our leave of Giugliano and departed for Naples where we remained some days at the

Hotel di Milano. We saw the Theatre of *San Carlo* which opened just at this time, and that of *Del Fondo.*

We made another excursion. We saw the tomb of Virgil situated on the mountain of Posilipo. Nothing now remains of this once finely ornamented building except only the mason work of ancient style in the form of a dome. The Grotto of Posilipo excavated in the rock is about one mile long and twenty feet wide. It is so old that it is mentioned by Strabo and Seneca. Posilipo, or Pausilippo, is said to owe its name to the effect of its beauty in lulling the sense of grief (*ἀπο της παυσεως της λυπης.*) We drove to the *Grotto del Cane*, a famous spring of azote gas which makes a dog go into convulsions and die. A light becomes extinguished at the distance of three feet from the surface. In returning the vetturino upset the carriage and every one of us kissed the ground, but thanks to God nobody was hurt.

The next day we took leave of our numerous relations and friends, and we left for Gallipolis where we arrived in one day and a half.

CHAPTER XIII.

ITALY AND THE ITALIANS.

ITALY has very justly been styled the garden of Europe. Nature has showered, in great abundance, its most precious and pleasant gifts upon this land and its inhabitants. Its cloudless sky spreads a perpetual brilliancy upon the great works of nature and art, which are visible at every step on this favored soil. Excepting a small part of the Campania and Tuscany the air is salubrious. The vegetable kingdom is luxuriant; the soil brings forth, in abundance, all the productions of every part of Europe. The fields yield three crops in the year; the sheep lamb twice a year, as Virgil has remarked in the Georgics, "*bis fœtantes oves.*" There are fig-trees that bear fruit twice in the season; and vines that give grapes three times in one year. I say nothing of oranges, lemons, and lime trees, which yield a fresh crop every three months. Italy stands in no need of importation except of a very few articles from the East Indies, which can also be raised in the southern part of the country. The necessaries and luxuries of life are so abundant that a great portion can be spared for other coun-

tries. Italy has always occupied the first place in Europe for commerce, as history tells us, especially before the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, and after that, the discoveries in the New World by a Columbus, a Cabot and a Vespucci, are a sufficient proof.

This brings me to an observation of the honesty and justice of the Italians, who have never taken away from the proper owners one foot of the land discovered by them. They have not stripped the poor Americans of their native soil as every other nation of Europe has most shamefully done. Italy, the discoverer of America, has no possessions in the New World.

On several occasions I have heard it remarked in this country, that in Italy there is not found such an abundance of meat as in the United States. Upon what ground such an assertion was based, I am at a loss to discover. Perhaps it is that American travelers in Italy have observed that the Italians do not use meat at all times. The mild climate of Italy does not require much animal food ; moreover, the Italians, being Catholic, abstain from meat all Fridays and Saturdays during the year, besides Lent, the Ember days, Advent, etc. The Italian is not enslaved to animal food. God has created an immense variety of fruits, vegetables, and fishes to feed mankind. The Italians like them ; they use meat with moderation and want it, but they do not depend on meat alone. It may surprise the reader when I say that, in Italy there is more meat than in America. Where

do you find fresh meat in America? Only in large cities. Go into the country, in villages, and you must feed on corned beef and salt pork. I have been for many years living in counties where only occasionally I could have some veal or a piece of lamb; and for weeks and weeks I never saw one pound of fresh meat. I have been for months in the Aroostook valley in Maine, and every day I was obliged to shoot some little birds for meat. Venison has already disappeared from a large portion of the United States. In Italy you find fresh meat in every small village, and in every part of the country; and the meat is of a superior quality.

In Italy the forests are stocked with fine timber, and abundant venison. The sea and lakes are full of exquisite fish and bivalves of various kinds. The mountains contain minerals of every description; coal and petroleum have been found in large quantities. Domestic animals of the most useful species are very common.

The inhabitants are genteel, prudent, cheerful, courageous, and full of animation. The sobriety of the Italians is wonderful. They all make use of wine, and there is no restriction on the sale of liquors; the Maine Liquor Law, that Puritanic relic of barbarism, better known by the name of *blue laws*, does not prescribe there what people shall eat or drink; yet there is no drunkenness, and the people are all temperate, in the full meaning of that virtue, *Temperance*. Temperance as a virtue does not forbid the moderate use of

liquor. Temperance is not abstinence ; the former is a virtue, the latter is not, especially when people must be abstemious by law, force or necessity. They are honest. They have a natural disposition and love for the amenity of letters and the deepness of science. Yet with great reason a poet said,

"Oh ! fossi tu piú forte opur men bella."

This beauty has made Italy the target of foreign rapine, jealousy, envy, and calumny, with no power of self-protection.

England has taken away Malta and wants Sicily ; France has snatched away Corsica, and lately Savoy and Nice, and wants Sardinia. Austria had cut off Lombardy, Venice, the Tyrol and Trieste. Switzerland has had a share of Italy. Princes held Duchies and only the three small kingdoms of Sardinia, Rome, and the two Sicilies were left to the Italians—none large enough to demand redress from foreign insults. When wronged the Italians were obliged to pay the expenses and keep quiet. I remember when England wanted to control the brimstone trade of Sicily, the government of Naples had found better terms with France, but was obliged to submit to England, who blockaded the kingdom of Naples with a small fleet that might have been blown up by the Neapolitan navy. Yet the king, fearing consequences, thought it prudent to pay several millions to England to purchase peace. In the time of the Crimean war, Sardinia was ordered by its master, Napoleon, to fight by his side in the Cri-

mea, otherwise he would whip her. Sardinia was obliged to obey. The King of Naples refused to obey and it cost him his kingdom.

Austria was always chastizing the Italians, and, when they dared to turn their head to look at her she was showing them the whip. The Italians have feelings and sense to see these things. They know that it was the interest of the great nations to keep Italy divided into ten morsels. This was the principal reason why the Italians desired union at every cost.

Le mostri un capo,
Le addita un brando,
E da suoi lacci
Sempre Italia
Sorgerà.

(Point her a leader, show her a sword, and from her bonds, Italy will always rise). Strangers accuse the Italians of being dissembling, vindictive, jealous, and superficial ; but Malte-Brun, in his geography, well observes that these accusations are base calumnies dictated by envy and jealousy.

Are all Italians dissemblers, or only the inhabitants of some part of Italy ? Have the Italians ever deceived any nation ? Have they denied their public or private debts ? Are they not punctual in the payment of their obligations ? If a merchant, banker, or private gentleman fails, his reputation is lost forever. He hardly dares to appear in society. Here in America, after failing, they boast and often become richer than before. Officers of the American government steal thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars belonging to

the people ; yet they are not even called by their proper name, *robbers*—but they are cloaked with the gentle word of *defaulters!* It is in vain that you look in the cities of Italy for that number of illegitimate children and infanticides which are so common in every large city of America and England.

But have they denied their loyalty to their sovereigns ?

Has not Naples and with it all the kingdom deserved the name of *Napoli la Fedelissima ?* The Roman people are attached to the Pope and love him. The provinces detached from Rome hated Austria by whom they were in some respect ruled ; so at least they thought ; if the people were satisfied that Rome governed them without Austrian influence they would be under the Pope yet ; if they were not influenced by the common Italian spirit of unity. The Pope was betrayed by the Austrians and not by the Italians. Austria pretended to hold the provinces for the Pope by keeping the strong-hold of the Marcas. In time of danger when the Pope stood in need of the assistance of Austria, she abandoned them. The Roman government was not prepared to send them assistance and they asked to be annexed to Italy. When the troubles of Europe will be settled, those provinces will be very glad to return to the Pope, as they will. Lombardy and Venice always hated Austria ; they did not belong to her. The other princes shared the consequences of the fate of Italy. France and Eng-

land taking advantage of the feelings of the Italians for the union of Italy betrayed the King of Naples.

This explains in part the course of the Italians in the movements towards the union. There are other reasons which do not belong to my object in writing my travels. This explains the present state of things in Italy. They refute the exaggerations of evils, the calumnies forged and spread in newspapers and believed by ignorant people. They are the productions of interested persons, of selfishness and malice, in order to raise prejudice against the present state of things in Italy. When the history of modern Italy shall be allowed to be written and published, the kind reader will come to the knowledge of reasons which I at present do not mention.

Modern and ancient history show the great valor of the Italians in time of war; but when war is over the Italians like peace. Robberies are seldom heard of, and incendiarism almost never. Stealing may be reduced to the picking up of a pocket handkerchief. Fighting is rare, and murder seldom occurs in Italy, notwithstanding the impulsive character of the inhabitants. The cheerful and lively manner of the Italians in conversing, who with gesticulations and expressions of the eyes accompany their words when they talk, has been construed by strangers into effeminacy and corruption of morals.

It is true that the extreme Southern part of Italy, especially the Calabrias, have been and are yet infested by brigands. The famous brigand *Fuoco*, the terror of travelers, and of the inhabi-

tants of Calabria, and his fearful band of robbers and assassins, are well-known throughout Italy and out of it. I remember that brigands prevented me from visiting the Antiquities of Pæstum, and that they have and do baffle the vigilance of the soldiers; but for this not the Italians, but the Italian government has to account. These brigands were well-known to the Neapolitan government. It would be, perhaps, uncharitable for me to say, that the government did not want to extirpate them, and that at the request of its favorites in Calabria, the brigands were spared. I could say much upon this subject, if I could do it without trespassing upon the limits of the narrative of my travels, and without tasking too much the patience of the benign reader.*

* In confirmation of these remarks from the author, we deem it appropriate to insert the following relation taken from the *Boston Herald*, (supplement) October 8th, 1870.

Killing a Brigand. — *How it was done: a Romantic Story.* — Anne Brewster, in a letter from Rome to the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, writes:

"Fuoco, the famous brigand of the Neapolitan territory, its terror and scourge, has been killed, with several of his dreaded band. The three peasants who performed this wonderful feat arrived at Caserta last Saturday and, of course, excited great interest. Two of them are cousins, named Bucci. Nicandre Bucci, who killed Fuoco, is said to be a young, vigorous fellow, middle height, with olive complexion and very black eyes and hair.

"These young men receive ovations wherever they go, so happy are the Neapolitans of being relieved of their dreaded Fuoco. The general government pays these three young men 12,000 francs in gold—the reward offered for the capture of Fuoco—and they will also receive several other sums from different provinces and communes.

"The three young men who killed the great leader and part of the band were taken prisoners on the 7th of August. The two companions who were with them were released the following day and sent to the families of the remaining three to get the *ricatto* or ransom. The brigands cut off the ears of the two cousins, Nicandro and Petro Bucci, and sent them to their families, in order to show what further might be done if a *buono ricatto* was not sent forthwith.

Their religion, to which they are firmly attached, has been assailed and styled ignorance and superstition. The Italians possess sufficient good sense, hence they must despise Protestantism and appreciate the Catholic religion, and they have strong faith to remain fast to it.

They respect the Pope as the Vicar of Our Saviour, successor of St. Peter, and they feel proud to be the happy nation chosen by Providence to possess in their midst so valuable a treasure. The troubles and persecutions against the Pope

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"The poor fellows were treated pretty rudely, and dragged about from post to post mercilessly. On the night of the 16th of August they lay in the camp, worn out with suffering and fatigue, mutilated, garroted—they were in a frenzy of despair. Five of the brigands were playing cards by moonlight. One of the *ricattati* or prisoners begged to be untied for a few minutes. The brigands feeling a little mercy unloosened the bands of all, not fearing much from such miserable, half-dead looking creatures. About 3 o'clock in the morning the brigands fell asleep, except one who kept guard with a cocked revolver in his hand. By some skillful management the prisoners contrived to seize each a weapon, and in one instant, sprang unitedly on the sleeping brigands, when the guard deceived by their silence, had walked off to a little distance. Nicandro Bucci throttled Fuoco and cut his throat with a bread knife; his cousin killed Caroute, another frightful fellow, with a hatchet, and a third had his skull split with an axe. The others, with the guard, were only wounded, and fled. The three young heroes took the arms of the dead brigands, cut off their ears, took possession of Fuoco's papers and went to the nearest town, Picinisco, and announced the good news to the villagers.

"Dominico Fuoco was forest ranger to old King Ferdinand. He used to visit young Francis II. at the Piazza Farnese very often the first winter I came to Rome—1868-69. These visits caused a coldness between the ex-King of Naples and the Court of the Vatican, for the Italian government complained to Cardinal Antonelli of the harboring of such a dangerous fellow in the Papal city. Cardinal Antonelli told King Francis that Fuoco must stay away. The young ex-sovereign carried his griefs to the Holy Father, who sided with the Minister of State, and the young husband and wife—Francis II. and Queen Sofie—felt so aggrieved that they left Rome for some months.

"Fuoco once served in the Neapolitan chasseurs so bravely that he received promotion. He was in the Roman provinces one time as a

do not come from the Italians, but from foreign infidels. The so-called Garibaldian army that invaded the Roman territory, was composed of the dregs of the infidels from every nation of Europe, and even from America. I was in Rome when several hundreds of Garibaldians had been captured by the Roman army. Only a few of them were Italians; the rest were all foreigners—some even from America.

Pliny observes with truth that Italy is the mother of all nations; she has civilized them and instructed them in the fine arts and sciences. Even Greece sent its inhabitants to learn the sciences and arts in Southern Italy, honoring her with her name, *Græcia;* adding to it, *Magna.* Liber III., Cap. 5. The Italian school founded by Pythagoras in Cotrone, Southern Italy, is famous to this day. The monuments of art and science in every part of Italy and of every age, even without the testimony of history, are ample proofs of the primacy of Italy.

Before Romulus had commenced to lay the foundations of Rome, the civilizer of every modern nation, Italy was thickly inhabited by civilized nations. The sights of modern Italy laid out by Byron and Gibbon, are fancy productions of

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brigand. Fuoco was a ferocious, bad fellow, some say; others tell most interesting stories proving his chivalric character. He was only thirty-three, of ordinary height. A friend of mine, who saw him at the Farnese palace in 1868–9, describes him to me as a thin, agile person, that seemed capable of any fatigue or privation. He had a ruddy complexion, red hair, and a thin beard of the same color. Fuoco was brave, cunning and ambitious. It is said he had dreams of being appointed General Commandant of a province in the event of Francis Second's restoration! Poor fellow, his dreams are all over now."

their prolific and foul imaginations, and corrupt hearts; they are not to be taken as genuine historical proofs. Italy is visited from all quarters of the world. A great many travelers have no capacity for enjoying what they see; others have no talent or learning to appreciate the gems of Italy. In Washington, I remember an American young lady who had traveled in Italy, and who had spent several months in Naples and Rome. When I asked her how she liked Italy, she replied that she was pleased with every thing in Italy except the music; that she did not like it at all. She said enough on that subject. An American was asked in Pompeii to observe a particular fresco, but he refused, saying that he had seen many of them in Boston, New York, and other cities of America! The frescoes in America, are nothing else but water and oil paintings on the plaster of churches and houses. Every good white-washer in Italy can do them with some perfection. America has no fresco, and I think it will never have any for some time. The real fresco is a painting executed with water-colors upon a layer of fresh plaster before the plaster becomes dry. Travelers hurry through the country according to the direction of their guide-books, led by cicerones, who often laugh at their simplicity, without a knowledge of the language and manners. They never come in contact with the people, and often they write notes of great absurdity. I have seen strangers about Christmas-time taking for Lazzaroni, the bagpipers, who about this time visit Naples, playing and singing hymns and songs, dressed in their

costume of shepherds, with pointed hats, shaped like cones, brown cloaks, and sandals. On several occasions they have taken for priests and monks, laymen who wear cassocks to serve mass, or who are sacristans or members of sodalities, because they wear sack, monzetta, and hood, collecting alms, or forming processions to inter the dead.

Public and private instruction is carried on in Italy on a grand scale. Professors are elected by concourse, and subjected to a rigorous examination. The amount of knowledge, learning, and sound judgment required of them is really surprising. To be fully convinced of it, it is sufficient to read the circular issued every year by the ministry of public instruction. Colleges, academies, libraries, museums, hospitals, charitable institutions, poor-houses, etc. are very common things. There is no village or town without some of them. In cities they have separate hospitals for different diseases, and they are carried on in a very skillful manner. To speak of them would take entire volumes. It is enough to say that, in Naples, there is a charitable institution to pay the debts of the poor, if they do not amount to one hundred dollars. Many benevolent institutions, trumpeted in this country as founded by the modern philanthropy of the Protestants, are only poor imitations of old establishments existing in Italy from century to century.

The poor-houses and hospitals are used only for the poor, and not for criminals. In Italy, poverty is not considered a crime, and no person is ever deprived of his liberty, or of his rights of

citizenship because he is poor and solicits the charity of the public. Many noble and wealthy families have days appointed for every week or every month to distribute alms to all who apply for them ; I have seen their palaces surrounded by hundreds of applicants. Others, at the commencement of the year, set apart a portion of their revenues to be appropriated for the poor during the year. At All Souls' Day and Octave no Italian would refuse to give alms, which good work is applied by them for the souls in purgatory ; on such days the crowds of people, either poor or otherwise, is immense in giving or receiving alms. This is the reason why foreigners believe that the number of poor people in Italy is large ; in reality there are far less poor in Italy than in Germany, England or America, and they are better taken care of. I have never heard of a person dying of starvation in Italy, while such cases happen in London, New York, Boston, and other places.

If the customs, manners, and language of Italy were understood by travelers, and things observed without prejudice, many regulations and usages would not be forthwith condemned, much valuable information could be obtained, and useful instructions might be derived. I close this volume by relating some excellent information, which I received in Italy concerning the regulations of the railroads in that country with regard to travelers.

I was in a railroad office at Naples, conversing with some officers of a corporation of the *Ferrovie Meridionali* (southern railroads). I observed

to them that, in every country, they allow to each passenger a fixed amount of baggage to go free on the railroad; and only in Italy the corporations allow no baggage to be transported free, except what a traveler can take with him in the cars without causing inconvenience to others. They smiled at me, and said that in other countries railroads always charge travelers for baggage, whether they have it or not, but in Italy we do not require any payment except for the seat occupied in the car; if travelers have baggage, we charge it so much per kilogramme. In other countries the price for the ticket includes also the price for the transportation of baggage to the amount of seventy pounds, or other quantity, according to the regulations of different corporations. It is so in reality. The case is the same as on boats, where your ticket includes meals whether you take them or not, and on those steamers where you are charged only for your passage, and if you want meals, you must pay extra. A look at the list of prices for tickets on the Italian railroad, and on railways of other countries, point out plainly the truth of this remark.

In the same manner, many other customs in appearance strange and even absurd, would be found right and reasonable, if they were looked into without prejudice, and properly understood by a perfect explanation.

END OF VOLUME I.

A. M. D. G. D. Q. V. M. I.

TRAVELS

IN

EUROPE, EGYPT, ARABIA PETRÆA, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

BY THE

REV. EUGENE VETROMILE, D.D.,

APOSTOLIC MISSIONARY,

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY; MEMBER OF THE NEW-ENGLAND HISTORIC-GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY; OF THE NUMISMATIC ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.; OF THE YORK INSTITUTE, ETC., ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW YORK:

D. & J. SADLIER & CO., 31 BARCLAY STREET;

MONTREAL:—COR. NOTRE DAME & ST. FRANCIS XAVIER STS.

1871.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871,
BY D. & J. SADLIER & COMPANY,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

INDEX TO VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

ARRIVAL IN EGYPT.

Departure from Gallipolis, 3; Lecce again, 4; Brindisi, 5; Sail for Egypt, 6; A Bey, 7; A Plan to turn the Deserts of Africa into Forests, 7; Otranto and the Martyrs, 8; Promontory Capo di Leuca, 10; Corfù, 12; Cephalonia, 13; Candia, 13; Persecution of Christians, 14; Shores of Africa, 16; Sight of Alexandria, 17; Landing in Alexandria, 19; Custom House, 19; City of Alexandria, 22; The Pacha's Palace, 22; Cleopatra's Needles, 22; Pompey's Pillar, 23; Palace of the Ptolemies, 24; Alexandrian Library, 25; Tower of Pharos, 26; The Septuagint Version of the Old Testament, 27; Church of St. Athanasius, 27; Catacombs in the Desert, 28; Modern Alexandria, 29; A Catholic Missionary from St. Louis poisoned, 30.

CHAPTER II.

GRAND CAIRO.

Departure from Alexandria, 35; The Ramadan, 37; Arrival at Cairo, 37; Grand Cairo, 38; Oriental Manners, 39; The Citadel, 44; Extermination of the Mamelukes, 45; Joussouf Palace, 45; The Mosque of the Pacha Mehemed Ali, 46; Palace of Ismail Pacha, Grand Vizier, 46; Joseph's Well, 47; Return of the Pilgrims from Mecca, 47; Mosque of Sultan Hassan, 48; Excursion on donkeys to the Pyramids, 50; Crossing the Nile, 51.

CHAPTER III.

THE PYRAMIDS—OLD CAIRO.

Approach to the Pyramids, 54; Cheops' Pyramid, 55; Ascension of the Great Pyramid, 57; Interior of the Pyramids, 60; The Sphinx, 65; Attempt to enter a Mosque, 67; Old Cairo, 67; A Schismatic

Greek Church, 68; The Greek Schism, 69; A Jacobite Church, 71; House of the Holy Family, 72; Mass in the House of the Holy Family, 72.

CHAPTER IV.

EASTERN RITES.

The Maronites, 76; The Greeks or Melchites, 77; The Syrians, 79; The Armenians, 80; The Chaldeans, 81; The Copts, 81; The Abyssinians, 82; The Latins, 83; The Schismatic Greeks, 83; The Schismatic Armenians, 85; The Jacobites or Syrian Monophysites, 87; The Schismatic Copts, 87; The Schismatic Abyssinians or African Monophysites and the Nestorians, 89; Protestants, 91.

CHAPTER V.

CAIRO—CONTINUED.

Mosque of Tayloon, 94; Tombs of the Caliphs, 95; Tree of the B. V. Mary, 97; Heliopolis, 98; Petrified Forest, 99; Pyramids of Sakkara, 102; Interior of the Pyramids, 103; Memphis, 104; Crocodopolis, 105; Tombs, 105; Siout, 108; Temple of Dendera, 109; Thebes, 110; Temple of Karnak and Luxor, 111; Memnonium, 113; Esnè, 115; Assuan, 115.

CHAPTER VI.

SUEZ.

Return to Cairo, 116; Suez, 118; The Red Sea, 119; Spot where Moses and the Israelites crossed the Red Sea, 119; Desert of Arabia, 122; Fountain of Moses, 122; Mount Sinai, 123; Wilderness of Sur, 124; Bedouins, 125; Arabs, 125; Return to Suez and Cairo, 128; Sailing for the Holy Land on a Turkish Steamer, 129; Refusal to observe the Koran, 130; Port Saïd, 131.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HOLY LAND.

Sailing from Port Saïd, 133; Sight of Palestine, 135; Landing at the Holy Land, 136; Jaffa, 139; Starting for Jerusalem, 141; Plains of Saron, 142; Ramleh, 143; Tower of the Forty Martyrs, 143; A Rascally Piedmontese, 145; Abou Gosh, 146; The Good Thief's Village, 147; Valley of Therebinth, 149; Brook where David picked up the stones to kill Goliath, 151; Approach to Jerusalem, 151.

CHAPTER VIII.

JERUSALEM.

Entrance into Jerusalem, 154; Casa Nuova, 154; Father Emmanuel, 155; Church of the Holy Sepulchre, 157; Mount Calvary, 157; Miraculous Fire, 176; Via Dolorosa, 179; Prison of St. Peter, 183; Church of St. James the Apostle, 184; Probatic Pond, 184; Church and Convent of St. Saviour, 185.

CHAPTER IX.

ENVIRONS OF JERUSALEM.

Jews' Wailing Place, 187; Garden of Gethsemani, 189; Tomb of the Blessed Virgin, 191; Mount of Olives, 192; Mountain and Place of the Ascension of Our Lord, 193; The Gehenna, 195; Nehemiah's Well, 195; Valley of Siloam, 196; Valley of Jehosaphat, 197; Melchisedeck, 197; Brook of Cedron, 198; Mount Sion, 199; The Cenacle, 201; Tomb of David, 201; Residence of Caiphas, 203; Cavern of Jeremiah, 203; Tomb of Lazarus, 205; Jericho, 205; The Jordan, 207; Church of St. John the Baptist, 208; The Dead Sea, 208; Emmaus, 210; Mass on the Tomb of Our Lord, 210; Illness of the Author, 211.

CHAPTER X.

BETHLEHEM AND HEBRON.

Recovery, 214; Departure for Bethlehem, 215; Unpleasant Accident, 216; Jacob's Tower, 217; Tomb of Rachel, 217; Bethlehem, 218; Milk Grotto, 219; Bethlehem's Church, 220; St. Joseph's House, 224; The Shepherd's Village, 225; Solomon's Pools, 226; Mambre's Valley, 227; Hebron, 228; Beitgiala, 229; House of St. Elizabeth, 229; Desert of St. John the Baptist, 229.

CHAPTER XI.

JERUSALEM AGAIN.

Mosque of Omar, 231; Mount Moriah, 231; Temple of Solomon, 232; Stone of Prophecy, 237; Well of the departed Souls, 238; Temple of the Presentation, 239; Foundations of the Temple of Solomon, 241; Dorian Gate, 241; A Pilgrim from the Arctic Polar Zone, 243; General remarks, 244.

CHAPTER XII.

PALESTINE—CONTINUED.

Departure from Jerusalem, 251; Place of Jacob's Ladder, 252; Jacob's Well, 253; Mount Gerizim, 253; Joseph's Tomb, 253; Sichem, 253; Samaria, 254; Bethulia, 255; Mountains of Gelboe, 255; Sebaste, 255; Plain of Esdraelon, 255; Mount Hermon, 256; Naim, 256; Nazareth, 257; Sanctuary of the Annunciation, 257; Church of the Synagogue, 258; St. Joseph's House, 258; Mountain of the Precipitation, 259; House of St. Joachim and St. Anne, 259.

CHAPTER XIII.

GALILEE AND SYRIA.

Cana of Galilee, 261; Field of Zabulon, 262; Sea of Galilee, 262; Tiberias, 262; Magdala, 265; Bethsaida, 265; Capharnaum, 265; Mount Tabor, 267; Banias, 269; Spot of the Conversion of St. Paul, 270; Damascus, 270; Anti-Libanus, 272; River Barrada, 272; Ruins of Baalbec, 273; Libanus, 273; Zahleh, 275; Beyruth, 275.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LEVANT AND GREECE.

Sail on a Russian Steamer, 277; A Greek Quack, 278; A Leader of Mussulman Pilgrims, 278; Cyprus, 280; Rhodes, 280; Patmos, 280; Samos, 280; Smyrna, 281; Ephesus, 282; I. Œcumenical Council of Ephesus, 283; II. Œcumenical Council rejected by the Pope, 284; Sail to Piræus, 285; Athens, 285; Nauplia, 287; Mycenæ, 288; Corinth, 288; Patras, 289; Zante, 289; Corfù, 289.

CHAPTER XV.

EUROPE AGAIN.

Brindisi, 291; Arrival at Loretto, 292; Sanctuary of the Holy House, 293; The City, 294; Ancona, 294; Rimini, 295; Œcumenical Council of Rimini rejected by the Pope, 295; The Bishops fall into error, 295; Authority of the Pope over the Council, 296; Turin, 299; Fair in Turin, 299; Crossing the Alps in winter, 300; Pass of Mount Cenis, 300; Frontiers of France, 302; Lyons, 303; Œcumenical Councils, 303; Paris, 303; Dieppe, 306; London, 306.

CHAPTER XVI.

ENGLAND AND THE OCEAN.

Oxford, 308; Liverpool, 309; Bolton, 309; Embarkation, 310; Lough Foyle, 311; Moville, 311; The Ocean, 312; A Storm, 312; Coasts of Nova Scotia, 313; Acadia, 314; Portland, 315; Conclusion, 315.

TRAVELS

IN

EUROPE, EGYPT, ARABIA PETRÆA,

ETC.

VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

ARRIVAL IN EGYPT.

DEPARTURE FROM GALLIPOLIS — LECCE AGAIN—BRINDISI—SAIL FOR EGYPT—A BEY—A PLAN TO TURN THE DESERTS OF AFRICA INTO FORESTS—OTRANTO AND THE MARTYRS—PROMONTORY CAPO DI LEUCA—CORFÙ—CEPHALONIA—CANDIA —PERSECUTION OF CHRISTIANS—SHORES OF AFRICA—SIGHT OF ALEXANDRIA—LANDING IN ALEXANDRIA — CUSTOM-HOUSE — CITY OF ALEXANDRIA — THE PACHA'S PALACE — CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLES — POMPEY'S PILLAR — PALACE OF THE PTOLOMIES—ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY—TOWER OF PHAROS—THE SEPTUAGINT VERSION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT—CHURCH OF ST. ATHANASIUS—CATACOMBS IN THE DESERT—MODERN ALEXANDRIA—A CATHOLIC MISSIONARY FROM ST. LOUIS POISONED.

In Gallipolis I had the choice of three different lines of steamers for Alexandria, in Egypt. I could take the weekly mail steamer which leaves Gallipolis every Sunday for Corfù, and from thence next day connect with the Lloyd Austrian weekly line for Alexandria; or go to Brindisi, and then take the Italian weekly mail steamer for Alexandria; or take the mail steamer which leaves Gallipolis every Wednes-

day for Messina, and there take the weekly French steamer (*Messagèries Imperiales*) for Alexandria.

I chose the first; but, two hours before my embarcation, the agent sent me word that he had forgotten to let me know that in Corfù I would be submitted to a quarantine of five days, because there had been no official notification sent thither that the cholera had ceased in Gallipolis. I was not willing to be put in quarantine, coming from localities free of cholera; whereas I had traveled from place to place where the cholera was quite severe, not only without quarantine, but even without undergoing the disagreeable process of fumigation. I resolved, then, to go via Brindisi, by the Italian line, and as the steamer was to start the next day, Monday, at 2 P. M., I ordered a private carriage to be ready, early in the afternoon, for Lecce. Here I can find no expression sufficient to describe the tears and grief of my relations and friends at my departure; it was a heart-rending spectacle, never to be forgotten! I ordered the vetturino to drive at once. He took another passenger for Lecce, whither we arrived at 6 P. M.

At the gate of the city we were asked by the officers if we had articles subject to duty. I had none, but the other passenger had a large jug, of several gallons, containing pickled olives. He stated so, and asked if there was any duty on them. The officers answered, no; but they would have to examine them by thrusting into

the jug a long spit of iron. Here the traveler got furious ; he rushed out of the carriage, calling the officers by opprobrious names, declaring that they should never thrust that spit into the jug to injure the olives. He said, "I am ready to pay the duty, if there is any. I have declared the article, but you have no right to spoil my olives." They insisted upon the examination. Grumbling, he ordered the vetturino to take the jug into the office. It was opened, found right, closed again, and put in the carriage. The officers, grumbling too, complained of being called such unbecoming names by the passenger, who, still more vexed, not only offered no redress or apology, but called them again by the same names, and off the carriage went. There was no swearing or cursing. I stopped at the *Hotel della Ferrovia.* Next day I took the first train for Brindisi, at 5:50 A.M., where I arrived at 7:10 A.M. Leaving my baggage at the station, I went to the steamer-office, to secure my passage for Alexandria, which cost 275 francs in currency—first-class. I walked to see the steamer, which lay close to the wharf. It was a fine first-class iron steamer, built on the Clyde, and I received one of the best state-rooms. The name of the steamer was the *Principe di Carignano.* I returned to the station and took my baggage. I observed a memorandum on my passage paper that the company were not responsible for any trouble on account of the custom-house or passport in Alexandria. I asked, at the office, whether any passport was necessary. I

was told by the agent that the company required none, but the Egyptian consul at Brindisi claimed the necessity of a passport and his *visé;* nay, he had threatened not to allow passengers without passports *viséd* by him to land at Alexandria. I remarked to the agent that in Naples I had requested the American consul to give me information on this subject, and I was told that no passport was needed ; that it was as well to have it, but no *visé* was required. I had my passport, but I did not want to have the Egyptian consul's *visé*, which I considered only a trick to get money. I was confirmed in my opinion. I dined at Brindisi, and, soon after dinner, I embarked.

At 12 M. the train arrived from Turin with the Indian mail for Suez, and Calcutta, East Indies, and at 4 P. M. the steamer sailed for Alexandria. When the passengers came on board, I observed a French gentleman, who could not speak Italian, offering one franc to a boy, who had carried him from the wharf, a distance of only a stone's throw. I had paid only 25 centimes, five cents ; and he now would not take a franc. I told the gentleman not to give any more, and I told the boy to be content with it. When he heard me speaking Italian, he took the franc and went off very quick. The company on board the steamer was very agreeable. There were Englishmen, Americans, Frenchmen, and Italians. I was happy to make the acquaintance of a Bey of the household of the Pasha of Egypt. He was an

Italian, a good Catholic, and very learned. He had published several works on Egypt. He is the originator of a plan for converting the vast deserts of Egypt into forests. He explained it to me, and I found it practicable. His plan is to raise an extensive nursery of forest trees, and to plant them in the desert, commencing from the line where the inundation of the Nile ceases, and oblige the Arabs to water them. The trees naturally attract moisture to form clouds and bring rain. Experience has established this truth. Before the plantation of trees along the Nile, there never was any rain in Egypt; the trees were first nursed by irrigation, and now, that trees are common in Egypt, Alexandria is enriched with frequent rains. The ever clear sky of Cairo has been often covered with clouds, and rain falls occasionally. Even Suez has had two abundant rains, with a thunder storm, this year; a phenomenon never witnessed before. Several learned men, to whom this plan has been submitted, have encouraged it, and the Pasha seems to favor it; but, to put it in practice, requires energy, skill, wisdom, and expense. I had seen this gentleman in Paris, superintending the Egyptian department in the Paris exhibition, and now he was returning to Cairo.

The passengers were very much pleased with the Italian steamer. They admired its order, cleanliness and propriety. The officers were polite and obliging; the servants attentive and gentlemanly; the captain could speak both Eng-

lish and French ; the Italian table, with good wines, was much relished by the passengers, and they felt highly pleased and satisfied ; except the Americans, about the ham—they could not understand how raw ham could be used without being cooked ; but the others found it excellent.

We passed near to the beautiful shores of the land of Otranto, which were gently sloping into the Adriatic Sea. The fine villas and terraces were reflected on the sea as in a mirror. On the left, we could observe Cape Linguetta, in Albany, famous for being the head of the monster Chimera, breathing flames, with three heads of lions, the body of a goat and the tail of a dragon, which had laid waste the fields of Lycia till killed by Bellerophon, according to the poets. The ancient city of Otranto (Hydruntum) soon made its appearance on the height of a hill ; it is the last city of Southern Italy, and, at present, reduced to only 3,000 inhabitants. Its name will last forever, on account of eight hundred martyrs who, in one day, shed their blood within its walls for the confession of the Catholic religion. The circumstances are as follows: It was in the year 1480, when Mohammed, with 15,000 warriors, persuaded by the Venitians to abandon the siege of Rodi, took the direction of Brindisi ; but, changing his mind, he assailed Otranto, and after sixteen days' desperate fighting—the Turks having succeeded in making large breaches in the walls—entered the city, and after a sad vandalic havoc to the place and inhabitants,

Those citizens who had no opportunity to escape from the hands of the Turks, were summoned to embrace the Mohammedan religion; it being firmly refused, they were beheaded on the spot. Ancient pictures and legends record that Antonio Primaldo, mayor of the city, exhorted the inhabitants to lay down their lives and die for the Catholic religion. He, like a Mathathias of old, stood firm against Mohammed and his army, and declared, in the name of his people, a readiness to exchange this mortal life for another which would have no end. In presence of eight hundred of his fellow-citizens, who all received martyrdom, he was the first one to be executed. The manner in which he was martyred was by standing up, while a Turk, with a single blow of a large cimeter, cut his head off. His headless body remained standing up, erect and firm. No force could pull it down. They tied a rope to it, and a large crew of Turks endeavored to level it to the ground, but to no purpose. His severed head never ceased, with a loud voice, to exhort his people to die for the Catholic faith. His voice stopped and his body fell only when all had received the immortal crown of martyrdom.

The festival of these martyrs is celebrated in August, and the entire Province has a proper mass and office granted from Rome. I have seen, on another occasion, their relics kept in the Arch-cathedral of Otranto. I feel proud, and so also does the entire Province of Lecce, of those martyrs. It is an evidence of the firmness of

the Catholic religion in the hearts of the Italians. A few weeks afterwards there was sufficient force sent to expel the Turks, who left immediately. The entire sea-coast of Apulia has been the theatre of rapine and blood at the hands of pirates, until fortifications in sight of each other have been built to protect the country. All the houses, farm-houses and villas along the sea-coast, or at a short distance from it, are built like fortifications and provided with drawbridges. However, now and then, they have been the prey of pirates. It is within my recollection that some pirates landed between Otranto and Cape *Santa Maria di Leuca* and robbed many houses and one village, and carried away a number of women : but the pirates were overtaken by a Neapolitan man-of-war, which brought the robbers' vessel to Tarentum, and the women and everything were restored to their own place.

We soon came in sight of the majestic promontory called *Santa Maria di Leuca*, the ancient *acra Japygia*, the last southern point on the heel of Italy, the end of my native Province. A beautiful light-house, which can be seen for many miles, has been constructed lately.

The origin of Santa Maria di Leuca was probably due to some colony from *Leucas*, the primitive name of the capital of Leucadia, called now *Santa Maura*, one of the Ionian Islands, not far from this promontory. I should not be surprised if the original name of Santa Maria di Leuca was Santa Maura di Leucas. *Leuce* is the name of the

western range of the high chain of mountains that runs through the whole length of the Island of Candia.

In this Italian promontory are found remains of ancient buildings. A magnificent sanctuary, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, still exists, where service is held daily. Pilgrimages are continually performed to this church; and I have seen numbers of flags hanging in the nave of the sanctuary, deposited there, which had been sent by many towns and cities whose inhabitants had performed processions of pilgrimages in case of distress. I gazed with feeling upon my native land, now rapidly retreating from my sight. Many associations recurred to my mind, when, over thirty-five years ago, in company with some of my friends (some living, but the most departed to a better world), I visited that sanctuary and examined the remains of antiquity—a sanctuary several times pillaged and destroyed by pirates, and so many times rebuilt by the piety of the people. And while my mind was wandering into the many circumstances that had taken place in the evolutions of so many years, I perceived that my native land had vanished from my eyes, and nothing else but the tall light-house, like a land-mark, was pointing out to me the spot where *la bella Italia* and my sweet home was. This being the mouth of the Adriatic Sea, where the waves are always rough and heavy, and where old Neptune generally receives the toll from navigators, feeling sea-sick, I too was obliged to pay mine to the sea.

It was night, a clear, starry, moonless Italian night. Eolus had retired; Neptune, having received the tribute, kept quiet, and I, in silence, pacing on deck to and fro, was shown by the captain the glittering from the light-house of Santa Maria di Leuca. How beautiful it shone to my eyes and to my heart! I was never satiated by gazing at it. Oh, Hesperia! Hesperia! land of light, where Hesperus emigrated to dwell in thee. You are Hesperus; truly light in reality! nothing but light strikes my eyes. I watched it till it grew fainter and fainter. I saluted it dearly, and bidding it a hearty farewell, and happiness, prosperity and blessing to Italy, I retired into my state-room.

Next morning early, we were still in sight of Corfù, one of the seven Ionian Islands, containing the capital of the same name. Its beauty has been celebrated by Homer in the Odyssey, singing the mildness of its climate and the fertility of the gardens of Alcinous. The soil is fertile, and grapes and fruits are abundant and delicious. It is about forty-five miles long, and from fifteen to twenty wide.* Behind it, we could see the mountains of Albania. The small islands of Paxo and Antipaxo were soon out of sight, and we could discern plainly the mountainous and fertile island of Santa Maura, anciently *Leucade*, so much afflicted, and ever liable to earthquakes. Soon we came in sight of the beautiful and rich, and the largest Ionian island,

* This is the ancient *Drepanum*, then *Scheria*, and at last Corcyra.

Cephalonia, formerly *Cephallenia*, which has four cities, two hundred and three towns and three fine ports. It lies opposite the Gulf of Patrasso or Gulf of Lepanto. The climate is delicious, and the trees yield two crops every year. Behind this is the famous Ithaca, the land of Ulysses, Penelope and Telemachus, celebrated by Homer and Fénelon. We passed close to the shores of Morea, the ancient *Peloponnesus*, teeming with historical and mythological monuments and records, showing still the sores of Turkish oppression and devastation. Navarino, famous for the destruction of the Turco-Egyptian fleet of two hundred and fourteen vessels by the combined Russian, French and English fleets, was under our eyes, and we could see the fine harbor, whose deep water is capable of containing the largest men-of-war with perfect safety. We could observe mountains, villages, farms and the finely-cultivated fields, as in a panorama. The most of the forests having been cut, it has somewhat deteriorated its mild climate.

One revolution of the earth, and many of the engine, brought us in sight and under the noble Island of Candia, the ancient *Creta*. This island was blockaded by the Turks, and we passed at a proper distance. The captain told me that last month his steamer was fired upon by a Turkish man-of-war, and as the captain did not stop, the fire was continued, and did considerable damage to the ship, and he was obliged to stop and bear down to the man-of-war. When the Turks found

out their mistake in having taken her for a blockade-runner, they offered an apology, and the amount of damages was immediately paid at Alexandria. The captain complained of the Turkish stupidity in not recognizing a steamer which was passing Candia every week. Mount Ida, 7,670 feet high, crowned with eternal snow, looked majestic. The war of the Turks against the Candiotes was severe. It is to be lamented that that noble island, once a gem of prosperity and industry, should fall into the hands of the worst nation.

Now the island is deserted and desolate, the fields are wild, the cities heaps of rubbish ; little or no commerce, and the entire land a miserable waste. The inhabitants, once numbering 1,200,000, now are reduced to 300,000, and so degraded, under the Ottoman rule, that they can hardly obtain the most necessary means of subsistence. As Christians, although they are not persecuted, yet they are oppressed and despised. This state of things was foreseen in that memorable event of the 17th century when the Turks besieged Candia. The noble defense of the Candiotes, for so many years, presents a model to the last ages as one of the bravest recorded in the history of wars. It proves what Christian courage could effect against Turkish fury and superiority of numbers. Christians arrived from every part of Europe, and many people came expressly to study the art of war. Even the Pope sent troops to aid the Candiotes, who, after many years of struggle, were

obliged to capitulate and, unfortunately, to give up the island to the Turks. It was, however, the effect of treachery, and not want of valor, that brought the noble Candiotes to this evil. Would to God that this noble island could become free again from the Turkish oppressor! Christians are protected in Constantinople and in some other large cities, but in the rest of Turkey they are oppressed, insulted, and even persecuted.

The persecution suffered by the Christians from the Turks in Palestine and Syria, a few years ago, is yet fresh in our memory. Hundreds of them were murdered in Damascus, Beyrout, and Judæa. Two years ago they were threatened again, but the Christians, together with the merchants of Turkey, armed themselves for self-defense, which precaution frustrated the persecution.

This has been the real cause of the revolt of the Candiotes against the Turks; those barbarous hordes of heathens who, like a torrent, emerging from the wilderness and deserts of Arabia, inundated several western nations, and, after having laid waste many cities and provinces, are suffered to occupy still a noble portion of Europe and Asia.

According to Homer, King Idomeneus sailed from this island to *Ilium* with eighty vessels. *Crete* was the scene of many of the adventures of the gods and heroes, according to the poets. Saturn, and afterwards Minos, reigned on this island. We enjoyed the view of the majestic and lofty Mount *Psiloriti*, the ancient *Ida*, upon

which Jupiter was born and bred. The original name of this island was *Idœa*, from Mount Ida. Afterwards it was called Creta, and latterly Candia (Kirid, in the Turkish language). The capital, Candia, is built on the ruins of ancient Heraclea.

We passed the small Island of Gozo, and soon were out of sight of land. Next morning I and the bey were walking on deck. The day was beautiful and pleasant, and the sea calm. We spent our time in observing the coast of Africa, which was in sight of us. Being opposite the place where the famous temple of Jupiter Ammon stood, the bey told me that he had several times wished to visit the ruins of that magnificent edifice, but never dared to do it, because the village of Sywah, the ancient *Ammonium*, where the ruins of the temple are, is inhabited by a ferocious tribe of Arabs, who allow nobody, not even the pasha himself, to visit it. They believe that there are immense treasures concealed under the temple, and that they are not able to find them; and that strangers, including the Egyptians, go to the temple to search after treasures. This tribe pays a tribute to the pasha.

Jupiter Ammon was a Lybian deity, a son of Triton; or, according to others, a son of Jupiter and a sheep. Some believe that Ammon was a king of Lybia, whose wife, Rhea, was sister to Saturn, and whose mistress was Amalthea, by whom he had Bacchus. The latter built this famous temple, where oracles were given by signs made by their

priests. Jupiter Ammon was represented under the form of a *ram;* or, according to some, of a man, with a ram's head and horns. Alexander, on visiting this temple, was declared by the priests a son of the deity. Several learned antiquarians believe that Jupiter Ammon was *Cham*, the son of *Noah*. It is certain that Misraim, second son of Cham, settled in Egypt.

The captain, having perceived that we could not enter the harbor of Alexandria, which is difficult of entrance, had given orders to "slack off steam," and when we came in sight of the city of Alexandria's light-house, (not that ancient *Pharos*, the Lantern of Ptolomy, the eighth wonder of the world, throwing its light far on the bosom of the sea, to guide the weary sailor,) he ordered the steamer backward. What a beautiful night! We were all on deck, contemplating the land of Egypt. A clear, starry sky, a brilliant phosphorescence, kept our spirits in the height of joy, expecting next morning to step on the land from which God called his Son!—"Out of Egypt have I called my Son"—to enter one of the seven mouths of the Nile—of that river which had been the theatre of many of the wonders of Moses; to go in the country of the Pharaohs; to walk into the city of the Ptolomies—a country equally interesting to the Christian, to the scholar, and to the antiquarian.

We left the deck with reluctance, and retired, but early in the morning we were up and in sight of Alexandria. The pilot-boat was by the side of

the steamer, and the Arabs, with their swarthy faces, turbans, and peculiar large dresses streaming in the wind, giving a strange wildness to their appearance, made a strong impression on my mind. The celebrated Pompey's Pillar, one of the monuments of Egypt's proudest day, after a lapse of more than two thousand years, continues yet to be one of the landmarks to guide the sailor to her fallen metropolis. We passed in sight of a seraglio, and many wind-mills paraded before our eyes. The Pasha's palace came in full view of us, and we soon cast anchor in the harbor of Alexandria, amongst a forest of ships of every size and shape. This port was ornamented with vessels from nearly every nation, displaying their colors to the wind; but it was in vain that I looked for the "The Star Spangled Banner." No vessel from the United States was there. Our steamer was surrounded by small Arabian boats, but the natives did not come on board till the health officer gave permission to land. Now our boat was taken as if by assault by the Arabs, who were striving to take passengers in their small boats in order to land them. I was recommended by the steward to an Arab who agreed to land me and my baggage for two francs. I went into the boat, but found that my baggage had been put into another Arab's boat. Presently a dispute ensued amongst the Arabs of the two boats. I insisted that my baggage should be put into my boat, and after much quarreling, threatening and handling, my baggage, at last was transferred into my boat;

but that did not stop the quarreling amongst the Arabs ; it rather increased it. They were very near coming to blows, and took hold of the oars to strike each other, but the boats were soon out of reach of each other, yet their yelling was louder and more furious. I had kept quiet being acquainted with the Arabian tricks. Before reaching the shore, I was asked to pay the boatman. I refused to do it till I and my baggage had been landed on shore, and I listened to none of their statements that it was the custom to pay beforehand. I was positive and cool. They asked me how much I would give them. I gave them no satisfactory answer.

We arrived at the landing at the custom-house and after some contention with the Arabs, who wanted me to pay them before my baggage was put on shore, I was allowed to land, but my baggage remained in the boat. I knew that the baggage was to go to the custom-house. I was directed into the office to show my passport. The officer spoke Italian to me, and I believe he was an Italian ; he was very polite. He saw my passport and said that I could have it back next day ; yet when he heard that perhaps I might proceed to Cairo the same day, he politely gave it back after having stamped it. I asked if there was any charge ; "no charge," he replied, in a gentlemanly manner. He gave me besides, a small paper to deliver to the officer at the door, between the passport office and the custom-house ; it was declaration that it was all regular. I pass-

ed into the custom-house, but my baggage was not there ; it was still in the boat, and my Arabs at the door protested that they would not land it unless I would give them twenty francs. I reproached them in English, French, and Italian ; and I told them that we had bargained for two francs, and I would not give them one cent more. I ordered them to land my baggage in the custom-house, but they refused to do so ; I threatened then to have them bastinadoed ; but no use. I applied to the officer who was sitting between the passport office and the custom-house ; but he, shrugging his shoulders, made me understand that he had nothing to do with it. I said that they were all a set of rascals. I spoke in French to the custom officer, who was an Arab himself, and I asked him, "Do you know this man?" (my boatman) "Yes," he said, "well." I replied, "You will be a witness against him." They tried to compromise the affair by requesting me to give ten francs. "Not one cent more than what I had agreed," I replied. They had commenced to suspect that I would bring them before the French Consul, and they knew that the steward of the *Principe di Carignano* was witness to our bargain. In the East it is always necessary to make a contract beforehand.

A dragoman, a native of Malta, asked me if I wanted to take a carriage for the *Hotel d' Angleterre*. I said that that was the place where I wanted to stop. I told him to see to my baggage, for which I told him to give three or four francs, if he thought right.

My baggage was at once brought into the custom-house, I gave a franc to the custom-house officer, who, however, searched my baggage very close, by even opening my little side valise, where I had some sweet horse-chestnuts given to me by the Nuns of St. Theresa in Gallipolis. He told me to open a paper in which each of them was wrapped. I did so and I ate one of them, and taking a handful of them, I offered them to the officer, which he refused to take; then closing my valise, it was put on the carriage which was standing at the other gate. Now a crowd of half-naked Arabs commenced to cry for *backsheesh*, all claiming to have taken my baggage, or in some way or another done me a service. I expected to be devoured in a moment; I gave a few piastres to my dragoman to give to those who had taken my baggage, and I rushed into the carriage, into which the dragoman soon entered; but the Arabs had besieged it and were trying to scale it, crying after *backsheesh*. I gave a little sprinkling to them, and off we drove. The company of the Italian steamers at present has issued an order that first-class passengers with their baggage should be landed on a boat of the steamer, free of charge, and this is a very good and necessary arrangement. It saves them from being much annoyed and swindled. In Jerusalem I saw a lady who traveled alone, and on landing at Alexandria she was so much molested and surrounded and pushed by the Arabs, that she fell to the ground, and lost forty napoleons which she had in a wallet

in one of her sleeves. At the gate of the city, the carriage was stopped again by another officer to search me. I said that my baggage had been inspected. It was my person that was to be searched, and being satisfied that nothing contraband was in my pocket, with his hand he sounded my stomach, "What!" I exclaimed, "Is it contraband to have a stomach! or is there in Egypt any particular size fixed for it? Are there any custom dues to be paid for it?" My dragoman laughed, and so did the officer.

The city was very muddy, on account of a heavy rain which had fallen the day before. Having left the baggage at the hotel, we drove out to see the city. We first went to the palace of the Pacha, and, having no permission, we entered by giving some *backsheesh*. The palace is fine, but it has nothing extra. Its location on the quay is beautiful, and it contains a very handsome semi-European suite of rooms, with magnificent inlaid parquets; it has that half-finished and ill-assorted look which most of the present buildings in Alexandria have. The present city does not occupy the site of the ancient capital of Lower Egypt; but it lies between the two harbors and the celebrated Island of Pharos. We drove to the so-called Cleopatra's Needles, which are two obelisks of Thebaic stone—a hard, red granite, all covered with hieroglyphics. One obelisk is 65 feet long, the other 70. The diameter, at the base, is between 7 and 8 feet. One was lying down, and nearly covered with earth; the other

is standing on its base. One has been presented to England, but it has not yet been removed. They formerly stood before the temple of Neptune at Heliopolis, and were quarried in the reign of Thothmes III., 1495 B. C. They are in the eastern part of the city near the shore. The Palace of Cleopatra was built near this place, upon the walls facing the port. Some parts of the walls are yet visible, but nothing remains of that magnificent structure except a heap of dust, from which we dug some small pieces of marble. We drove to Pompey's Pillar, a short distance from the walls of the city and southward of it. This monument was erected by a governor of Egypt named Pompey, in honor of Diocletian, who besieged and took the city. It is built of red granite, beautifully polished, but shivered a little on one side. The shaft, of a single block, is 88 feet 6 inches high and 9 feet in diameter, surmounted by a Corinthian capital, with palm leaves 9 feet high, resting upon a square base of about 15 feet on each side. The equestrian statue of Diocletian on the top is no longer standing. The whole rests on two layers of stone bound together with lead, but which has not prevented the Arabs from forcing out several stones to seek for imaginary treasure. Nothing can equal the majesty of this monument.

This Pillar is now surrounded by deserted environs, which once formed a crowded part of a street, said to be the first in the world. This street, 2,000 feet long, commenced at the gate

near the sea, and terminated at the gate of *Canopos;* and was decorated with magnificent temples, palaces and obelisks of rare marbles and porphyry, which, at present, have been carried to embellish Rome and Constantinople. This grand street was intersected by another of the same breadth, forming a great square of half a league in circumference at this junction. Alexander the Great was the founder of this city, 332 years before Christ. The architect employed by him was the famous Dinocratus, who built the world-renowned Temple of Diana in Ephesus. That emperor, soon after the fall of Tyre, destined it to be the capital of his empire and the centre of the commerce of the world. It soon realized the hopes of its founder, by becoming the emporium, not only of merchandise and wealth, but of science and arts. Its inhabitants numbered at least, 310,000, although they are now reduced to 100,000.

The palace, which projected beyond the promontory of Lochras, occupied more than a quarter of the city. It was the residence of the Ptolemies, and each of them added to its beauty. It contained, within its enclosure, the Museum, an asylum for learned men, groves and splendid buildings, besides a temple in which was deposited the body of Alexander in a gold coffin, stolen away afterwards by the infamous Seleucus Cibyofactus, who substituted a glass one in its place. Here stood the world-renowned Alexandrian library; 400,000 volumes were in the Royal Palace, and

300,000 in the Serapion, the Temple of Jupiter Serapis. The collection of this library cost immense expense, labor and energy to Ptolemy Philadelphus. This library, called by Livy, "*Elegantiæ regum curæque egregium opus*," embraced the whole Greek and Latin literature, of which we possess only fragments. The books were transcribed by competent persons appointed for this purpose. The copies were then handed to the proprietor, and the original laid up in the library. The works of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus were borrowed from the Athenians by Ptolemy Energetus, who returned them the copies transcribed as beautifully as possible, and 20,000 pounds for the exchange. The larger portion of this library was burned during the siege of Alexandria, by Julius Cæsar, but it was replaced by the library of Pergamus, presented to Cleopatra by Anthony. The splendid Temple of Jupiter Serapis and the library were destroyed by the Arabs under Omar I., second caliph of the Mussulmans, or, as others say, by a crowd of Christians led by the Archbishop Theodosius, when Theodosius the Great ordered all the heathen temples to be destroyed throughout the Roman empire; but the probabilities are, that it was destroyed by the aforesaid Caliph Omar. It was certainly an irreparable loss to science. The museum, where so many scholars lived and were supported; where they ate together, studied and instructed others, remained till the time of Aurelian, and was destroyed in a civil commotion.

The city was nearly all demolished by Ptolemy Physcon 141 years before Christ, and all learned men fled away.

From this period the fortunes of Alexandria were dimmed by feuds and scenes of carnage until it was taken by Amron. Alexandria fell and rose several times under different masters, but its total destruction was when it became entirely subject to the Turks in 1499, and when the Cape of Good Hope was discovered by the Portuguese.

I saw the remains of that famous watch-tower of Pharos, built by Ptolemy Philadelphus in the first year of his reign. It was a large, square tower, of white marble, on the top of which fires were kept constantly burning for the direction of sailors. The architect of this structure had recourse to a stratagem to perpetuate his name. Being ordered to engrave upon it the following inscription: "King Ptolemy, to the Gods, the Saviours, for the benefit of Sailors," instead of the king's name he substituted his own, and then filling up the hollow of the marble with mortar, wrote upon it the above-mentioned inscription. When time caused the mortar to fall off, the following inscription appeared: "Sostratus, the Cnidian, the son of Dexiphanus, to the Gods, the Saviours of Sailors."

But my greatest pleasure in looking at the Island of Pharos was because it was here that, by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, seventy of the Jews belonging to a colony transplanted to Alexandria 312 years before Christ, and who there-

fore had become well acquainted with the Greek language, and here called *Hellenists*, made the well-known Greek Translation of the Old Testament under the name of *the Septuaginta.* These seventy translators were separated from each other, yet, through the operation of divine inspiration, their versions were word for word the same.

In Alexandria I visited the Latin Bishop, and several times I celebrated Mass in the Church of St. Catharine, on the spot where she received the crown of martyrdom. A partial Indulgence is attached to the place. Another partial Indulgence is attached to the Church of St. Mark, where this holy Apostle and Evangelist had preached and received the palm of martyrdom. His body was buried by the Christians at *Bucoles* in Alexandria, and till the eighth century honored in a marble tomb in a church. About this time the Venitians stole it and carried it to Venice.

On board the Italian steamer, I inquired from the Bey whether in Alexandria there were any remains of the Church of St. Athanasius. He informed me that over forty years ago he had seen the porch of the church, and four pillars were yet standing; but he was not able to tell whether they existed yet or not. He, however, gave me directions how to look for that locality, and in company with my friend, Rev. Padre Emmanuel, we made a search, and we found it at a short distance west of the modern fort, in the middle of the city. The marble bases of the four pillars are yet standing up, forming a porch about 60 feet long.

The glories of this great city are represented by ruins and heaps of *debris* in which small pieces of verde-antique, precious marbles and mosaics are constantly found.

The catacombs are situated about two miles from the city, on the edge of the Lybian Desert, and near the shore of the sea. They are not now approached by the great entrance, because the Turks have nearly destroyed it with gunpowder. An excavation has been formed through to the tombs, and it is the present place from which they can be entered. On one of the walls of a chamber, which now lies open to the air, a rude fresco is noticed, representing a cross, with a garland and flowers, springing from the arms, flanked by two candlesticks.

It is evident that these early Christian remains mark the former site of an altar upon a martyr's grave. The chambers are hewn out of the coarse rock called carparus or *tufo*. The niches for the mummies are wider than those generally visited in Egypt, so that several mummies could be laid in them side by side. These catacombs present nothing interesting. The Arabs and Turks have explored a considerable part of them for the sake of plunder, destroying every monument, in order to find treasure ; but finding that it was too much work, and that it would not pay, they have desisted from any further vandalism. What is called the state chamber is a circular room, about thirty feet in diameter, with three recesses, one at each side of the door and one opposite. It

has a vaulted roof, and its proportions are elegant. The recesses are filled with niches for the bodies of the dead, and bones can be seen scattered about the ground. There are several chambers half filled with sand. They are supposed to extend many miles under the surface of the desert, and perhaps even under the ancient city. Near this place, on the edge of the shore, there are chambers cut in the rocks, called Cleopatra's Baths. They are not interesting.

The present Alexandria can be styled an Oriental European city. It has some fine streets and buildings. The *Frank* Piazza is handsome, containing a public garden in the middle, ornamented with trees, flowers, and fountains. The Pacha exercises the office of a merchant, and attends to making money. He rents houses, trades, and destroys every ancient monument, when he needs the materials for his own use. The post-office is remarkable for being divided into so many departments, according to the letters of the Roman alphabet. Money of every nation is current, but at a discount; except the Italian, French, and English coins, which are received everywhere in Alexandria, and throughout Egypt, at par, except by the government. The English and French, and, I believe, now even the Italians, have their own post-offices, kept by their respective consuls, where only their national money is received for postage; other money discounted. Even the Egyptian money is discounted in the foreign post-offices at Alexandria, which surprised me very

much, as the Egyptian coins should be received at par everywhere in Egypt.

In one of my walks out of the city, I visited the Catholic cemetery, which is very well laid out, kept properly, and has also a chapel. Amongst the graves I observed a small wooden cross, where I read, "Rev. Mr. McGuire, from Missouri, aged 30 years, and died in 1856." My friend, Rev. ——, related to me the sad story of this American missionary. He had landed in Alexandria, in order to take a steamer for the Holy Land. I am not aware in what hotel he stopped, but he made himself too familiar with a Maltese, who offered to accompany him through the city. Perhaps he was not able to speak any of the languages used in Alexandria, and willingly accepted the services of that Maltese, who spoke English well. Father McGuire did not suspect that he was falling into the hands of an assassin. The Maltese and Greeks are considered the worst characters in Egypt and Asia Minor, and are not to be trusted. There are, of course, some noble exceptions; no doubt of it. Accompanied by this rascal, disguised in the guise of a friend, he visited the city, and perhaps he made some show of money. It is a bad plan for a traveler to make a display of money or jewelry. Many have lost their lives on this account. He wanted to be shaved, and the Maltese offered to bring him to a barber, and so he did. The barber was shaving another person, and bade him take a seat till he had done. The Maltese

said something to the barber, in a language perhaps Arab, which the unfortunate Father McGuire could not understand. The barber, perhaps, was a Maltese himself. They offered him a cup of coffee, which he accepted. The coffee was drugged. He soon lost his senses, was robbed and pitched into the street, where he was found and picked up by an Egyptian policeman, who, learning that he was a Frank, carried him to the Catholic hospital of the Latin Patriarch, in an insensible condition.

It is not prudent, in the East, to accept food or drink in any house, unless they are friends and persons well known. A stranger should select a good hotel: there he can rest, without fear, and every information needed can be got at the hotel. The respective consuls should be applied to for information, direction, and safety. Travelers also are used to seek information from bankers on whom they hold letters of credit or circular notes. During my stay in Alexandria, nearly every morning some European was found, murdered in the night, on the streets. Two Romans were found assassinated one Sunday morning. In boarding and private houses there is little or no safety for life or property. For these reasons the Franciscan friars have consented, in the East, to lodge pilgrims and travelers, of every denomination, and from every country, and those truly benevolent monks—the so much abused and slandered monks—require no payment for their lodging and meals. Every thing is given gratuitously, for the love of God and of man.

Poisoning is not unfrequent in the East. An Italian physician told me, in Jerusalem, that he never accepted any thing to eat or drink in any place, not even in the houses of his patients whom he was visiting, for fear of being poisoned.

The best medical attendance was procured, but it was too late. Rev. Father McGuire recovered his senses, but remembered nothing, except that he went with a Maltese to a barber's shop to be shaved, where he had accepted a cup of coffee. The doctor informed him of his condition, but he would not believe. The unfortunate missionary was a stout, healthy young man, full of life, and could not realize his true state. He remarked that he would soon be well, and that, knowing his strong constitution, he was sure of recovering. The missionary at the hospital, a Franciscan friar, whom I saw personally at the Franciscan convent of St. Catharine, advised him to prepare himself for death, and receive the last sacraments of the Church. Oh, what cruel news for poor Father McGuire, to die amongst strangers, in a foreign, far distant land, far from his relations and friends! He would not be persuaded that he was so ill. His desire of returning to his mission buoyed up his spirits, and he said to his spiritual adviser that there was no need of preparing himself for death, and that he would soon be well.

"My dear brother," said the Franciscan father, "I would not have advised you to prepare your-

self for death, if you were not in reality near it. You are a priest, like myself; we both know what it is to be far from our country and friends; yet I cannot let you, my brother, die without the sacraments. I feel for your sad case; it is hard, very hard; but it is my duty, my earnest duty, to make you acquainted with your true condition. I have been notified by the doctor that you can hardly live till to-morrow. If you have any thing which you want me to do for you, or wish to write to your family and friends, let us do it at once, while you have time."

Father McGuire, like a good priest and Christian, resigned himself to his fate. He offered his life a sacrifice to Him to whose glorious tomb he was making a pilgrimage. Like Moses, he was not permitted to enter the promised land, but unlike him, he was not allowed to see it, not even at a distance; yet, after the example of that holy patriarch, he submitted his will to the will of the Almighty. His merciful and good God wished soon to introduce him into the true promised land, of which Palestine was only a figure, and although he did not walk into Jerusalem, the City of God, yet he was invited to go into the New Jerusalem, the home of the living deity, from which He descended to be born in Bethlehem, and to which He ascended after His glorious resurrection from the tomb in Jerusalem. He said that he possessed a little property in Missouri, which he wanted to give to his parents in Ireland, who stood in need of it. The United

States consul was called, and he made his last will, which was sent to America. He received the last sacraments, and the next day died, in a foreign land, far from any of his relatives or friends.

This sad case made a strong impression on me. I knelt upon his grave; I felt it an act of duty to pray for the repose of his soul. Perhaps I was the first and the only one, coming from the same country, America, one of his brethren in the ministry, to look for his grave and kneel upon it. When that half rotten cross will crumble to dust, Father McGuire's grave will be forgotten for ever. During my pilgrimage, I often meditated on this sad event, thinking that that might also be my case.

The *Hotel d'Angleterre* is a fine and well-attended place. I had made my bargain for 12 francs a day, including every thing, even wines twice a day, at dinner and supper. In the afternoon, I drove to the station. My ticket for Cairo cost 30 francs, including what extra baggage I had in my possession, above the number of pounds of luggage allowed to first-class passengers on Turkish railways.

CHAPTER II.

GRAND CAIRO.

DEPARTURE FROM ALEXANDRIA—THE RAMADAN—ARRIVAL AT CAIRO—GRAND CAIRO—ORIENTAL MANNERS—EXTERMINATION OF THE MAMELUKES—JOUSSOUF PALACE—THE CITADEL—THE MOSQUE OF THE PACHA MEHEMED ALI—PALACE OF ISMAIL PACHA, GRAND VIZIER—JOSEPH'S WELL—RETURN OF THE PILGRIMS FROM MECCA—MOSQUE OF SULTAN HASSAN—EXCURSION ON DONKEYS TO THE PYRAMIDS—CROSSING THE NILE.

THE road from Alexandria to Cairo does not possess any striking interest. The land being the delta of the Nile, was flat and muddy on account of the recent inundation of that river, which although having retreated to its usual bed at the proper time, yet the country was wet, and many swamps could be observed along the road. A few romantic looking and mud-built small Arabian villages could be seen, sheltered by groves of palm trees; the entire delta was intersected by a net-work of canals carrying the water of the river to distant villages. Engines moved by donkeys, mules or buffaloes were drawing water from below by a chain of buckets placed parallel two and two, and tied with branches of vines. They descend bottom up, go through the water at the bottom of the well, rise up full, and empty

into a large tank. This machine is just like that used here in cleaning harbors, of which the Yankees claim to be the inventors, and they have obtained a patent. This machine is very common in Egypt and in Southern Italy, and it has been in use from time immemorial. Before the setting of the sun, I saw the Arabs making their ablutions, washing their faces, arms and legs; then turning themselves towards *Mecca*, perform the evening prayer. It is edifying to see them either on the roads or in the yards, on the tops of the houses, on the steamers, in a crowd or a solitary place, stopping everything, spreading their praying carpet when they have it, or on the ground, if they have no carpet, which they usually carry folded under their arms. In commencing their prayers they stand up as if entering into a deep meditation; they sign themselves after the Turkish manner of salutation, which is much like the Schismatic Greek sign of the cross; they turn their eyes toward Mecca and then cast themselves down bowing the head; then they make two or three profound inclinations, and fall on their knees touching the earth with their foreheads once or twice, and sometimes more; then rise up at once as in a profound contemplation; repeat anew the inclinations and down they go again, touching the ground with their foreheads as before. This is repeated many times according to their devotion. They seem to be in good faith. The Arabs are a religious people and inclined to a pious, devout life. The

fast of the *Ramadan* is observed by them very strictly. I was amongst them during the moon of January, which is the *Ramadan* moon. They eat and drink nothing from the rising of the sun to its setting, which is announced by a cannon, when it can be found ; then they take their meals and commence to sing and pray in the Mosques which are thrown open the entire month, and the minarets are illuminated every night. During the *Ramadan*, the Turks are hardly able to work or transact business on account of their fasting, watching and praying. These public, ordinary and earnest recognitions of religion, however false it may be, excited in me feelings to excuse the exhibition by individuals of fanaticism and hatred towards Christians. It is sad and painful to see so many thousands held in the bonds of the devil, abstaining from many lawful things forbidden them, and practicing many most unlawful deeds permitted and enjoined. The immorality and uncharitableness of these poor people is a striking sight when coupled to their religious doctrine ; an immoral and uncharitable life is the result of their very religion. What a frightful and diabolical parody of religious practices? Mohammed knew human nature well, and he had studied the Arabian inclinations and disposition to perfection.

We arrived at Cairo about 10 P. M., and I drove to the *Hotel du Nile*, which I found comfortable, clean and having a good table. I made a bargain for twelve francs a day including

everything except wines and candles. I think that the proprietor and officers of this hotel were all Catholics. The first visit I made was to the American Consul—a fine old gentleman, well educated, learned, and a good Catholic. He had printed in Italy a fine large work about the Egyptian antiquities and language. He was an Italian by birth, and attended Mass every day and approached the Sacraments several times in the month. He introduced me to the Franciscan Convent, where I said Mass often. In Cairo I was surprised to find out that the Italian tongue was more used than any other European language. Few understand French, but many speak Italian, and every body, even the Arabs, understand some of it. I was one Sunday in the church and was surprised to hear a sermon in the Italian language.

Grand Cairo, called *El-Kahireh*, (victorious,) and *Musr* by the natives, was founded by the Arab conquerors of Egypt, 970 B. C. It is situated near the right bank of the Nile, 130 miles from Alexandria and 90 from Suez, and contains 300,000 inhabitants; Arabs or Mohammedans, Copts, Christians, Mamelukes, Greeks, Syrians, Armenians, Jews, and natives of various countries of Europe. In size, it is second only to Constantinople in Turkey. *Old Cairo* is considered a separate town and so also *Boulak* which is the harbor of Grand Cairo. The city is surrounded by a wall; and the sands of the desert approach it on every side. Every gate (and

there are 31) except that at Boulak, opens on a sandy waste. Yet many fine gardens are situated around the city, which are continually irrigated with the waters of the Nile. Cairo is eminently Oriental; its interior presents a bustling and animated scene of traffic in which Oriental manners and appearances are correctly preserved, and excepting Damascus, no other great city in the East exhibits to the eye of the stranger the poetry and romance of the "Arabian Nights." The influence of the West has not destroyed the charm of Oriental costumes and manners. It is very striking to see streaming from the gate, among a busy crowd, a long procession of solemn camels, which with nose erect, thread their noiseless way; there an old tall Turk riding on a donkey, which in Egypt are the smallest of the species, having his legs within a few inches from the ground, accompanied by a half naked Arab boy who always bothers his donkey, belaboring the poor animal and with a sharp stick, poking it in the ribs; there you see the grave Copt, the wily Greek, the solemn Armenian, the silent Bedouin. There dashes on horseback in full gallop, an ornamented man who wants to appear somebody, making his way through groups of loaded dromedaries, stubborn donkeys and crowds of people surrounding clamorous quacks; there emerges the harem of some rich Turk, eight or ten fat women on horseback enveloped in large black silk wrappers and preceded by a black eunuch; there you see other women on

donkeys, whom I first took for masqueraders, and afterwards for nuns, and accompanied by half naked boys.

I remarked in the East, that the habits of friars, architecture of convents, mitres and other episcopal dresses and ceremonies, etc., have almost all been taken from Arabian, Bedouin, Persian and other Oriental manners. The women dress almost like nuns, they wear long black silk wrappers, if they belong to high families, otherwise they have it made of wool or cotton of blue or other colors. Rich women wear a red dress under the wrapper, their faces are surrounded by that white wrapper called by the nuns *succanno*. The *patience* (a kind of scapular), instead of hanging from the neck or bosom, is suspended from under the eyes, and is fastened by a little joint, which covers the nose, to a string of napoleons or trinkets, which forms a kind of crown on the head. That little joint which covers the nose, sometimes is covered with a row of napoleons or sovereigns (French or English gold coins). This scapular or veil is of a white color when it is worn by wealthy women and by the aristocratic class ; it is of a black color for the rest of the women. Girls do not wear any veil, and prostitutes are not allowed to cover their faces. This is the same custom that existed in the time of Abraham, who in Gerara made Sarah wear no veil in order to appear to be his sister and unmarried ; but Abimelech gave him one thousand pieces of silver to purchase a veil for Sarah.

Many Turks and some Arabs have a string of beads in their hands, or in their pockets, and some wear them suspended from their belts. I took them for Catholics, and very pious ones too ; but I was informed by my dragoman that they were Turks and Arabs, all Mohammedans, who, especially during the *Ramadan*, kill time by passing beads from one part of the string to the other, and they often measure the time they have to remain fasting till the setting of the sun.

In the squares of the city you can study the most remarkable features of Oriental manners. You see dragomans of every color, shape and dress, quarreling with donkey owners, who are very numerous, and press you to engage their services ; they are clamorous and back their donkeys to induce you to jump on them. You see mountebanks surrounded by crowds of people ; snake charmers, jugglers performing wonders ; dogs and monkeys playing circuses, dancing and begging ; dealers in knives, handkerchiefs, turbans, relics, antiquities, stones, and many curiosities. Dancing girls, although forbidden in Cairo, can be observed surrounded by numerous Arabs, who gaze at them attentively. There you see the miserable Santons, the Arab saints, with a few scanty rags on their breasts and shoulders, the rest of their bodies perfectly naked ; there also are the swarthy wild-looking Bedouins of the desert with a rope round the crown of the head. At Jerusalem I often saw a Santon entirely naked, except a narrow bandage around

his loins, begging; but he excited in me disgust, and I blushed to look on such a disgrace to humanity, walking publicly in the square near the town of David. All at once a fine carriage dashes up the square, and thirty or forty yards in advance of it runs at full speed a splendidly dressed runner, waving his silver rod, and shouting, to make way, "*Oha! oha! sche malàk! sche minàk!* ("Take care! keep to your right, keep to your left.")

The streets are narrow, irregular, with a hundred shapeless projections, and unpaved. The principal streets have gates, which are closed in the night to prevent disturbance. They are opening at present a central street, wide and straight, and for this purpose are demolishing houses and every thing coming in their way. The bazars are very oriental; some of them are hardly eight or ten feet square, presenting to the street a large window, which is the door; and there, sitting cross-legged, the Arab or Turk sells, eats, drinks, and takes his siesta at noon. The houses are of stone or brick, and solidly built; they are two stories high, and many nearly meet at the top, but they are gloomy. They have large and uncovered yards, some ornamented with fountains and statues; the windows and principal doors open into the yards. The doors of the houses are large and massive. Every variety of pointed, round and horse-shoe arches is to be seen in portals and windows, which are well ornamented with fine medallions, having wooden locks and

ivory knockers. The perspective of richly carved wooden latticed oriental windows produce the prettiest effect, looking down the narrow streets. The yards are generally the reception rooms for the men; the women dwell in the second stories. The roofs are flat and of stone; there the families assemble to enjoy the coolness of the evening.

The city is divided into several quarters, which are the Copt, the Jews, and the Frank. Under the last name, they mean all Europeans. They are closed at night, and a keeper is appointed at each gate, to open it to every person carrying a lantern. There are no street lamps in the Eastern cities. In a climate so delightful a great part of the business is carried on in the streets. At night I have seen Arabs taking their movable beds, which are a kind of large cages of small branches of trees, two or three feet high. They stretch some clothes on it, or a mattress, and stretching themselves, go to sleep covered by a blanket. They put this bed before the door of their shops, and I think they are hired to do so in order to watch the shops. The Egyptians are frugal and temperate. I have seen them running and shouting all the entire day, either as runners before a carriage, or accompanying their donkeys for miles and miles; yet they drink nothing else but the water of the Nile, which is sweet and healthy.

The great majority of the Egyptian Arabs are husbandmen, and their social condition is of a very low grade. The Armenians and Jews are

generally bankers and money-changers. The Copts dwell in towns, and are employed in offices of trust. The others are generally merchants. They make no pretension to cleanliness, and to see them handling articles of food with dirty hands is really revolting. I have seen them putting their hands into vases full of milk, after they had already been soiled with sand and dirt flying in the streets, which, being unpaved, on windy days are enveloped in clouds of dirty dust. Yet, eatable articles, such as vegetables, meats, sweet-meats, fruit, etc., are kept uncovered. It is true that in nearly all business streets the small spots of visible sky are shut out by mats, awnings, and boards, to shelter from the sun the streets and the crowds that assemble there ; yet, they do not hinder the dust from flying either by the winds, or by the motion of people, animals, carts, carriages, horses, donkeys and dogs. The last are very numerous, and live in quarters. If any dog should trespass on the quarter of another dog, he would be considered by the other dogs as an intruder, and treated as such. He at once feels his wrong position, and beats a hasty retreat, followed by his canine adversaries ; and as soon as he reaches his own quarter, feeling himself master, he takes the offensive, and the other dogs fly for their lives.

One day, riding on a donkey and accompanied by a dragoman, I visited the citadel. I passed through a gate memorable for the slaughter of the Mamelukes. Mehemet Ali, in 1811, having

discovered, or suspecting a plot of the Mamelukes against him, invited Ibrahim Bey and the chiefs of the Mamelukes, four hundred and fifty in number, to the citadel to a feast. The festivities being over, they mounted their horses; but on reaching the gate to depart, they found it closed. Immediately a thought of treachery flashed across their minds, which was confirmed by a shower of bullets from behind the ramparts. All perished, with the exception of Emir Bey, who escaped by leaping his horse a frightful distance from the top of the wall. Nearly all the Mamelukes of the city were slaughtered on that fearful day.

In this place I saw Joussouf's house, as it is called. Its remains consist of six or eight majestic and beautiful porphyry pillars, some standing, some broken. The Mussulmans say that it is the site of the house of the Patriarch Joseph. It is possible that that Patriarch lived here too, because Potiphar, Joseph's father-in-law, was a Priest of *On* (*Heliopolis*, now *Matarich*), only a short distance from here. Yet it may be the house of *Joussouf Sala e'-deen* (Saladin), who built a fortified palace on this spot, in the twelfth century, which was permitted to go to ruin by the Turks; but lately it has been repaired by the Pacha. I saw the Palace of Mehemet Ali, which is very fine, but nothing extra, except the upholstery, which is remarkable for barbaric splendor.

The Pacha does not now reside in this place; he has removed to a still more magnificent palace in the vicinity, which contains a pavilion two

hundred and fifty feet by two hundred feet, each wall of which is adorned with colonnades of white marble. The gardens are grand. The outer court is splendid and is surrounded by open cloisters, the whole cased with Egyptian alabaster. The mosque is finished and is truly magnificent. To enter it I was obliged to take off my shoes, which I gave in charge of a Mussulman who furnished me with the temporary loan of a pair of slippers. Of course backsheeshes procure every thing. I entered the mosque through lofty handsome bronze gates. The interior is vast, especially in height ; and is all decorated with white marble, alabaster and colors. We walked to the walls of the citadel overlooking the city, from which we enjoyed a most beautiful view. The magnificent panorama extends 30 miles along the Nile, and a view embracing the ruins of old Cairo, the suburbs of Boulak and Dijah, the site of Memphis, the great pyramids, obelisks, and Heliopolis, the ruins of Mataresh, the pyramids of Sakara and the eternal Nile, is obtained from this place. Beyond the Nile I could discover the soft and most brilliant verdure of the meadows, and rice fields, yearly inundated by the river ; and then beyond these, again, the undulating sand-hills of the Lybian Desert, on which the majestic pyramids rest. I could see the line marked by the fertilizing inundation of the Nile encroaching into the barren sand of the desert ; this line is so distinctly marked that I have walked with one foot on the

barren sand of the desert and the other on the soft green brilliant meadow.

I turned my eyes upon the city. What a majestic and imposing sight! Grand Cairo stretched out for two or three miles right and left, between us and the river. Hundreds of mosques whose shining and elegant minarets glittered in the brilliant rays of the sun—the Egyptian sun! Picturesque palm groves, thronged streets and places sending up the hum of hundreds of thousands, produced an impression which can never be effaced. By paying some more backsheesh I was shown Joseph's celebrated well, *Beer Jusef*. It is supposed to have been hewn in the rock by the ancient Egyptians, and was discovered by the Sultan Saladin, when erecting the citadel. It is fifteen feet in diameter, and 270 feet in depth, which brings its bottom to a level with the Nile. A winding staircase leads to the bottom, where are stationed two mules turning a wheel at the top; around this wheel there is a rope continually revolving, to which are attached small earthen jugs. This is the same machinery used throughout Egypt and Southern Italy to draw water from cisterns for the purpose of irrigation. This machinery is kept continually going and the mules are changed every four hours. At the base of the citadel I was introduced into the enclosure where the Sheik on horseback rides over the prostrate pilgrims after their return from Mecca; the poor wounded creatures believe that the more

they suffer the more happy they will be in heaven.

Every true believer in Mohammed esteems it a duty once during the life-time, to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, where Mohammed was born, and to Medina, where he died and is buried. Cairo furnishes once a year the *Kiaweh* or the lining for the *Kaaba* of Mecca. Kaaba was originally a temple of Mecca. The Arabs before embracing Mohammedanism called a small stone building in the same temple Kaaba, saying that it was built by Abraham and Ishmael. On the side, set in the wall, four feet from the ground, is a black stone covered with silver, toward which the Mohammedans turn their faces in their prayers. The pilgrims touch and kiss this stone seven times, after which they enter the *Kaaba*. The *Kiaweh* is richly embroidered with gold. The new *Kiaweh*, going to Mecca on a camel magnificently caparisoned, and the old one coming from Mecca, are the leading features of the procession.

In the afternoon, riding on a donkey I went to see the mosque of Sultan Hassan, which is the best in Cairo, the architect of which had his hand cut off by order of the King, that he might never be able to construct another like it. I made arrangements with my dragoman to pay all the backsheeshes in order not to be imposed upon or annoyed. This mosque is situated in the aristocratic quarter of Cairo, in which the noble and rich families live. Their houses, although great, and provided with magnificent gate-ways, appear sombre on ac-

count of the windows, which usually look into the court-yard and garden. The streets were clean and crowded with natives buying, selling, singing, talking, and riding. We dismounted at the side of the mosque among a multitude of horses, camels, and donkeys; and while the dragoman went for the key and to pay the usual fee, I approached the door by a lofty flight of steps from the street. The huge portal has a broad flat architrave, presenting the appearance of a trefoil headed arch, and folding doors of wood, covered with a rich bronze work so well executed that it might put to the blush our modern workmen. It is remarkable that the knocker is placed so high as to cause Mohammed to say that people in those days were taller than at present.

The entrance porch is about thirty feet square and sixty or seventy high, surmounted by a dome with a hole in the middle. After a passage of several turns we arrived at a low wooden barrier where sat a man who presented us some large slippers to put over our shoes. Stepping over this barrier we entered a large square court about two hundred feet square, with a central dome open in the centre to the air. Opposite to the entrance is the recess extending three times as deep as the side ones; then there is the platform or desk from which the Koran is read on Fridays, and in front of which private prayers are said. The architecture of the mosque indicates the style of ancient Oriental Catholic churches. In the eastern wall, where the altar of a church should

be, is a semi-circular niche giving the precise direction of Mecca, which is called *Mecherab*, and the public prayer is made in front of this by the *Moollahs* on Fridays. To the right of this, also against the wall, is a stone pulpit approached by a long flight of steps. Every Friday, after the reading of the Koran from the desk, an exhortation is given from the pulpit ; then singing and a prayer from a set form before the *Mecherab*. At the right of the *Mecherab* there is a door leading to a more richly decorated apartment, where the shrine of the Santon is built. The body is in a raised tomb covered with a rich carpet, fenced round, and above it are suspended three lamps. Over the head is placed a splendidly illuminated Koran, which I, because Christian, was not allowed to touch, but a Mohammedan brought it to the lattice for me to see. Just in the middle of the court is a marble basin covered by a dome, in which the Mussulmans wash head, arms, and feet three times before prayer. I saw near to it a second basin which was for the *Hhanafees* who use running water for their ablutions. There are four sects of Mussulmans ; the *Hhanafees*, *Shàfaees*, *Màlìkees* and *Hhanbelees*, who differ only on some points of discipline.

I had notified the landlord of the hotel to give my name to join any party that intended to visit the pyramids ; I did not want to go alone into the desert. A party was formed of Italians, French, and German gentlemen and a French lady, and I joined the company. A German living in Cairo

who spoke Arabic well, and who had visited the pyramids several times was appointed to make contracts, pay guides' fees, backsheesh, etc., except the donkeys. The hotel-keeper provided me with a good donkey, and an Arab to wait on me and to carry provisions to eat at the pyramids. The party was composed of eight persons besides the Arabs. We all started from the hotel at daylight, and after passing Old Cairo, the atmosphere turned so foggy that it reminded me of the darkness of Egypt in the time of Moses. It was so dark that we could hardly see each other, hence we kept close together. Arrived at the shore where we were to cross the Nile we could not see the river on account of the fog. Here commenced the fun with the Arabs. The regular price to cross the river and land to Gizeh, including Arabs and donkeys, and re-cross it, is one franc for each traveler. The Arabs asked a napoleon for each of us, and they would not come down lower than half a napoleon. The rascals in nearly all the boats had plotted together on the shore.

The German did us great service: he knew the Arabs, and he knew also how to manage them. He reproached them, scolded them, called them every kind of name and he even threatened them, but all to no purpose. They were firm. He told us to show no anxiety, but with our donkeys to retire from the shore and they would come to reasonable terms. He went again to the shore and protested that we would not cross the river, but would go back to Cairo and report their ras-

cality to the Sheik. They asked him how much he would be willing to give, "Half a franc each," he replied with firmness. "Half a franc?" they said. "No! you will never cross the river."

At this time some more ferry-boats arrived, whose Arabs were not in league with the rest, and this German gentleman turned himself towards them; but he was called back by the former Arabs who were anxious to re-cross the river, and had no passengers, so the bargain was concluded for eight or nine francs for the whole party, including Arabs and donkeys. For a while we were enveloped in this fog, but soon it dissipated, as if by enchantment a curtain had been folded up, displaying before our eyes the majestic Nile and its beautiful shores. We saw the Isle of Rhoda, where is the Nilomèter, and which is believed to be the place where Moses was saved from a watery grave in a basket found by the daughter of Pharaoh, when she went down to bathe in the river. We landed at Gizeh, and mounting our donkeys, passed through the village amongst a crowd of grunting camels, donkeys, Arabs and boys. We crossed some fine pine groves, and rich meadows which characterize the open country of Egypt. After three or four miles we passed another village, where a large number of women were washing at a fountain, and a crowd of children ran after us crying "backsheesh, backsheesh!" Beyond this village the road lies through a wide and uninterrupted field of the richest and most tender verdure; and the

pyramids, although about six miles distant, appeared as near as if they were only one mile, owing to the clearness of the atmosphere. I did well to secure a white straw hat and duster, as the sun was very hot, notwithstanding that it was winter. Occasionally there were pools of water left by the retreating river. We reached a very large pool which was to be crossed on the shoulders of Arabs, not on account of the depth of the water, but for the sliminess of the soil, which rendered the passage unsafe for horses and donkeys, especially when they were shod with flat plates of iron covering the whole hoof.

CHAPTER III.

THE PYRAMIDS—OLD CAIRO.

APPROACH TO THE PYRAMID—CHEOPS' PYRAMID—ASCENSION OF THE GREAT PYRAMID—INTERIOR OF THE PYRAMIDS—THE SPHINX—ATTEMPT TO ENTER A MOSQUE—OLD CAIRO—A SCHISMATIC GREEK CHURCH—THE GREEK SCHISM—A JACOBITE CHURCH—HOUSE OF THE HOLY FAMILY—MASS IN THE HOUSE OF THE HOLY FAMILY.

I HAD imagined that our troubles with the Arabs were over, but I found out that I was mistaken. We could not go across this large pool without their assistance, hence we had another long and spirited discussion with these children of the desert. They wanted an enormous price to carry us across on their shoulders. We threatened to wade the pool riding on our donkeys as some visitors did afterwards; but the Sheik saw us from a neighboring village, and, guessing the trouble, came to our rescue. He made us pay the usual price, which is about one franc, both ways, for each traveler, the guides free; and the money was to be paid on our return. We left the donkeys near this place with some Arabs, to whom we furnished money enough to procure their dinner and feed for the donkeys, and we walked the rest of the way, having continually before our eyes the Pyramids,

whose immense size we did not realize till we were at their foot; because they stand alone, on an elevated, mountainous range on the edge of the desert, without any other object with which to compare them. We at once stepped from a fertile alluvial soil into the arid burning sand of the Lybian desert, in which I found several shells and other deposits of the sea, which shows that this desert was once covered by the sea. In half an hour we ascended the low mounds on which stand the pyramids of Gizeh; soon we were under that of Cheops, the largest pyramid, and the most mysterious structure in the world. I looked aghast at the gigantic dimensions of this enormous edifice, and, gazing upon those sloping sides to the lofty summit, it appeared a mountain.

Herodotus says that this pyramid is eight hundred feet in height, and that this is likewise the length of its base on each side.

Strabo, Diodorus, and more modern measurements give less. I think they are all correct. The sand of the desert has raised the ground and buried a part of the pyramids, as the Sphynx and other monuments prove. Strabo says that the stone which closes the entrance to the pyramid is to be found nearly in the centre of one of the sides. If this was true in his time the soil must have been raised considerably since, the entrance at present being only one hundred feet from the ground. The base covers about eleven acres. Herodotus says that one hundred thousand men worked without interruption for twenty years in

building this pyramid, and that the broad raised causeway of large stones twenty cubits wide and eight high was almost as great a work as the pyramids themselves, and traces of it are visible opposite the third pyramid. By this causeway the huge stones from the quarries near Memphis and in Upper Egypt were brought to the spot after being floated down the Nile. The same historian says that the whole work was finished from above downwards; first the top, then the sides, then the bases, which appear to rest on sandy platforms, and last, those beneath the surface, excavated in some parts, and built in others, which he calls subterranean chambers, and which rest on the rocky level of the plain. The four sides stand exactly to the four cardinal points of the compass. There are over two hundred layers of stone, but several of them are now buried under the sand. These layers of stone which now form the steps for ascending the pyramids, vary in height considerably, from one foot to over four feet, and they are only a substructure of a smooth white marble casing, according to Herodotus, Diodorus and Pliny, although modern authors say that it was granite. That part of the smooth marble casing remaining yet undemolished on the top of the second pyramid, and the magnificent granite blocks which form the lower stages of the third one, are indications that Cheop's pyramid was cased with smooth white marble, with the lower stages of granite. The marbles and granite have been removed by the Pachas

to build their palaces and mosques in Cairo. The great pyramid was erected by Saophis or *Cheops*, about 2120 years B. C., and forty years afterwards his son, Sen-Saophis built the second. Herodotus says that Cheops became an object of hatred to his people on account of having spent so much time and money in building this pyramid. Yet, this notwithstanding, his son Sen-Saophis erected a second one.

About half of our party determined to ascend the pyramid; the others, including the lady, refused. I was undecided. I was anxious to ascend it but I was afraid of having some vertigo of my head, and then what would become of my bones! The Sheik of the pyramids had come in person to give us his assistance; he furnished two Arabs as guides for each visitor who wished to ascend the pyramids, and to whom they were to render every personal help. Every one who ascended the pyramids was to pay one dollar to the Sheik and that included the payment of the guides. Finally I agreed to ascend the pyramid with three guides which were furnished me, two to hold me by the hands and the third to lift me up when I needed it. I found it difficult for me to ascend, because the stones forming the steps were of different size, and some so high that I could not reach them with my feet but was obliged to climb with my knees, the Arabs pulling and lifting me, often forming a kind of step with their knees to give me assistance. The Arabs are responsible for the safety of visitors;

even a scratch endured by a visitor would be severely punished. Having climbed some distance up I stopped to breathe : I looked down and then up, and gazing at those who had nearly reached the top I perceived that their size had dwindled to that of insects creeping on the side of the pyramid. It was then that I realized, in all its force, the huge dimensions of this gigantic work. Up again, and making a kind of zigzag from one side to the north-east angle in order to select the best steps, we reached half way up where there is a large resting-place sixteen feet square, which from below, looks merely like a chip taken out of the corner of the pyramid.

I stopped a little while to rest and felt nervous. The Arabs asked for backsheesh. I gave it to them ; knowing that my life was in their hands. I continued to ascend, but I felt more nervous, and commenced to reflect on the difficulty of descending. When I was up over three quarters of the distance from the base I looked at the frightful abyss below, under my feet, and I resolved to go no further. I was not afraid on account of the difficulty of ascending. I could have reached the top, but I apprehended danger in descending ; I feared that in looking down below, my head might become giddy and I felt so already in some degree. The Arabs urged and encouraged me to continue to ascend ; they wanted to hold me up in their hands but I had resolved to go no farther. They perceived that I was nervous, and thinking that I was frighten-

ed, they told me "If you do not want to go, we will not go, we will do what you will tell us; no danger, no fear, we will take care of you, we will hold you; give us backsheesh." I told them that I would give it to them when we got down; but they replied, "No, give us backsheesh now." Of course I gave the backsheesh. "Good man, good master!" they exclaimed.

Here I remained for some time, and contemplated the magnificent panorama which was displayed under my eyes. I was considering the dark mountains of Mokattem bordering the Arabian desert; the ancient city of the Pharaohs, its domes, mosques, and minarets glittering in the light of an African vertical sun; the rich valley of the Nile, whose waters were rolling silently to the sea; the long range of pyramids and tombs extending along the edge of the desert to the ruined city of Memphis; and the boundless and everlasting sands of the African desert. At a great distance in the far East, I could perceive the hot air, as if it were boiling on the burning sand of the great desert of Sahara, the largest desert of the globe; the greatest part of it is nothing else but a dead level. No voice or sound disturbed the silence of these lonely abodes of the dead; no birds with their warbling notes cheered the oppressed heart of the visitant, saddened by these mysterious gigantic relics of far-gone mighty generations. The melancholy stillness of this vast solitude transported my spirit to consider the ancient dynasties of Ethiopia and of the Egyptian Kings; to reflect

upon a long past cyclopic age, which erected these wonderful monuments, which attract the admiration of present generations ; an extinct race, whose civilization preceded the Greeks and Romans, and whose colossal temples, tombs and cities astound the wise and learned men of this decaying period, and compels the present age to blush and acknowledge with reluctance their great inferiority.

I got up and commenced the descent, assisted by the Arabs, who received backsheesh several times before we reached the entrance to the pyramid. Four Arabs accompanied me into the interior of it; two would have been enough but I could not succeed in keeping two of them out. Two carried candles, the others were giving me assistance. On entering, the passage is low and uncomfortable ; it is three feet and a half square, lined with large blocks of highly polished granite. It then descends very abruptly for fifty or sixty yards in the interior of the pyramid, and I felt very much fatigued, stumbling along, covered with dust, soot and smoke, choked with foul air and smothered by an oppressive heat. Two Arabs taking me by the arms pulled me along, keeping time to a national air, singing an Arab-Italian song, in which all the Arabs joined in this rhyme, "*Buon padrone, buon Signor,*" "*Buona moneta, buon backsheesh.*" Then dividing into two choruses, one sang "*Buon padrone,*" the other answering "*buon backsheesh,*" or "*buona moneta,*" according to the rhyme, and so on. I was surprised to hear the Arabs sing in Italian.

The tune was beautiful, and the song, as far as I could understand it, contained praises of the visitor and of his liberality in backsheesh. I do not know whether they sing this song for every visitor ; of one thing I am certain, they got plenty of backsheesh from me.

Here the passage turns to the right and winds upward to a steep ascent of eight or nine feet and then falls into the natural passage, which is five feet high and one hundred feet long, forming the ascent to a sort of landing place. In a small recess of this is the orifice or shaft called the *well.* Proceeding onward through a long passage we entered the Queen's Chamber, which is seventeen feet long, fourteen wide, and twelve high ; this chamber is simple and without ornament. There was no sarcophagus in it. Here of course the Arabs asked and got backsheesh. Returning from this chamber we mounted a narrow ledge and crept as far again into the King's Chamber, or tomb, which is about thirty feet by fifteen, and fifteen feet in height. The walls of this chamber are of red granite, highly polished, each stone reaching from the floor to the ceiling, which is formed of slabs of the same red granite, smooth and shining like a mirror, and extending from side to side. Over this there is a second chamber approached by steps cut in the angle of the chamber which is to be climbed up like a chimney-sweep, and afterwards by a well-like shaft. This chamber seems to have been made to keep off the extreme pressure from above. In the King's Cham-

ber stands a sarcophagus, also of red granite, seven feet six inches long, three and a half deep, and three feet and three inches wide. Here slept one of the greatest rulers of the world, the proud mortal for whom this mighty structure was raised. Here one can realize the enormous labors of the builders of this great tomb. The tomb still exists but where is he? where is his soul? even his dry bones are gone, torn away by rude hands. There is still a mystery about these colossal monuments. It is now nearly universally admitted that sepulture was the principal object o these marvellous structures; but a critical scrutiny of their interior construction points to some other object besides. Smooth and polished, immense blocks of fine marble and granite, round and above you, in places where they were intended for few mortal eyes; a sarcophagus, whose size is nearly that of the orifice, could not have been conveyed to its place by any of the now known passages, consequently they must have been deposited during the building or before the passage was finished in its present state. It is generally admitted that the main purpose of this mysterious edifice was to be a tomb; but whether the polished surfaces of the inclined shafts through which we now enter; their great inclinations which render it impossible to pass without steps now cut here and there in the floors, and the appearance of accurate contrivance which these passages possess, suggesting the idea that access was practiced by means of machinery, point to the concealment of

treasure, the celebration of secret rites, and other uses besides, I suppose we shall never know. We must also consider that the chamber is not in the centre, but in an irregular and out-of-the-way position in this vast pile. Who can say that they are entirely explored, and that their uses are perfectly known, when we reflect and calculate that allowing an equal solid bulk of partition wall in the great pyramid there is sufficient space for 3,700 chambers as large as that containing the sarcophagus. Herodotus says, that the platform on which the pyramids stand was excavated into subterranean chambers, which Rhampsinitus made for treasure houses, bringing in the Nile by a canal so as to isolate them.

In the King's chamber I felt exhausted with fatigue and heat. All those who have visited the pyramids agree that it is far more laborious to go inside of them than to ascend them, except the giddiness of the head; and some of the party who ascended to the top of the pyramid refused to enter it. I was in a profuse state of perspiration. I saw that the Arabs were alarmed about me; one of them took my straw hat and with it he commenced to fan me while others got out of the way that they might not prevent the air from reaching me; and they showed me a hole in the wall through which some fresh air might enter, but I did not feel any. I leaned on the sarcophagus to rest and breathe. Afterwards the Arabs came around me and asked for backsheesh. I told them that I would give it to them when we

got out of the pyramid. "No! no!" they replied, "the Sheik will see them and he will take all." I gave them what they wanted and told them to hurry me out of the place at once. They took me by the hands and to the tune of the same song they pulled me down, then up again; they pushed me along to a resting-place, then "backsheesh." They requested me not to tell the Sheik that I had given them any "backsheesh." Up again, and once more down, singing very lively "*Buon Padrone . . . buona moneta . . . Gran Signore . . . Bella giornata . . . buon backsheesh.*" Half exhausted, smothered, and full of perspiration I emerged from this mysterious recess, and was very glad to again enjoy the light of heaven, and I stopped and laid down on the ground to breathe and recruit my strength in order to be able to descend the rest of the pyramid. They asked me again to say nothing to the Sheik about the backsheesh, because he would take them away from them for himself.

We took our dinner under the shadow of this great pyramid and afterwards went to see the other two, the tombs, a temple, and the sphinx. The second pyramid was opened by the indefatigable *Belzoni* at a great expense and labor. In this second pyramid there is only one chamber, and it is not in the centre; there is a sarcophagus sunk in the floor. There are two passages leading to the same chamber. This pyramid was built by Sen-Sarophis, son of Cheops or Saophis, 2,083 years B. C. The base is at present 690

feet square and 447 high. The ascent of this pyramid is accompanied with great difficulty, danger and loss of life. The third pyramid is at present 333 feet square at the base and 203 high. It was built by Mencheres. There is one chamber in which was found a stone sarcophagus, which was lost in a vessel on the way to England. In the passage leading to the chamber were found a wooden coffin and a mummy which are preserved in the British Museum. The first pyramid is enclosed on three sides by long rows of massive and deep tombs, on some of which I could see mummies half buried in sand. The second and third are surrounded by traces of a square inclosure, and approached through enormous masses of ruins which may be the rubbish of some great temple. Towards the south-east we visited a temple built of large blocks of highly polished red granite and marble ; it had several chambers. It is nearly buried under the sand, but formerly it must have been above the level of the ground.

Returning from the temple we visited the celebrated Sphinx. It is 150 feet long and 63 feet high, and its circumference round the forehead is 102 feet. The paws of the leonine part are thrown out 50 feet in front. This colossal statue was entirely cut out of the solid rock that stood in the desert with the exception of the four paws, and it is worked smooth. She wore on the head the royal helmet of Egypt but it has been moved. The Sphinx was one of the Deities of the Egyptians, and in former times there was an

altar standing under the breasts of the statue, and the smoke of the sacrifices went up into the huge nostrils which now have disappeared from her face. This fabulous monster probably of Egyptian origin, amongst the Egyptians, was different from that of the Grecians. The Sphinx of the Grecians was the daughter of Typhon and Echidna, sent by Juno to punish the Thebans, and it was cruel and crafty. But the Egyptian Sphinxes were the symbols and guards of royalty and were represented with a human head on the body of a lion.

This gigantic Sphinx has for thousands and thousands of years faithfully watched over the huge tombs of her master. Races of men have succeeded each other ; hoary and mutilated, silent and lonely, sad and sleepless, this Sphinx still watches at the tombs of its masters in the vast desert of Lybia. These poor pagans who had built such colossal monuments to cover their bones, and placed a gigantic guard to watch their remains, certainly looked for another life than this beyond the grave. Who dares to insult those poor pagans, tombs, temples and sphinxes? . . . We returned to Cairo late in the evening.

Next day while walking through Cairo I passed a Santon's tomb, laid in a covered yard which was enclosed by an iron fence. Over this tomb there was spread a rich carpet, and several lamps were burning before it. I was not allowed to enter because I was a Christian, but I saw it from the outside of the railing. In the afternoon I

passed by a large old and sombre mosque; I stopped to gaze at it and I heard singing. I entered the gate, mounted a flight of steps at the top of which I found a barrier, which I crossed, and immediately a great number of boys came out from what I supposed to be a school attached to the mosque. They gave the alarm, some laughing and some astonished at the great trespass I had committed, and some looking to see what I was doing. I stopped, and a man who must have been the teacher made me understand by signs to go back, and I stepped out of the barrier, but I expressed in the same manner my desire to see the place. We could not understand each other's language. He pointed to my feet; I thought that he meant for me to remove my shoes, which I did, and I attempted to step over the barrier again, but they all commenced to cry as if I was attempting to commit a great crime. Being alone and without a dragoman I thought it prudent to retreat, and I went away.

On another afternoon I rode on a donkey to Old Cairo, a city of great interest in ancient history and founded in the year of our Lord 638, by *Amer-ebu-el-As*, who built also a mosque which still bears his name, but it is in a dilapidated condition. Near the door of the very large mosque of Omar there are two pillars about ten inches apart. Formerly any person not able to pass through these pillars was looked upon as an infidel; if he could pass he was considered to be a true believer in the Prophet. Among the monuments

visited with great interest in this place are the Granaries of Joseph, built by that Patriarch in this locality. My boy spoke only Arabic, but my hotel-keeper had explained to him to carry me to the Coptic or Jacobite Church in Old Cairo; but when we arrived at this city I found out that he knew very little, and, wandering to and fro and inquiring, he took me to a large old building. I mounted a long flight of covered steps and entered a large hall. I was told that it was a Greek Church, and I sent to the priest who had charge of it for permission to see it. From this hall through a kind of corridor I was led to the door of the church. At the right of this door, but at some distance, there was a man chained to the wall by one foot. He appeared to me like one having delirium tremens, but through delicacy I abstained from inquiring about him from the priest who arrived just at this moment. He opened the curtain of the sanctuary, and on the altar there was the Blessed Sacrament, which was kept uncovered, and not in the tabernacle, and without any visible mark of its presence—for instance without light. The Greek Church is in the Coptic quarter and occupies the site of the old Roman fort. It presents the usual features, and within the iconostasis it contains three small paintings of St. Simon Stylites casting out devils. The devils are represented leaping from the mouths of those possessed, who stand at the foot of the pillar.

This is the site of the Egyptian Babylon. I had told the priest that I was a Latin priest; he

called me his brother, carried me up-stairs into his apartment, and sitting on a divan we drank coffee. Here I commenced to doubt whether I was amongst Catholics or Schismatics. I did not want to ask him directly about my doubts, but I so directed the conversation that I discovered that this was a Greek Schismatic Church, and that I was conversing with a Schismatic Priest. I found him a gentleman, pious, of good faith, and learned, contrary to what is generally insinuated against the Greek Priests. We had a long discussion on the subject of the Greek Schismatic Church, and I was pleased to see that they hold no error in doctrine. The difference is entirely in discipline, and this difference was always with them, and was confirmed by Eugene IV. in the Council of Ferrara. This priest was not married, and neither of the two other priests who live with him were married, but they could be if they wished. He always called me by the name of brother, and remarked that the difference between the Latin and Greek rites should not dissever the bonds of charity and character amongst the ministers of God, who work for the sole motive of accomplishing what remains yet to be done for the salvation of souls; a duty which Christ Our Lord has imposed upon us to do. I said I was glad of these motives, and I assured him as well that the Latin clergymen were actuated by the same motives, and that we constantly pray for the union of all our separated brethren.

He asked me if we looked on them as separated

from the Church? "You considered yourselves as such," I replied, "by your not acknowledging the supremacy of the Pope, and rejecting his communion. You consider yourselves independent of him, and have no unity with him who is the rock upon which the Church is built, and to whom alone was given the charge to feed the sheep and the lambs, and who alone is the Vicar of our Saviour and successor of St. Peter. You cannot consider yourselves nor can you be considered in union with the Church." "We do," he replied; "we do acknowledge the Pope to be the successor of St. Peter and the Head of the Church, and we look on ourselves as attached to it. For this reason we never had any Æcumenical Council since our Patriarchs and Bishops began to quarrel amongst themselves. It is for them to settle their disputes. If it is a fault it is not ours, but is the fault of our Bishops and Patriarchs. We receive our instruction from them and we are to abide by them. If our bishops will settle these disputes with the Pope we most willingly will go with them." It is a fact that the Greek congregations with their clergy are in good faith, and they find themselves separated from the Church for the fault of their bishops. Pride, self-interest, love of independence, of money, and of the favors of princes, passions, stubbornness, want of piety, and deficiency in the fear of God actuated those wicked prelates to refuse submission to Rome. Like Lucifer they carried with them priests and congregations who believed it to be right to follow their bishops no

matter where; they without knowing it found themselves on a precipice. He continued that in Egypt, Palestine, and generally speaking everywhere, it was easy for us in the abstract to say, *You should sever yourselves from your Bishops and submit to the Pope.* "How can it become practicable? It has been done and it is yet done by the Greeks, Copts, Armenians and others but only in small bodies, and it is followed by difficulties far greater than what you think. But when the bishops submit, they are followed by dioceses and entire provinces." I perceived that they were in earnest and in good faith, and I firmly hope that the day is not far distant when our separated brethren will be again united under the successor of St. Peter.

This Greek priest gave us directions where to find the Jacobite or Coptic church, under which was the house where the Holy Family had lived during their residence in Egypt. He remarked that they had the well from which the Blessed Virgin usually took water for domestic use; but as I had seen it and received the Indulgence attached to it, I went to the Jacobite church. The Coptic priest was not there, but some backsheesh soon procured the key. The church is a fine building, in the Oriental style, and ornamented accordingly. It is believed that the church was built by St. Helen, mother of Constantine; but at present it is in the hands of the Schismatic Copts. The priest came, and he was a venerable-looking old man, wearing a blue gown, like that usually

worn by the Latin bishops, and a kind of turban. He showed me everything, and explained them. The Blessed Sacrament was not there. The church has some excellent carvings in wood, but it is going to destruction. He showed me a very old Coptic Missal, which I wanted to buy, but he refused to sell it. Through a narrow, uncomfortable trap-door, we descended to the subterranean chapel, which was the house occupied by the Holy Family during their residence in Egypt. It is now turned into a church fifteen feet square and high in proportion. It is divided into three naves, having three round arches, each supported by pilasters. It has three Coptic altars, in the form of a shrine, the largest, at the end of the middle aisle, where our Saviour slept while a child. The other two are in the middle on the side aisles, facing each other. At the end of the left aisle, in the same line of the great altar, there is the baptistery. Having given some backsheesh to the priest and to some others who claimed it, I returned to Cairo.

I desired to celebrate Mass in the subterranean chapel, the house of the Holy Family. But could I do it in a schismatic and heretical church? Would not that be communicating *in Divinis?* And it would have been against the instructions which I had received in Rome. One day I met the Greek bishop and the Coptic patriarch, but as they could not speak any other language except their own, I could do nothing on this point, as we were not able to converse together. I could not

even as much as find out whether the bishop and patriarch were Catholics or schismatics. I went to the Latin Convent of the Franciscans, and there I had a conversation with several of the fathers, who directed me to Padre Pietro, an Italian Franciscan missionary apostolic, who had resided for over twenty years in Old Cairo, taking charge of the Catholics of that city. I went to him, and he informed me that there was a particular privilege from Rome to say Mass there on an *altare portabile*, and that a partial indulgence was attached to that place. He added that he had permission from the Coptic priest, by paying a fee to him, and another to an Egyptian woman, who had charge of that church, to erect an altar every time that Mass was to be said by a Catholic priest, the whole amounting to about two or three francs. We appointed the next day to say Mass, and some nuns carried what was necessary to celebrate. Padre Pietro assisted me, and the nuns and some other Catholics received communion at my Mass. I paid all the fees, and breakfasted with Padre Pietro, who lives very poorly, but contented, in his mission of Old Cairo.

This church is commonly called Coptic, because the Copts are the original Egyptians, but in reality it is Jacobite. The Coptic church is curious and interesting; it is the type of all their churches. It consists of four parallel aisles, of which, what I call the central, is terminated by an *apse*. The arches are pointed and of Byzantine style. The

pulpit is long enough to admit three or four persons at once, as is the practice, as I believe. The church is subdivided by many wooden screens, and there are latticed cages for women who have adopted the Mohammedan system of veiling themselves. The house of the Blessed Virgin was converted into a little church by the primitive Christians. St. Helen built a large church over it. They were in possession of the Catholics. The Copts took hold of it when the Catholics were persecuted and expelled. On their return the Copts refused to restore it to them, and they applied to the French Government for redress, but in vain. However, the French Government can give permission, with the consent of the Coptic priest or patriarch, for a Latin priest to say Mass, by paying three francs to the Coptic clergyman. In this church there are some fine pictures, two of which are called miraculous, four side altars, and a curious baptistery. The well in the baptistery is said to have been created miraculously, for the refreshment of the Holy Family. The whole quarter is surrounded by a high wall, and is inhabited by Copts and a few Greeks.

CHAPTER IV.

EASTERN RITES.

THE MARONITES—THE GREEKS OR MELCHITES—THE SYRIANS—THE ARMENIANS—THE CHALDEANS—THE COPTS—THE ABYSSINIANS—THE LATINS—THE SCHISMATIC GREEKS—THE SCHISMATIC ARMENIANS—THE JACOBITES OR SYRIAN MONOPHYSITES—THE SCHISMATIC COPTS—THE SCHISMATIC ABYSSINIANS OR AFRICAN MONOPHYSITES, AND THE NESTORIANS—PROTESTANTS.

In the East I had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the different rites of the Church. I had read so many curious and erroneous relations from evil-disposed and ignorant travelers and writers, that I had always entertained a desire to become personally instructed in the Oriental doctrine and ritual, not only of those who are in communion with Rome, but even with those who, unfortunately, are separated from the Church. I had heard of errors professed by them; I had read that they had given the Holy Eucharist to Protestant travelers and received them into their communion. I never credited such reports. I have had conversations on this subject with several Eastern clergymen, bishops, and patriarchs; I have been in their churches; I was present at the celebration of their ecclesiastical rites, at the administration of some of the sacraments, and especially of Communion. I have looked for information from persons well

acquainted in the East, and from competent authors, and I here give a faithful relation on this matter.

The Catholic rites in the East are eight, and they possess distinct hierarchies in union with the Holy See. They hold the same doctrine with us, but they differ only in their mode of worship, and more or less in the discipline which they have respectively received from their ancestors and sanctioned by the Popes. They are the following: The Maronite, Melchite or Greek, Syrian, Armenian, Chaldean, Coptic, Abyssinian, and the Latin. The last two are generally governed by vicars and delegates-apostolic. The schismatic Christians of the East are the Greeks, the Armenians, the Jacobites or Syrian Monophysites, the Copts, the Abyssinians or Egyptians, the African Monophysites, and the Nestorians. They are not only separated from the Catholic Church, but mostly also from each other. Some of these, besides being schismatics, maintain heresies; but it is more the effect of ignorance than of obstinacy in their error.

The Maronites are principally in Syria, and a few in Palestine and Africa. They have several bishops and archbishops, and a patriarch in Antioch, who holds his jurisdiction immediately from Rome. They profess never to have swerved from the Catholic faith, and maintain that their patriarch is the only one whose spiritual lineage from St. Peter in the See of Antioch has never been severed by heresy and schism. The num-

ber of the secular clergy is 1,200, and that of the regular 1,400, the latter living in monasteries. There are also nuns residing in Antioch. The bishops and regular clergy are obliged to live in a state of celibacy; the secular clergy may be married, but to one wife only, that is, only once, and before taking Holy Orders or expressing their will. The Maronite ritual, more than any other Oriental rite, approaches that of Western Christendom. The language is Syriac, but by direction of the Holy See the Gospels and Lessons are read also in Arabic, and the entire Bible has been lately translated and written in the Arabic language. The Pope has granted them the privilege of using the same vestments as the Latins, but it is doubtful whether this privilege works well in the East. They seldom avail themselves of this permission; they prefer their own form. Although the order of the parts of the Mass is more similar to the Latin than other rites, yet they use incense at Low Mass as well as at High Mass. They have adopted the Roman Calendar. Their name is derived from that of *St. Maro* or *Maromi*, a holy recluse who, in the fourth century, when the heresy of Eutyches and Monothelitism were making havoc in the East, preserved the inhabitants of this mountainous district in which he dwelt, from the contagion of those heretics.

The Greek Uniates or Catholics, or Melchites, are so called from the Arabic name *melek*, (a king,) to distinguish them from the Eutychian heretics, owing to the great assistance to the Catholic cause

given by the Emperor Marcian ; or, as others assert, they received that name when they remained under the imperial power, while the other Syrians had declared themselves independent of the Emperor. They have three patriarchs, residing in Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem, who have several suffragan bishops. The clergy have the same discipline as the Maronites, except that the clergy are all seculars. There are not many in Asia, but in Europe they are numerous, especially in Austria, Greece, Russia, Italy, and Turkey. The Russian Government is making every effort, even by open persecution, to detach the Greek Catholics from their obedience to the Holy See. They still use their ancient calendar ; they consecrate unleavened bread, and communicate in both kinds. The Melchite ritual is threefold : the rite of St. Basil, that of St. John Chrysostom, and the Lenten rite, called the *præ-sanctificatum*, from the practice of not consecrating on the ferial days during Lent. They reserve a sufficient number of hosts, consecrated on the Sunday of Lent, to be used for the ensuing week, just as we do on Good Friday, using a *præ-sanctificatum* of the preceding day, Holy Thursday. By order of the Holy See, the whole of these rituals have been translated from the original Greek into the Arabic, for the use of those patriarchates.

The Syrians have a Patriarch in Antioch (now residing in Aleppo), and about one dozen bishops. The clergy have the same discipline as the Greek, and are very intelligent, but they are

not numerous. They reside in Syria, Palestine, Mesopotamia, some of them are found in Africa, and a few at other places. Some Syrians had embraced the heresy of Eutyches in the sixth century, and they were, like other Monophysites, called *Jacobites* from their leader James Baradæus. In 1783 their Patriarch Giarve made his submission to the Church, and was confirmed in his See by the Pope. The schismatic Syrians are daily returning to the Catholic Church. The liturgy is in Syriac, but by order of the Holy See it is translated nearly entire into the Arabian language. A colony of 200,000 Syrians, of whom more than 150,000 are Catholics is found in Travancore and Cochin, the field of the apostolic labors of St. Francis Xavier. Although they have been considered Schismatics, in reality they were Catholics. Their lapse may be considered as the result of mere oblivion and isolation ; and, indeed, when the Portuguese, in the sixteenth century, made overtures to them, they immediately returned to the Church without any difficulty, and the rest of that colony are daily quitting the schism. Indeed, in 880, Alfred, King of England, having heard of their isolation and opposition, sent an ecclesiastical envoy promising to them means of intercourse with them and they submitted. It is said that this colony had been led hither in the first or second age of the Church, and was evangelized by St. Thomas, an Armenian missionary from whom they were called *San Thomè Christians.* They have never been heretical, although

they have been wrongfully accused of being tainted with Nestorianism. Their Metropolitan resides in Malabar. By the care of the Holy See the greater part of the Mass and the New Testament, and books of devotion and instructions have been translated into the vernacular and the Malayalim language.

The Armenians are very ancient, and their liturgy is in the ancient Armenian tongue, very little different from that now in use among them. Their large and beautiful collection of hymns is almost untouched since the time of their great Apostle St. Gregory; abounding in the refutation of the heresy of Eutyches and other errors. They have a Patriarch in Cilicia, residing in Bezourmar, a Primate Archbishop in Constantinople, and several other archbishops and bishops. The regular clergy cannot marry, but the secular clergy may as in the other eastern rites. They are in Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Turkey, Georgia, Russian Caucasus, and some in Italy, Greece and Africa. The Armenian clergy are highly educated, and very pious and zealous. Many of them are very efficient missionaries in the East. A part of the Armenians are called *Mechitarists* from a certain zealous and holy man called *Mechitar* (The Consoler) who was the instrument of the conversion of a large number of his countrymen. The Mechitarists are found in Morea. There are a few of them in Italy, in Austria, and in the East generally.

The Chaldeans are not numerous; there may

be between twenty and thirty thousand altogether, scattered in Mesopotamia, Persia, Armenia, Kurdistan, and a few in Palestine. They have a Patriarch in Mossul, but he resides in Bagdad, and seven or eight bishops. About the year 1551 the Nestorians, who had persisted in their heresy, met in order to fill the Patriarchate which was vacant; they disagreed among themselves about the individual who was to be elected. The natural successor was a certain Simon Bar-Mama, but the bishops, considering him unfit for the office, chose another. They assembled at Mossul to consult about the means of obtaining the requisite jurisdiction for their candidates, and it was here, and on this occasion, that they determined to submit to the Church and ask the Pope's confirmation. This was accordingly done; but a few bishops persisted in nominating Simon to the Patriarchate, and the third in succession from him succeeded in expelling the Catholic Patriarch and driving him into exile. Since then the Catholic Patriarch has resided in Bagdad. Their liturgical books are all in *Straughelo*, a kind of dialect from the ancient Chaldean. The Holy See has caused these books to be purged of the Nestorian taint and translated into the Arabic language, which can now be considered their vernacular.

Since the separation of the Copts from the Church the Coptic Catholics have been governed by a Vicar-Apostolic residing in Cairo, who has jurisdiction over all Copts in Egypt. Besides Cairo, there are six Coptic missions in Egypt, filled by

Franciscans, and under the Propaganda. About one third of the Coptic population, which is 200,000, is Catholic. Four Coptic Bishops have made their submission to Rome. The Coptic ordination is the only one amongst the Oriental rites of which Rome entertains doubt as to its validity, because the Coptic form of conferring orders is very irregular ; hence when a Coptic bishop or priest submits to Rome he is re-ordained under conditions. When Copts become converted they are aggregated to the Franciscan Coptic missions, to every one of which one or two native Coptic priests is attached. The Coptic converts retain their own rite, whose existence is distinctly recognized by Rome. Their liturgical books are in the Coptic language, which represents the ancient phonetic Egyptian ; they were originally very heretical, but they have been largely expurged and in part translated into the Arabic. The discipline of the clergy is nearly like the rest of the Orientals. I understand that Pius IX. either has or is about to establish a regular Coptic Hierarchy under a Coptic Patriarch to reside in Cairo.

The Abyssinian Catholics have lately increased very much, as several bishops and many of the clergy have submitted to the Church. They count at present 2,000,000, one sixth of the whole population of that empire, and are under the jurisdiction of a Vicariate-Apostolic. The people are docile and intelligent, but utterly undisciplined and profoundly heretical and demoralized. Through the efforts of zealous mis-

sionaries in the last century the Abyssinian Emperor recognized Father Alphonsus Mendez as Catholic Patriarch and rejected the authority of the Schismatic Patriarch of Alexandria; but the monks and clergy who are very dissolute and corrupt raised such commotion, and so excited the people to open revolt that the emperor banished the Catholic clergy, and under severe penalties forbade the Copts to have any communication with the Holy See. The liturgy is Ethiopic, but is in course of translation into Amharic, as few understand the former language.

The Latins have several Dioceses, ten Vicars-Apostolic, besides three Prefects-Apostolic in Africa. During the time of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem, acquired by the noble efforts of the Crusaders under the great Godfrey of Bouillon, the Latin rite was very extensive, especially in Palestine; but at present it is very limited. Yet as the Franciscans are the guardians of the Holy Sepulchre and the Holy Places, divine service in these sanctuaries is performed according to the Latin ritual.

The Separatists, or Schismatic Christians of the East, are the Greeks, the Armenians, the Jacobites or Syrian Monophysites, the Copts or Egyptians, the Abyssinians or African Monophysites, and the Nestorians. As the unity of the Church consists in the unity of doctrine, worship and government, these Separatists break this unity in departing in one or more of these points. The Grecks are accused of denying the procession of

the Holy Ghost, but this accusation is unjust. Individuals may appear so for want of instruction, but the bulk of the Schismatic Greeks are sound in dogma. The Abyssinian Greeks are also accused of differing from the Church on the doctrine of Transubstantiation, but this accusation is also unfounded. The Church has never condemned nor accused the Greeks of heresy, but they have been condemned only as Schismatics. The Council of Ferrara, under Eugene IV., is a sufficient proof of it.

The Greeks (Schismatics) are divided into three distinct Churches; between which entire intercommunion prevails; subjects of the Sultan, those of the Czar, and those of the King of Greece The Turkish Greeks have four Patriarchs; that of Constantinople, whose jurisdiction extends over all bishops of Turkey in Europe and greater part of Asia Minor; that of Alexandria who has authority over all bishops of Egypt, Nubia and part of Arabia; that of Antioch, whose jurisdiction embraces all the bishops of Syria, Mesopotamia and Cilicia; that of Jerusalem, in whose authority are included the bishops of Palestine, and beyond the Jordan, and Idumea.

The Russian Greeks have passed through several forms of Church government. They had bishops formerly dependent from the Patriarch of Constantinople. A Metropolitan See was established successively at Kiew, Vladimir, and Moscow. It was afterwards erected into a Patriarchate. Peter the Great abolished it and

erected a committee or board of bishops and others, styled the *Holy Governing Synod*, to whom he intrusted the direction of his Church, subject to his control.

The Greek National Church has a bishop at Athens, called *Primus*, and about fourteen Diocesan bishops. The Constantinopolitan Patriarch was asked to surrender the right of jurisdiction which he held over them, and he did so. The entire number of Greek Schismatics is put down by some at 56,360,000.

The Armenians till lately have been under one head, the *Catholicus*, a title once given to one who presided over a whole external region of the existing ecclesiastical arrangement, but now it means a kind of Primate, who was called also Patriarch of *Etchmiazin*. He, the Patriarch of Sis, that of Aghtamar (in Lake Van) and that of the Caspian Albanians, called once Aghorans form the supreme hierarchy. The Patriarchs of Constantinople and Jerusalem were suffragans of the See of Sis, or Cilicia. When Russia acquired the two Persian provinces of Nakhchevan and Erivan, Etchmiazin (about three miles from Erivan) became a See appertaining to Russia. It was then that the Turkish Armenians were withdrawn from its jurisdiction, and the *Catholicus* of Aghoran became a Suffragan of Etchmiazin. By order of the Russian Government that Patriarch received a jurisdiction over ten Russian Sees, and three in Persia and Hindostan. That Patriarch is nominated by the Emperor, and very soon

it will be absorbed in the Russian *Holy Governing Synod.* In this manner twelve dioceses, a large number of clergy, and 500,000 people were consolidated in the Russian Church. The Turkish Armenians were nominally placed under the Patriarchate of Cilicia; but in fact the See of Constantinople is the next in importance, and the Sultan addresses his Firmans to his Armenian subjects through the Patriarch of Constantinople.

About the fifth century the Armenians rejected the errors of Arius and Nestorius, and, while in the same national synod they refused to accept the decrees of Chalcedon, they at the same time condemned the heresy of Eutyches. Yet under the influence of Barsumar in the assembly at Vaghershabad in 491, and by their *Catholicus* (then a Suffragan of the Syrian Patriarch under the Primate of *Pontine Cæserea*) and their colleague bishops, they pronounced in favor of the Monophysite doctrine. They imagined that they had steered a middle course between Nestorius and Eutyches, whom they anathematized. Political events produced many changes. In the thirteenth century the new Armenian kingdom sprung up, and extended from Mount Taurus to the southern coast, including a part of Cilicia, then overrun by the Memlooks of Egypt. Since that time the Armenians have been dispersed through the Turkish Empire. The Armenians are well instructed, good, and pious. Their churches are much like the Catholic edifices. They hear confessions, the priest sitting on the ground, and the

penitent kneeling before him. Their conduct in church is becoming, grave, and decorous. They appear separated from the Church more by prejudice and inveterate habit than by malice. Their hymnology remains as in the time of St. Gregory. They are most orthodox. Their liturgy is in the old Armenian, and is understood by the people as the Latin is by the western Catholics. They celebrate the feast of St. Peter with great pomp. It is really moving on that occasion to hear them singing in the words and tongue of the fourteenth century the praises of the Chief of the Apostles, of the rock of the Church, of the foundation of faith, etc.

The Copts are generally governed by a Patriarch, who resides in Alexandria, who has a great number of suffragan bishops. The titular Patriarch of Jerusalem, who resides at Cairo, is under the jurisdiction of the resident Patriarch of Alexandria. It is he who nominates and consecrates the *Abuna;* that is, the supreme head of the Abyssinians, who are in communion with the Copts. The clergy, both regular and secular, are married ; the former belong to three orders ; that of St. Anthony ; that of St. Paul, the Hermit, and the order of St. Macarius. The Convents look like villages, generally enclosed by walls, and are governed by a *Goumos* (*Agoumenos*, leader or head) who exercises both spiritual and temporal authority, and may be said to be a regular Sheik. The Copts are descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and the Schismatics number

about 150,000. They accept the three first general councils of the Church, but obstinately reject the Council of Chalcedon, not on account of the doctrine, which they profess to hold, but on account of the irregularity which they assert existed in that council. They say that the place for the convocation of the council had been fixed at Nicea, but through the intrigues of Marcian, Emperor of Constantinople and his wife Pulcheria, who were both present at this council, the place was changed for Chalcedon, near Constantinople. In reality bloody rebellions in Palestine and in Egypt were the immediate consequences of the decrees of the council against Dioscorus and the Monophysites; and not until after a long period of ecclesiastical disputes was this council received by the Church. In matters of discipline the Greeks record thirty canons but the Latins number only twenty-eight. The Copts rejected the entire council, and unfortunately founded a distinct Church. They are tainted with the heresy of Eutyches and are Monophysites. They practice circumcision, a custom learned from the Arabs. This is the only eastern rite of which the Church doubts as to the validity of their ordination of the clergy. They are ignorant, and few of the clergy comprehend the language in which their liturgy is written. They are described to be of such loose morals and discipline that their religion is a by-word among the heathen. Divorce is obtainable for money, even a few days or weeks after

the celebration of the marriage, or persons may make a bargain with the clergy to be married only for a few days or weeks.

The Abyssinians are under an *Abuna*, usually a Copt, chosen from some convent in Egypt, and consequently ignorant of the Liturgic tongue, (the Ethiopic) or the vernacular (the Umharic) language of his spiritual people. The number of the clergy is said to be 100,000, the most part of whom are regulars, living in large convents, or as hermits, but all can marry. The Abyssinians numbering 10,000,000 are in communion with the Copts, and have the same errors, but they are of a more religious character; more attached to the Holy Bible, especially the Old Testament. They profess great respect for the clergy, and are very observant of the Sabbath as well as Sunday. They practice circumcision; which they have learned from the Jews and not from the Mohammedans, like the Copts. The Jewish customs are derived from their association with 200,000 emigrants, mentioned by Herodotus in his history, who are conjectured to have been exiles from the Jewish nation. The Eunuch, a high officer of the Queen Candace, became converted while studying the Holy Scriptures, as he went down through the desert. He belonged to this nation, which he brought to the Catholic faith by his noble conversion. There are many traces of Jewish customs amongst the Abyssinians. They have to this day a favorite practice of studying Holy Writ; but this inclination is unhappily abused, because

the various opinions or interpretations of the Scripture divide both clergy and people into different parties. The descent of the Holy Ghost on Our Lord is a favorite subject of dispute among them.

The Nestorians formed a distinct sect in the fifth century, under Barsumas, Bishop of Nisibis. Their Patriarch resides at Mossul, and his jurisdiction extends over some twenty diocesans, over the greatest part of Asia, including the Arabian Nestorians; and his office is hereditary, and conferred by an election of the whole episcopal body. They profess to be Catholics; they repudiate the name of Nestorians, and say that their name in the East (that of *Nûsrani*), means simply "*of Nazareth.*" About the end of the fifth century they appointed a Nestorian Patriarch, who took the title of *Catholicus* of Babylon, and claimed to be the head of the whole sect. Under the Arabian rule they extended into Western Asia, Tartary, and China. Now their Hierarchy numbers twenty-five Metropolitans, and although the sect was once very large it has now gradually declined. The seat of their Patriarch was first at Ctesiphon, then at Bagdad, and finally in 1559 in Mossul. Their liturgy is in Syriac, of which the vernacular is a dialect, and it is written in a peculiar character, which resembles the Stranghelo, but is not quite the same; it is a kind of very ancient Syrian orthography. Their theology is very uncertain and their orthodoxy is daily diminishing. The converts are aggregated to the Chaldean

Catholic rite. At first they had the seven sacraments, but confession and confirmation have fallen into disuse. They have a great reverence for the Blessed Sacrament. They consecrate in leavened bread, the leaven being made annually on Holy Thursday in Holy Week. They have great facility for divorce. They as a body maintain open communion. Their clergy can marry several times after the death of the wife, even after their ordination. In general they are ignorant and deserve to be pitied rather than blamed for their errors.

The Protestants in the East do not succeed in their efforts to spread their spurious Christianity. They frequent the society of loose heretics, especially of the Copts, but they are seldom admitted to their communion. Several Protestant travelers boast that eastern heretics gave them communion, but they are mistaken. While traveling in Africa and Asia I made this a special point in my researches. Many Oriental Schismatics before consecration prepare a plate of small loaves of bread and bless it. Then before the time of the consecration they take one of these loaves, leaving the rest in the plate, which they remove to a place outside of the altar, and they consecrate only that one loaf, with which they communicate themselves and others. After Mass they take the other loaves not consecrated, but only blessed, which they distribute to all those that are present. It was offered also to me whenever I was there, but of course I refused to receive it.

This bread is kept for days and weeks in some corner of the church. It is this *blessed* bread that they have given to Protestants, and not the *consecrated*, as they erroneously believe.

CHAPTER V.

CAIRO—CONTINUED.

MOSQUE OF TAYLOON—TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS—TREE OF THE B. V. MARY—HELIOPOLIS—PETRIFIED FOREST—PYRAMIDS OF SAKKARA—INTERIOR OF THE PYRAMIDS—MEMPHIS—CROCODOPOLIS—TOMBS—SIOUT—TEMPLE OF DENDERA—THEBES—TEMPLE OF KARNAK AND LUXOR—MEMNONIUM—ESNE—ASSUAN.

Cairo, with about 300 mosques ornamented with elegant marble columns brought from the temples of Memphis and Heliopolis, some of them having as many as six graceful minarets, presents a wide field to entertain the traveler. One afternoon riding on a donkey, and accompanied by an Arabian dragoman, I went to visit the famous Mosque of Tayloon, which, next to that of Am'r is the most ancient in the city. It exhibits the earliest instance of the pointed arch, which prevails throughout the building without exception. It is built in the form of a square with two minarets at the south and northeast angles. The sides consist of a double colonnade on three sides and a fourfold one on the east. The exterior facing the court has a cresting of complicated decorations with small square turrets at intervals, and under it a succession of small circles containing various foliations each different from the other. The windows contain painted glass

inserted in stone. The mecherab is enclosed in a very elegant series of mouldings. It is said to have been built by Ahmed Ebu-e-Tayloon, in 868–906 B. C. He was the Sultan who may be said to have been the founder of the Egyptian Government, almost independent from Constantinople. One day while absorbed in mind, while with his hands he was idly twisting up a piece of paper, his Vizier reproached him for this apparent silliness, and he defended himself, saying that he was planning a minaret for his new mosque upon quite a different design from any hitherto known. This beautiful mosque is very much out of repair and it will soon fall to pieces. In the centre of the court is a very picturesque dome surmounting the fountain of the mosque, and the interior is decorated with arcades and windows. The founder constructed an outside circular staircase round the minaret, that he might ride to the top on horseback.

On another afternoon I hired a donkey to go to Heliopolis, accompanied by nobody except the Arabian boy, the owner of the animal. We went through the principal gate of the city called "*Bab-e-Nusr*" or *Gate of the City*, in order to visit on our way the extensive tombs of the Mamelukes, which lie east of Cairo. In this vast cemetery, ranges of tombs extend for miles into the desert, and I was impressed with the solemn stillness and gloomy grandeur of a last resting place among the eternal sands of the desert. This city of the dead is most appropriately situated on the verge of the desert, secured and protected from

the busy bustle of the city. The Mamelukes, originally slaves from the foot of the Caucasus, then the lords and caliphs of Egypt, now an exterminated race, for centuries and centuries are sleeping in their magnificent tombs, whose noble proportions and dignified air called from me a feeling of regret for the extinguished race of the Saracens. These tombs of the caliphs, the mausoleums of the Mamelukes, kings of the Circassian dynasty, after five hundred years of existence, now neglected and squalid, maintain their beauty unimpaired. The tombs are large and handsome buildings, with domes and minarets; the interior is beautifully wrought, and the windows are set with stained glass. The lofty piers, bearing up the pointed arches of their cloisters, the mysterious interior structure of these gloomy palaces for the habitation of the departed, the bold-springing domes, and the silent, gorgeous chambers of death below pointing heavenward, and the graceful, slender minarets, from which these poor dead heathens have loudly and faithfully sung five times a day for many a century the praises of a God whom they have in their ignorance worshipped, bear witness for them that they were looking for another life besides the present, and that they were searching, working, and hoping for another existence beyond the grave, to be met at the close of this life. No inscriptions were engraved to beg the prayers of kind and pious visitors, but a powerful voice from the silent tombs was forcibly and loudly calling for a "May they rest in peace."

In one of these tombs, richly decorated with marbles and carpets, I was shown two stones, placed under small tabernacles, on which are respectively impressed the form of a foot and two hands of the Prophet Mohammed, as they told me; but as in the East there are several of such stones, having the impressions of a foot and two hands, said to be those of the prophet, I paid no attention to the story. Many tombs of this long range have been destroyed, in order to build other monuments; and this work of devastation continues very briskly, till eventually the entire range will disappear. In a large cemetery, to the south of the city, there is the tomb of Ibraham Pacha. Fallen, changed, entirely revolutionized as the land of Egypt is, even at present the inhabitants pay, in a scrupulous manner, a peculiar regard to the structure of tombs to inter their remains. This tomb is considered to be the best edifice of modern Egypt. It has several large rooms, finely finished and decorated, surmounted with cupolas and embellished with many graceful minarets. The interior is imposing and solemn; divided into two chambers. In the first is the body of his favorite wife, surrounded by those of other members of the family; in the other chamber there are several tombs, covered with valuable Cashmere shawls. Some places are yet unoccupied, and in one corner there is reserved a spot for the present pacha. The apartment is carpeted and ornamented with divans and chairs for the members of his family who come here to

mourn and pray. The tombs are illuminated by lamps.

Leaving this City of the Dead, I took the road for Heliopolis, which is about three miles east of Cairo. On the road I saw the funeral of a child. The corpse was covered with a shawl, and not coffined, and was carried by a man holding it in his arms. A short procession was formed by men, and they chanted a kind of psalm in two choruses. No women were present at the funeral. The sun was scorching and the sand burning-hot, but now and then we passed under the shade of tamarisks and boughs of sycamore trees, and through gardens watered by irrigation, and fields of corn and cotton. A large canal from the Nile conveyed water to places many miles distant from the shores of the river, and it is the source of a rank vegetation in this part of the desert, which is the border of the rich country of Gessen, that land which Joseph procured for his father and brethren. The road passes through the magnificent palace which the pacha has built in the desert, and by the tombs of Melek Adel, brother of Saladin. We arrived at the garden of Matarieh, where there is a famous sycamore tree which, as a time-honored tradition says, had the honor of sheltering the Holy Family in their flight into Egypt. It is a noble and venerable looking tree. I knelt on that spot which had been sanctified by the sacred presence of the Holy Family. I prayed there, meditating on the great mystery of the flight into Egypt. I kissed the ground conse-

crated by the feet of Our Redeemer, and gathering some limbs and leaves of this holy tree, I mounted my donkey, and in a short time was on the site where Heliopolis once stood.

There is nothing at present to indicate the ruins of that city, except an obelisk, 70 feet high, which stands alone on a pedestal 6 feet and 2 inches in diameter. This obelisk was erected by Osirtasen, 1750 years before Christ. This is the pillar of On (in the Egyptian language signifying the sun). It is the oldest monument of its kind in existence. It is an entire mass of reddish granite, covered with hieroglyphical characters. According to the custom of the Egyptians, a large mound must have been erected at the spot upon which the base of the obelisk stands; but the inundation of the Nile has raised the ground 25 feet above the base of the obelisk. Lately there have been excavated some large stones of a doorway on which is the oval of Thothmes III. They are supposed to be part of the magnificent Temple of the Sun which stood in this place. Strabo, that famous geographer, visited this city soon after the death of Our Saviour. He saw the apartments in which, four centuries before, Eudoxus and Plato had studied the Egyptian philosophy, and the latter graduated in this city. The great Temple of the Sun and others were destroyed or overthrown by the barbarous Persians, and the famous libraries were burned by the fanatical Arabians. Now, a single solitary obelisk—a melancholy monument and a landmark, in a cornfield,

points out the former greatness and the eternal ruins of the famous City of the Sun.

Heliopolis was one of the most extensive cities of Egypt, during the reign of the Pharaohs, and its monuments were so beautiful, that it was considered one of the first sacred cities of Egypt. The Temple of *Re* was magnificent, having an avenue of sphinxes and adorned by obelisks, raised by order of Sethosis Rameses, 1,900 years before Christ. The priests were learned, and they as well as other scholars were instructed within the precincts of the temples. The present town of Metarea is built on a part of the site of Heliopolis. Water was introduced in former times from the Nile, by means of canals and lakes.

Some Arabs, who were ploughing in this field, made a great effort to get backsheesh, claiming to be owners of the ground. One of them even threatened to stop me from mounting my donkey; but they got nothing. I had been warned at Cairo against this imposition. I was nearly out of small coins, on account of so much backsheesh given at the tombs of the caliphs.

The Petrified Forest is the pompous name given to a number of fossil remains about ten miles from the city. I noticed in "pudding stones" a quantity of small sea shells, which shows how correct Herodotus was in his view, that the whole of Egypt once formed a gulf similar to the Red Sea, which the constant alluvial deposits of the Nile have gradually filled up.

The ascent of the Nile, at present, can be performed in a few weeks. There is now a line of steamers belonging to the Azizich or Egyptian Navigation Company, between Cairo and Assouan (First Cataract), calling at different places of interest on the route, and remaining a sufficient time at each to allow passengers to visit the antiquities. The journey, both ways, usually occupies 25 days, including stoppages. Besides this, there is a well-conducted railroad on the bank of the Nile to Siout. Passengers who have no time to spare may go to Siout by railroad, and there take the steamer to Assouan. Should they desire to go to the Second Cataract, they can hire a boat at Assouan. Besides the romantic scenery of the Nile, the luxuriant vegetation of the land, travelers can enjoy an abundant variety of game on the shores, and the view of the picturesque villages, whose palm-groves and slender minarets rise beautifully on the top of mounds sufficiently high to avoid the inundation of the river. The monuments of antiquity, a wonder to the nations, and the remains of the colossal, gigantic temples and tombs, bear strong evidence of the enterprise, civilization and science of Egypt. The Babylonian Hermes, 2,362 B.C., founded a State in Ethiopia, and the Ethiopians and Babylonians, the first nations enlightened by Indian civilization, formed that of Egypt. The Jews gave their contribution, when Abraham, 1920 years B.C. entered Egypt; till Amosis, from Thebes, 1575, B.C., formed the Diospolitan dynasty.

He was the king that knew not Joseph. During his reign Moses was born. Their gloomy religion banished gayety from their midst; dance, songs, and sports were disliked. Even now, dancing-girls are not allowed in Cairo, but they are found in Upper Egypt, and their characteristic politeness, temperance, devotion and superstition can be observed to this day. The cultivation of mathematics, geometry and astronomy were necessary to the Egyptians, on account of the inundation of the Nile, which, as antiquity testifies, for over 3,000 years has been regular in regard to season and duration; it rises in June, and recedes in October.

Worship, acts of religion, and funerals were the only things which the Egyptians celebrated with great parade and solemnity. We see that all their wealth and skill were bestowed with great prodigality upon temples and tombs; besides these we are not aware of any other great monuments of architecture. It seems that the first thought of the Egyptian kings and potentates was to build their tombs. The first year of the accession of a king to his throne was the commencement of the construction of a sepulchre. This was the case in the erection of the Pyramids, in which each successive layer of stone marks every successive year of the reign of the monarch who undertook the construction of such an edifice. In the tombs at Thebes the longer or shorter reign of a king may be traced by the extent of the chambers, or by the completeness of

their finish. In some instances we may observe a sudden transition at once from a neat, brilliant and perfect finish to a rough, unhewn rock. At the entrance of each tomb the monarch or potentate is observed standing and making sacrifices to the sun, which, with the head of a hawk, wishes him many a day, and a long, happy life, to complete his laborious work. Egypt has always been divided into Lower, Middle, and Saïd, or Upper Egypt.

Near Memphis are the Pyramids of Sakkara or Sahharah. They, better than the great pyramids, show the interior construction in the manner of stages. The object of the founder was to conceal the place where the body was to be laid, in order to prevent its disturbance. The pyramids not only were closed outside in such a manner that the entrance could not be found; but even the passage to the interior was constructed so as to be difficult of access, winding up and down, turning to the right and to the left; then up and down again. Even after the passage led to a chamber, it was only a blind to mislead intruders with the idea that they had reached the real tomb. There are instances in which a body was found and was taken for that of the king, as in the pyramid opened by Colonel Howard Vyse, in 1837. Near a chamber a body was found, and sent to England; yet the body of the king (Mycerinus) was found in its sarcophagus, intact, in another chamber. The other body had been deposited, in fact, to preserve the real body of the

king from injury. Herodotus relates that the priests at Memphis said to him that Cambyses, in her furious mood, dragged from the tomb the body of Amasis, and insulted and maltreated it; but the priests assured Herodotus that the body so outraged was not that of Amasis, but one which he had buried at the immediate entrance of the tomb, having been warned by an oracle of the violence intended to his body. This practice had not been unusual with their monarchs.

We have a striking instance of this custom in the tomb of Osiris I., amongst the tombs of the kings at Thebes, marked No. 17. After descending several flights of steps, or inclined planes, they had reached a chamber which, before the discoveries made by the great antiquarian Belzoni, was thought to terminate the tomb. From the hollow sound of a part of the wall, which was stuccoed and painted over like the rest, Belzoni suspected that there must be some other chamber. The wall yielded to his efforts, and discovered beyond it a hall with four piers supporting the roof. A further passage and vestibule led into a magnificent hall, twenty-seven feet square, and surrounded by a raised estrade, on which were six great piers. The whole, piers and walls, were covered with colored sculptures and hieroglyphics, as fresh and brilliant as if finished yesterday. Beyond this great hall an alabaster sarcophagus, with a cenotaph of King Osiris I, was found in a niche, nineteen feet square, on a raised floor. This, however, was only a blind; the real

tomb was still further concealed. Belzoni broke the further wall of this recess, and found that it masked a shaft, descending for a hundred and fifty feet into the rock; but he was not able to proceed beyond this, on account of the friable nature of the stone which fell and prevented further access. So, after more than three thousand years, Osiris reposes undisturbed in the silence of his remote chamber.

Memphis, founded by Menes, the first King of Egypt, was a large, rich and splendid city, the second capital of Egypt, and in the time of Strabo, (A.D. 20,) in population and size it was next to Alexandria. Of its noble temples of Vulcan or Phtha, Osiris, Serapis, etc., and of its great palaces, nothing now remains but the noble colossus of Remeses the Great, now prostrate and half buried in alluvial soil. It was 45 feet high, and composed of a single block of red granite. On the belt is his name and surname. It was a regular custom amongst the Egyptians to write the names on statues and paintings, in order to explain what they represented. This is observed on all the paintings, tombs, and other monuments found in Egypt; a custom by far superior to the practice of our age, when we must only guess what they represent, and often take one thing for another. This is all that remains of that Memphis, for centuries the wonder of the world, the favorite residence of many dynasties, and the supplanter of that Thebes, whose ruins are venerated by all nations, on the shores of the Nile!

Near Lake Maeris, once as large as the Lake of Geneva, but now comparatively dry, was the ancient Crocodopolis or Arsinoe, whose inhabitants worshipped the crocodile, and who were often involved in feuds with the people of Heracleopolis, at Anasieh, (whose ruins are yet to be found near *Beni Souef*,) who adored the inveterate enemy of the crocodile, the *ichneumon*. The people near Assuan eat the crocodile, but those about here abstain from this profanation, as they call it. Here and upward on the Nile there is a bird called "trochilus," which, with its long beak, kills the leeches in the crocodile's mouth, and gives him notice of the approach of the enemy. Both shores of the river are studded with neat villages, yet the clay with which they are built make them look, at a distance, like stains of mud on a brilliantly rich verdure.

The country between Minich, one of the prettiest towns on the Nile, and Beni-Hassan, is much infested by robbers, and generally the dragomans protest against travelers desirous of making excursions in this part of the Nile. The grottoes and tombs of Beni-Hassan are very interesting. It is erroneously believed that these grottoes were excavated by the Egyptians before they commenced to construct with stones and marble; that they served for a pattern, by which to erect buildings. On the contrary, these excavations were made on the model of constructed buildings, having pointed arches, architraves, and other parts necessary to buildings; but useless,

nay, disadvantageous, for excavations. The ancient Egyptians made excavations at first after the pattern of buildings; then, discovering that these parts were useless for excavations, dropped them. This is manifest from the fact, that late excavations, such as these tombs at Thebes, are devoid of arches, architraves, and abacuses. The tombs of Beni-Hassan are considered the oldest monuments of Egypt, previous and during the time of Joseph in Egypt, belonging to an earlier date than that of Thebes.

The great north grotto of Beni-Hassan has a portico with two pillars of Doric character. A lofty doorway opens into the tomb, which is divided by two rows of columns. The roof consists of three vaults, parallel to each other, whose bold construction is shaped in a segmental form. The idols were kept in a niche at the end of the middle aisle. The sculptures are much defaced; but most of the subjects are painted, representing the manners and customs of the old Egyptian race. The colors are fresh as if painted recently, and the drawings vigorous and life-like. The Egyptians appear solemn and immovable in their architecture, yet they show great gayety and vivacity in their paintings. On the walls you can observe representations of hunting scenes; women performing on musical instruments; the infliction of the bastinado on both sexes, etc. Nearly all trades are represented on the paintings in the tombs; linen and cotton manufacturing, brick-makers, potters, glass-blowers, goldsmiths, black-

smiths, horse-shoeing, a barber shaving a customer, and another cutting toe-nails; women performing various feats of agility; figures of animals, fishes, birds, of agricultural implements, musical instruments, cooking apparatus; manner of kneading dough, baking bread, hunting scenes, boat-sailing, furniture, etc. In one tomb there is a painting of Joseph presenting his brethren to Pharaoh. Some entertain doubts about this representation, but as incredulous travelers are generally very skeptical about any subject connected with the Holy Scriptures and the Church, their authority is not to be followed blindly.

Behind the village of E'Dayr, not far from Antinoe, there are a number of grottoes of great interest, not only for their early date, but also as containing the tomb of a person of high character in the reign of Osirtasen II. (1650 B.C.), one of the Pharaohs, who bestowed on Joseph great power and rank in Egypt. In an excavation there is a scene indicating clearly the method adopted by the Egyptians in moving heavy weights. A colossus, about 30 feet high, rests on a kind of sledge, to which there is attached a rope pulled by a great number of men, some Egyptians and some foreign slaves. On the legs of the colossus stands a man who seems to be keeping time for a simultaneous haul, by clapping his hands and singing a measured tune. On the pedestal of the colossus stands another man, pouring out oil to facilitate the movement.

It is a well-founded opinion, that Pharaoh's ma-

gicians, who performed those wonders in the time of Moses, came from this village, now called Antinoe. At that time, however, it had another name; or, I would rather say, this Antinoe, built by the Emperor Adrian, in honor of his favorite, Antinous, who was accidentally drowned here in the Nile, has succeeded to the place from which these magicians came. Five miles beyond Manfaloot, in the mountain range opposite, is the cave where are deposited the crocodile mummies, finely preserved, piled from the floor to the ceiling, with an occasional human mummy, supposed to have been the feeder of these ancient gods.

Siout (El Hamra), the capital of Upper Egypt, the largest and the best built city in Saïd, contains 25,000 inhabitants, the most of them Copts. Some of its bazars are not inferior to those of Cairo. It is the starting point for the caravans that proceed into the interior of Africa. Here are extensive ranges of tombs, and several temples. It was here that the Emperor Theodosius sent his eunuch, Eutropius. from Constantinople, to consult John of Lycopolis, a holy Egyptian hermit, about his success in the civil war. This holy hermit, when 40 years of age, retired, solitary and alone, to the top of a rock, difficult of access, near Lycopolis, and walled up his cell, except a little window to receive all necessaries. He never left his cell till death. He admitted every body, except women, to see him, on Saturdays and Sundays, and he had caused a kind of hospital to be built near his cell, for the recep-

tion of those who came from a distance. He had the gift of prophecy and miracles.

Siout occupies the site of the ancient Lycopolis, or the City of the Wolf. Here are temples and catacombs, in which the prevalence of the wolf-mummies indicates that it was the burial-place of Lycopolis. In these temples the chief idols are usually sitting in their adyta. Here Anybis is the chief idol. In Girgeh, a town 80 miles distant, there is a Latin convent, or rather, I would say, a residence. Near here is the ancient Chemnis, now Achmim, where Nestorius died in exile. Thirty miles higher up is the town of Kineh, celebrated for its dancing girls, called *Ghawazee*.

Below, on the opposite side of the river, are the ruins of the famous Temple of Dendera. It is a huge Ptolemaic building, but its portico of 24 lofty columns was erected by the Emperor Tiberius. The details are barbaric, and show the antiquity of the temple. The oldest names on it are those of Cleopatra and of Cæsarion's, her son by Julius Cæsar. The nave is succeeded by two other halls, to which are attached lateral chambers, and a staircase leading to the second story, having an adytum passage and chambers. This temple was dedicated to Athor, the Egyptian Aphrodite. In a chamber on the roof of the adytum there is a series of sculptures, supposed to represent the birth of Ekôou, son of Athor, or of Harpocrates, son of Isis. Other sculptures, referring, perhaps, to the death of Osiris, the husband of Isis, are represented by gigantic

hands, feet, and a head ; which figures are found also at the back of the great temple and in the small temple of Isis. On this temple there is a sculpture representing a cow, the common emblem of Isis. Near to it is a small temple, with a peristyle of typhon-crowned pillars, supposed to be the place of accouchment of the Goddess Athor. The sculptures throughout represent the birth of Ekôou. A short distance above Kinech is Koft, the representative of the ancient Copt ; and the former starting point of an extensive caravan traffic, which here crossed the desert to the ancient port of Berenice, on the Red Sea. The vegetation is here very luxuriant, and the extensive cornfields beyond calculation.

Thebes, the earliest capital of the world, the famous city of a hundred gates, the theme and admiration of ancient poets and historians, and the wonder of nations, is the Diospolis of the Greeks, and the *No-Ammon* of the Hebrews. Thebæ of the Greeks is derived, probably, from the Thbaki (the city), which, as well as Diospolis and *No-Ammon*, are mere translations of the Egyptian *Thbaki-antepi-Amoun* (City of the Most High). This was the capital of the Thebaid and of Egypt. The glory of Thebes belongs to a period prior to that of history ; the date of the destruction of this venerable city is older than the foundation of other cities. The magnificence of its gigantic temples, the grandeur of its palaces and obelisks, the colossal statues and sphinxes, the sculptures and paintings of various kinds re-

corded only in the dim light of poetry and tradition, might be regarded as fabulous, were they not supported by the mighty testimony of the colossal and wonderful monuments still extant, which for eight miles along the Nile, from both banks, extend to the sides of the enclosed mountains, describing a circuit of twenty-seven miles. These ruins, hoary and time-worn, have the power to summon the learned of all nations to the shores of the Nile, to pay a tribute of respect and veneration to the great fallen capital of Egypt!

The most striking objects at present, are the temples of Karnak and Luxor, on the eastern bank; and the Memnonium and Medinet-abu on the western shore. The Karnak is a collection of palaces and temples; its centre is the sanctuary of Ammon, a small granite edifice erected by Osirtasen, with vestiges of earliest temples around it. The principal building or palace of Karnak, on the site where the ancient Diospolis stood, is the largest of any temple in Egypt. This was, no doubt, the temple of Ammon, the Jupiter of the Egyptians. The principal hall was 318 feet long by 160 broad, and about one mile and a half in circumference. The temple had twelve principal entrances. The body of the building, which is entered by a large court, consists of a prodigious hall, the roof of which is supported by one hundred and thirty-four columns 70 feet high, some twenty-six, others thirty-four feet in circumference. Four beautiful obelisks mark the entrance to the shrine which is formed of three

apartments built entirely of granite. The temple is approached through an avenue of colossal sphinxes, which is over one mile in length, connecting the remains of Karnak with those of Luxor, which is now a small miserable African village.

The palace or temple of Luxor is smaller than that of Karnak, but superior in the architectural style, but it is also colossal in its dimensions. At present it is in ruins, but many pillars are still standing. The whole length of the palace or temple was 800 feet long by 200 broad. On either side of the doorway, the magnificent principal entrance, stood two obelisks, the finest in the world, formed of rose colored granite, rising, after allowing for the portion buried in the ground, to the height of 100 feet. One of these was conveyed to Paris and placed in the *Place de la Concorde*.

On the western side are found the extensive range of the tombs of Thebes, and those of the kings and priests. They are very interesting, because their fresh and brilliant sculptures and paintings represent the religion and manners of the Egyptians. You there see processions, funerals, sacrifices, wars and triumphs; boating on the Nile, with views of the cabin, representing the richness of its furniture; hunting-parties, household utensils, the kitchen, bake-house, provisions, fruits, flowers, agriculture, implements, ovens, harpers and harps like the old-fashioned single action of the present day. They show the manner in which the coffins were let down by ropes into the tomb;

a representation of a victory, in which the number of human beings amounts to 1500, between chariots and footmen. The tomb of Osymandyas, the temple of Isis, that of Medinet-Abu, the labrynth, etc. . . . are works that make travelers feel ashamed of the pretended advance of arts and inventions in this decaying age. Amongst the ruins of the grand temple called Memnonium, but more properly Remeseum, from its founder, are the remains of a Catholic Church, also in ruins. Among the tombs one can see the traces of Christian anachorites and hermits, who made them their abode in the primitive times, and to this day many Arabs live in the tombs, and some consider themselves even happy to have secured an ancient tomb for their dwelling, where they live with their families.

The stupendous colossal statue of Remese the Great, called *Memnonium* on account of his surname *Amunmai*, or *Mia-Mun*, from whose patronymic, Se-Osirei (son of Osirei) seems also to have been derived his Greek name, was broken by the Persian Cambyses, as it is said, who also broke that of the vocal *Memnon*, and the upper part now lies prostrate on the sand. This immense statue measures 63 feet round the shoulders, and 13 feet from the crown of the head to the top of the shoulders. It was the largest statue in the world. The vocal Memnon is the other colossal statue in the ruins of the Memnonium (or palace of the Remeseum). This statue uttered a joyful sound when the sun rose and shone upon it; but

when the sun set the sound was mournful ; this sound was heard till the fourth century after Christ. In the lap of the statue is a hole in which is a stone, which when struck emits a faint harmonious sound. The voice of the vocal Memnon has departed. Thousands and thousands of Greeks and Romans who have left their names engraved on it, have departed also. The vocal Memnon, after many a century of existence—hoary, blackened, time-worn and defaced by vandalic visitors, stands yet, like a solitary land-mark on the ruins of Thebes ; half hidden by the sands of the desert and the inundations of the Nile, pointing to the traveler the spot where the greatest city of the world once stood. Though the voice of Memnon has departed, it still teaches the wandering visitor that when Greece was just emerging from the shades of barbarism, and before the existence of Rome was known, Thebes, the most magnificent city of the world, was instructing all nations in the arts and sciences of Egypt ; the Assyrians came and overthrew the throne of the Pharaohs. The barbarous Persian soldier shouted his war-cry in the streets of Thebes, far greater than Babylon. The vandalic Cambyses destroyed the temples of its gods, and only a heap of ruins were left to tell of the departed glories of Thebes! These solitary but majestic ruins testify that these colossal remains of the ancient Egyptians are almost exclusively those of religious buildings ; a thing which Greece and Pagan Rome can not say for themselves.

Esné is the ancient Latopolis of the Romans, the principal commercial place of Upper Egypt, and the head-quarters of the Ghawazee or dancing girls. Nothing remains of this great Roman city except a portico of the temple. From this place to Assouan, extends the range of mountains of sand-stone quarries, from which the ancient Egyptians procured a great part of the materials for almost all of the temples of Egypt. At the first cataract they change into granite. The columns in Rome, Paris, Constantinople and in Alexandria came from these quarries. East of Assouan there is a large column, hewn out, but never removed from the quarry, like the mammoth stone at Baalbec. Assouan, the ancient Syene, is the frontier town of Egypt; it lies below the first cataract, and there are some ruins. Opposite is the famous island of *Elephantine*, about one mile in length, where is the temple of Chnubis, the god of inundation, a granite gate-way, and a badly-broken statue of granite.

From the first cataract to the frontier of Ethiopia there are antiquarian relics, but not of much importance. The most considerable are those of Aboo-Simbel, very nigh the middle of Nubia. They are the magnificent temples of Aboo-Simbel. There are also some in Ethiopia, and a few more a very little further up in Abyssinia.

CHAPTER VI.

SUEZ.

RETURN TO CAIRO—SUEZ—THE RED SEA—SPOT WHERE MOSES AND THE ISRAELITES CROSSED THE RED SEA—DESERT OF ARABIA—WILDERNESS OF SUR—FOUNTAIN OF MOSES—MOUNT SINAI—BEDOUINS—ARABS—RETURN TO SUEZ AND CAIRO—SAILING FOR THE HOLY LAND ON A TURKISH STEAMER—REFUSAL TO OBSERVE THE KORAN—PORT SAÏD.

A PERSON having leisure can spend many months in examining the extensive ranges of tombs and remains of Egyptian and Roman temples that nearly line both shores of this classic river.

Many tombs have never been opened, and their buried and secreted contents may add valuable information to history and science. But as I had no pretensions to be a Nile tourist, I returned to Grand Cairo by the shortest route. I had made arrangements at the *Hotel du Nile* to pay twelve francs a day, everything included, except wines, candles, and soap; but during my absence they were to keep my baggage free, and I was to pay only for those days in which I had occupied the hotel.

I now prepared myself to cross the Desert and go to Suez, to pass the Red Sea and penetrate into Arabia to see the Holy Mountain, the Moun-

tain of God—the terrible Mount Sinai! I started for Suez by railroad. It takes four hours to cross the Desert, which commences at Cairo. In this Desert I saw several caravans of camels led by wild Bedouins, who, like the children of Jacob of old, who belonged to the same nation, in the same manner were going to the land of Egypt to fill their empty bags; and other caravans, returning from Egypt with provisions, were going back to their families. I saw, also, the mountains of sand formed suddenly by the stormy winds of the Desert, which carry immense and heavy clouds of sand for miles and miles; the accumulations of this sand look very much like snow-drifts, but on a larger scale. This sand of the Desert is of a peculiar nature, fine, rolling, and suffocating. This is a moving sand, which, when blown by the wind, has sometimes produced the most terrible effects, and whole caravans have been found buried under it. When this sand is blown up by the wind, it leaves a bed of gravel and stones of the Desert, which were too heavy to be carried off by the wind. I was surprised to see clouds of musquitoes on the sand, and they were very smart, thick, and troublesome. I picked up several fine stones of the Desert, which, when I broke, represented some fine figures of animals, trees, and men.

I reflected that when Joseph was sold by his brethren to the Ismaelites, he traveled over this very road. Jacob and his children had crossed this Desert and dwelt for some time in the land

of Gessen; they had spent many weary days on these burning sands, traveling in a manner far different from that in which I was journeying. This road has been traveled for more than four thousand years; and through it the oppressed children of Israel, carrying the bones of Joseph under the guidance of Moses, sheltered from the burning heat of the sun by a cloud, and led by a column of fire during the darkness of night, flew from the wrath of the obdurate Pharaoh. How many romantic and sacred recollections teemed in my mind while crossing this classic Desert!!

At Suez I saw a part of the British army going to Abyssinia; many soldiers were bathing in the Red Sea, although it was the middle of winter. I went to the Victoria Hotel, which is a good stopping place, very reasonable, paying 12 francs a day, including everything, even wine. Suez contains 6,000 inhabitants, and is situated at the head of the gulf of the same name. The Red Sea lies at the south, and separates into two gulfs, that of Suez, and that of Akaba on the east.

This city has always been the starting-point of the Mussulman pilgrims embarking or sailing yearly for Mecca. Lately it has become a great emporium of travel on account of the overland mail between Europe and India.

I went to see the works of the French, who are cutting the Isthmus for a canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. I visited the church and convent of the Franciscans, who are nearly

all Italians. The church is small, and only two years old. Near to it I saw the Arabian house where the Franciscan Friars said Mass before the erection of this chapel. In the convent, which is only a residence, there are only three Fathers and one lay Brother. The Fathers told me that on Sunday there is a Catholic congregation of 13,000. They are French, Italians, and Spaniards, working along on the canal. Next day I took a boat to go down to the Red Sea, and then land on the Arabian side in order to visit the fountain of Moses. In the boat I had a donkey and an Arabian to lead me through the desert to that place. I had made a bargain for the whole, including boat to and from, for ten francs, which was considered a good price. This year, for the first time, Suez has been visited by a shower of rain and a thunder storm, which was a great phenomenon in that part of Arabia. The shores of the Red Sea are the image of desolation, having hardly a parallel on the face of the earth. The western side is lined by a black, barren range of desolate and rugged mountains; the eastern presents the everlasting sands of the dry deserts of Arabia. Neither verdure nor any green spot can be seen upon which the eye could rest with pleasure, after having been wearied by barrenness and desolation. I crossed the Red Sea and landed on the very spot where the oppressed people of God, under the guidance of Moses and Aaron, had stopped, after having walked over the dry bed of the Red Sea, to behold the divided waters

closing again and swallowing up their pursuers. These waters obeyed the command of Moses, retreating on each side and forming a kind of wall, leaving a wide, dry passage for "the Children of Israel." I knelt on that sacred spot where Moses, stretching out his rod upon the waters, commanded them to rush together, overwhelming Pharaoh and his chariots and the whole army of Egypt. I know that there is a dispute as to the precise point where Moses crossed the Red Sea. Yet this point is admitted by all travelers to correspond precisely with the description of the Bible, and to present all the circumstances connected with it.

Looking up to the head of the gulf, where Suez (or Kolsum) stands, there is a high range of rugged mountains which it would be necessary to cross, an undertaking physically impossible for six hundred thousand people, men, women, and children, and their baggage, pursued by a hostile army. At Suez, Moses could have fled into the Syrian desert round the head of the gulf, and so could have avoided being hemmed in as he was. But here, opposite to the spot where I stood, there is an opening between the mountains, forming a clear passage leading from the Desert to the shore of the sea. We know that Ramesch was in that part of Egypt which Joseph had procured from Pharaoh for Jacob, his father, and for his brethren to dwell in, with their families and cattle. That city, probably built by the Israelites, was in the land of Gessen (land with water), and the earliest his-

torians mention that from the Ramesch of Pharaoh to this spot, there was a caravan route. Moses, certainly, with his multitude, took this route. Here, according to the description of the Bible, he found himself hemmed in between these two mountains, with the sea before him and the army of Pharaoh in the rear; here he stretched out his hand and divided the waters; and the spot where I stood was that above where the children of Israel had knelt on the sand to thank Almighty God for His miraculous interposition. Here Moses composed that famous canticle, the oldest piece of poetry in existence, and the children of Israel sang it with most grateful hearts.

The sea here is only twenty miles across, a distance which could have been passed in the space of one night by that immense multitude of people. The Arabs and Bedouins, by tradition, point out this spot as the place where the Israelites crossed the sea, and on diving for coral, or mother-of-pearl, they bring up occasionally fragments of swords, helmets, chariot-wheels, etc., which were swallowed up with the army of Egypt. The Arabs say that when the sea is raging they can see the ghosts of the drowned Egyptians walking upon the waters. They have also other superstitious stories about the drowned Egyptians, and some of them will even swear to having seen the ghost of Pharaoh flying in his chariot over the sea on some calm and moonlight night. I picked up some shells, not only to remind me of the Red Sea, but as a distinctive mark of my

pilgrimage. I took the same route in the desert towards Mount Sinai that had been trodden by the Israelites, and the only one that leads to the mountains of Horeb and Sinai. No other road from the Red Sea to Mount Sinai, has existed since the days of Moses and the face of nature, and the natural landmarks have remained totally unchanged to this day. It is dreary and desolate; nothing relieves the eye, but sand, sand, and always sand. The dark, barren and rugged range of the Arabian mountains rises in front with majesty, and the appearance of the sacred Horeb and Sinai renews the energy of the weary pilgrim, whose eyes have rested only on an ocean of sand; no trees, no shrubs, not a single blade of grass breaks the monotony of this frightful desolation.

I met two small caravans of Bedouins, the children of the desert, coming from Mount Sinai with their empty sacks. I frequently passed the bleached bones of a dromedary, lying on the sand, or some huge vulture tearing with his beak the flesh of some camel recently dead. After riding for some miles, I reached a grove of palm-trees shading some wells, which gave me some idea of an *oasis*.

This water comes from the fountain of Moses, called *ayoun mouisa*, about a quarter of a mile eastward of this grove. All that grows in this garden or grove, is due to this fountain whose water is entirely absorbed by its vegetation, beyond which there is nothing but sand. I drove to the fountain. I know that there is a great dis-

pute about the real fountain of Moses; but it is not my intention to decide this question. All the inhabitants of Cairo and Suez and the Bedouins around it, believe this to be the fountain which Moses formed by striking the rock. It is an old decaying rock, and stands solitary and alone in the desert. It is over 20 feet high, rising in the shape of a cone; having a circumference of about 40 feet on the top, and hollow inside. The water springing from the top, runs down in the form of a stream at the foot of the rock, forming a little pond sheltered by a few palm-trees, where camels crossing the desert stop to drink. The water is not very good. Who can discourse upon the many recollections of this memorable spot? Here I imagined I saw Moses and Aaron, against whom the multitude murmured! Here on this desert they were fed with "manna!" and refreshed with the miraculous water issuing from this rock, which was Christ.

But the presence of Sinai, although at a distance, caused in me a transport that penetrated my very bones! There was that holy peak where Moses stood and talked with the Almighty; that sacred ground where that great interview took place, between man and his Maker! That mountain which roared and quaked fearfully, feeling in a special manner, the presence of its Creator; when surrounded by thick clouds of smoke and fire, amidst thunders and lightnings, the Almighty gave to His chosen people the precious tables containing the Ten Commandments,

teaching man his duty towards God, his neighbor and himself. I knelt and thanked the Almighty for having granted to me this special favor to see that spot where He appeared to man under a veil, hoping to see Him face to face in His eternal mansion. I recited a *Pater* and *Ave* to gain the Plenary Indulgence attached to Mount Sinai; and also the Partial Indulgence on the place where the Lord appeared to Moses in the bush, on the rock struck by the rod of Moses, and on Mount Horeb, which was also in sight.

From the top of the rock I contemplated the extensive desert of Sur. Excepting Mount Sinai and the dark chain of Mount Horeb, extending to the place where Joshua defeated the Amalekites by the prayers of Moses, whose hands, extended towards heaven, were supported by Aaron and Hur, I could see nothing around me on which to rest my eyes but a dead level desert. This was the only rock in the desert, standing solitary and alone, whose waters, flowing from its top, were nourishing a little palm grove and a garden, the only vegetation on this extensive Arabian desert.

I drank again of that water, with which I filled a bottle, and took with me a small piece of the rock. In descending, I met a Bedouin from Mount Sinai, who was watering his camels; he had a wild and savage look. I held no conversation with him. The Bedouins of Mount Sinai are considered to be the worst class of that nation, those beyond the Jordan excepted.

The Bedouins, or inhabitants of the desert, are a numerous Mohammedan race, dwelling in the deserts of Arabia, Egypt, and Northern Africa; and are believed to belong to the same race of the Arabs. Their dwellings are tents, huts, caverns and ruins, always at a distance from cities. If they live in families, they are under a Sheik; if in tribes, under Emirs. With their herds and little property, they wander in quest of pasture and fresh water. Their chief employments are hunting and plunder. The peaceful tribes trade with the neighboring nations, but other hordes are open robbers, and it is dangerous to travel through their country without a guard or a passport, which the different chiefs sell. They plunder, and murder travelers, even when they offer no resistance, yet they hold sacred the right of hospitality, in such a manner, that the most defenceless enemy is sure of their protection if they have once allowed him shelter. The Bedouin considers every one his enemy who is not his brother, kinsman or ally. They are poor, ignorant, wild and rude, but remarkably temperate and proud of their liberty. They hold property in common, and several tribes must divide in common what they earn. Their personal property is one or two camels or horses, some cattle, and a few utensils. They wear long gowns and a rope around the crown of their head.

The Arabs are well formed, tall, active and haughty in their demeanor; the women are rather taller than the men. They have an oval

head, the brow high and arched, acquiline nose, large eyes and an uncommonly gentle look. The women are beautiful in figure, and their carriage is dignified. Like the Bedouins, the Arabs generally wear a tunic fastened around the waist by a girdle. Sometimes they put on a white woolen covering which serves for a toga, a mantle, or a veil, like the Bedouins, but they wrap it round them, or suspend it, or throw it over their heads, and wear no rope. They go barefoot, armed with a dagger, a pike, or a long firelock, just like the Bedouins, but the tribes travel in caravans. It is curious to see a file of camels. The first camel is fastened by a cord to the neck of an ass, which is the guide of the troop, and being the leader, is exempt from all burden, besides enjoying several other privileges. They have many of the qualities of our Indians of North America, and I could understand several words which have the same meaning as amongst our American Indians. Yet there are characteristic distinctions between the Arabs and the Aborigines of the New World. Amidst the rudeness of the former, you still perceive a certain degree of delicacy in their manners; among the Aborigines of America, you see a savage countenance and a wild expression. The Arab shows that he *was* a civilized man, who has returned to the savage state; the American proclaims that he is a savage who has not yet arrived at a state of civilization.

I did not intend to go further; being alone and

without a well defended caravan, it would have been too imprudent for me to hazard my life amongst the wild hordes of the Bedouin Arabs of Sinai, who are the worst of all their tribes, and live altogether by plunder. The Convent of Mount Sinai itself, is constructed in the form of a massive fortress, surrounded by high stone walls with turrets at the corners, and mounted with cannon, and it is entered only by a subterranean passage under the garden, or by a small iron door opened in one of the walls about thirty feet from the ground, and visitors are hoisted by a rope attached to a windlass. The Monks very often are kept for months as it were imprisoned in this Convent by the wild Bedouin Arabs, who surround them. The Monks distribute large quantities of alms, and feed a number of them (the Arabs) every day, in order to cultivate friendly feelings with them, and in this manner they live in peace. Another reason for my abstaining from going thither, was that the Convent was occupied by Schismatic Greek Monks, who on learning who I was, might not receive me, as I was warned by the Patriarch of Jerusalem and Alexandria, who had not visited Mount Sinai on this account. The Convent was built in the fourth century by the pious St. Helen, and was always occupied by the Catholic Monks or Hermits to afford hospitality to the pilgrims, whose zeal impelled them to brave the perils of the road. The Convent is situated in the heart of a vast and gloomy desert, and although it

possesses a fine large garden with nearly every kind of fruit trees, grape vines, and vegetables, yet the mountain is stony and rugged, and excepting a few straggling thorn-bushes, there is no vegetation. The rocks are old and decaying, rent and tumbling to pieces; it is the region of desolation. Besides the peak of Mount Sinai there is a higher one called Mount St. Catharine, upon which the body of this Saint was transported by the Angels from Alexandria. Close to it is the venerable Holy Mount Horeb.

I returned to Suez, and after seeing the city and inspecting again the French works in opening the canal, I went to see the remains of the sluices of the ancient *Canal of Arsinoë*, which connected the Nile with the Red Sea.

I took the cars for Cairo. In the middle of the desert the engine gave way and we were obliged to stop a considerable time; finally, we reached the city very late in the night.

In Cairo, I received a letter from my dragoman in Alexandria, informing me that a Turkish steamer was to start for Palestine. I went immediately to Alexandria and stopped at my former hotel, *Hotel d'Angleterre*. Here my friends tried to dissuade me from going in a Turkish steamer, but as there were no others ready to sail, I purchased a first class ticket for eighty-five francs, ten francs more than by any other line. In the afternoon we took a carriage and drove to the landing. Before arriving at the landing-place the Arabs besieged the carriage in order to take

the baggage. Some put their hands on some part of it in order to acquire the right to take it, others even tried to step on the carriage. I and the dragoman ordered every one off, and, taking hold of my cane, I threatened to belabor any one of them who did not clear out at once. We succeeded for a moment; the carriage stopped near the custom-house and while the dragoman was bargaining for a boat, a swarm of Arabs had surrounded me and my baggage, pulling it about for the privilege of taking it into the custom-house. I brandished my cane and threatened to strike them, reproaching them, in a loud voice, in English, French and Italian. Whether they understood me or not I do not know. However, I succeeded in keeping my baggage till the dragoman arrived, who thinking that I was about to belabor them told me not to strike. No passport was required, but on leaving Alexandria I gave two francs to have my baggage passed without being inspected. I agreed to pay five francs to an Arab to put us on board, but when we were in the boat the boatman wanted more than the price agreed upon, refusing to bring us to the steamer. I told him to put us on shore again, and we would take another boat, but at this moment the appearance of an Egyptian officer made everything right, and we went on board the steamer, where I paid the boatman, who was a very shrewd Arab. The dragoman recommended me to the officers of the steamer, declaring that if I should not be treated well, he would

dissuade any traveler from taking the Azizich line. The steward and servants were Italians. About 5 P. M. we sailed for Port Saïd, one of the mouths of the Nile, and the harbor where the canal from the Mediterranean Sea connects with Suez.

The sea was very rough and I retired to my stateroom. In the evening I was requested to say what I would like to have for supper, but I could eat nothing. I asked for some wine and toast and some pears. The waiter shook his head and told me that wine was not allowed because its use was forbidden by Mohammed in the Koran. I said that I had nothing to do with Mohammed, that I was a Christian, and that the Koran did not concern me. I added, that being a first class passenger I was entitled to have wine, because every line of steamers on the Mediterranean gave it. The waiter shook his head again, and went to consult the steward and captain. I commenced to realize the risk of taking a Turkish steamer. Then I reflected that the Turks, being a set of bigoted fanatics and very superstitious, if a storm should occur, might call me to account for it; so I perceived that it had been imprudent in me, being alone, to embark in a Mussulman boat. Besides this; in a storm they trust to fate, without using the proper means for saving the vessel. I reflected also, that they being very ignorant of navigation could not so easily save the steamer while in distress. The waiter returned with a bottle of good wine saying, that the captain had

remarked that I being a European, I could make use of the privilege of using wine; that is to say, that if I had been a Turk or a subject of the Sultan, I would be required or obliged to respect the Koran, to observe the Mohammedan rule of using no wine, no matter whether I was a Christian or not. I slept well through the night, and in the morning I took breakfast in my stateroom, and went on deck where I found the captain, pilot and other officers having a large map spread out before them consulting about the location of Port Saïd, which was already in sight. The Turkish water-closets are abominable to a European, and I could never learn how to make use of them.

Near Port Saïd we took a pilot. The entrance is not difficult, but the harbor being not yet finished, in many places the water is not deep enough. At present Port Saïd is only the skeleton of a city, and is nothing else but sand; yet when the Suez canal will be opened, it is expected not only to rival Alexandria, but to supersede it. Port Saïd at present cannot number more than two or three thousand inhabitants, besides many thousands of Frenchmen, Italians and Spaniards, along the strait, working on the canal. The French have already finished a small canal to the Nile, in order to convey fresh water, and on this canal a small daily steamer runs to Suez. Here there are no rocks, and the French have invented a mode of making artificial stones by machinery. They are made of sand, cement and other compo-

sitions. When they come fresh out of the moulds, they are cast into the sea where they become as hard as rock. Some of these artificial stones measure 10 feet by 6.

Society in Port Saïd is very wicked. The Greeks and Maltese, who are numerous, are very dangerous. It is not safe to venture alone in the streets, even in the day time. I always, when I walked out, was accompanied by another passenger from Austria. If a stranger happens to stop at a hotel, he has to apply to his consul for protection, who will give him two officers to watch over his life and property, one by day and another by night. Lately, all the foreign consuls assembled and threatened to exterminate the Greeks and Maltese if they should molest the foreigners, either residents or travelers. It was only a few weeks ago that a gentleman and lady were found massacred in the hotel the first night of their arrival. They had not yet made application to their consul for protection. I was pleased to observe that there was a Catholic church and school in this place. The market is well supplied ; everything is abundant and cheap ; yet all is imported. Meat, vegetables, fowls, fish and bread are exhibited in piles. Fowls are plenty, especially wild ; a duck can be purchased for twenty-five cents, and the currency of every nation is taken at par.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HOLY LAND.

SAILING FROM PORT SAÏD—SIGHT OF PALESTINE—LANDING AT THE HOLY LAND—JAFFA—STARTING FOR JERUSALEM—PLAINS OF SARON—RAMLEH—TOWER OF THE FORTY MARTYRS—A RASCALLY PIEDMONTESE—ABOU GOSH—THE GOOD THIEF'S VILLAGE—VALLEY OF THEREBINTH—BROOK WHERE DAVID PICKED UP THE STONES TO KILL GOLIATH—APPROACH TO JERUSALEM.

WE were to sail about the setting of the sun; and as that was the hour of the evening prayer of the Mohammedans, I felt some uneasiness about everything going right on the steamer on leaving that at present difficult harbor. The pilot was on board, and the Turks, including the captain and pilot, having spread on deck their praying carpets, commenced the evening prayer, turning towards Mecca. I have no doubt of their sincerity. Their punctuality in performing an act of their religion edified me; they were afraid of displeasing God or Mohammed by omitting it. It gave me occasion to pray to God for those poor heathens, to remove from their hearts that veil which prevents them from seeing the truth, and, by acquiring the true faith, they would learn that to neglect the duties of their station, in order to perform an act of religion, would displease God rather than please him; that prayer would

be a superstition and not an act of religion. True faith would have instructed them that if the captain, pilot and sailors, instead of abandoning their posts in that perilous time, when the steamer was about to commence to move out of that dangerous location, they had made a right intention of pleasing God in the careful discharge of the duties of their stations, that would have been a good prayer, and if they wished to perform an exterior act of religion they might have anticipated or postponed it.

At this time I was leaning on the side of that part of the stern appropriated to first class passengers, when one or two Mussulmans, deck passengers, stepped on the highest part of the steamer where I stood ; spread their praying carpet, and turning towards Mecca, commenced their evening prayer. The captain and other officers allowed them to remain ; but as I was in their way, looking towards Mecca, and obstructing, as it were, the view in that direction, one of them made signs to me with his hands to move off, but I paid no attention to him. The steamer had started and was moving out of the harbor, and as it was the time of prayer, she got aground, and stuck so fast to the sand, that notwithstanding all the efforts made by the pilot, officers and crew, she would not move. The agent sent assistance from Port Saïd, but to no avail, the steamer was as firm as a rock ; so we were obliged to remain there, hoping to be able to start again at the next high tide. The evening was beautiful, and I enjoyed

it very much, spending the rest of the night on deck near one of the mouths of the Nile.

About midnight we sailed by the light of the moon, and next morning we sighted the shore towards Gaza, the theater of the fights between Samson and the Philistines; that Gaza whose heavy and massive gates had been closed to keep Samson a prisoner; but he tore them out during the night, laid them upon his shoulder, and left them on the top of a hill; that Gaza where the Treasurer of Queen Candace received baptism from St. Philip—that once great city now reduced to a small town, only one mile from the sea, still luxuriates among a rich vegetation. I thanked the Almighty that my eyes had been favored to behold the Holy Land, for which the Israelites had sighed in Egypt for 215 years, and when the desired day arrived, out of 600,000 fighting men, besides women and children, after forty years of wandering in the desert, only *two* entered it! That promised land, symbol of that heavenly, spiritual land, of the kingdom of heaven which we hope to be made worthy to enter according to the promises of Christ. My happiness was excessive in beholding Palestine, that land which was the colony of the Patriarchs, the seat and home of the Prophets, the country that received the Son of God—the promised Messiah; that land which supported Him for so many years, fed Him and nourished Him; that land which was His throne on earth and His foot-stool; and when I was about to put foot on it, I thought that the words

of God to Moses on Mount Sinai were applicable to me: "Put off the shoes from thy feet because the place whereon thou standest is holy land."

By a mistake of somebody, we ran towards Ascalon, so often mentioned in the Holy Scriptures for its celebrated, lovely and fertile plains, and which has been rendered glorious for the heroic achievements of the brave Crusaders. The error being discovered, the pilot turned the boat more to the northward, and as there was a strong western wind, and the steamer being lightly laden, she tossed from side to side very uncomfortably, in such a manner, that I was obliged to remain sea-sick on my bed till we arrived near Jaffa. I was afraid that I would not be able to land at this city on account of the heavy sea, and thus be carried to Beyrout as is often the case, when the sea is heavy; it being a very dangerous shore, and the steamer may be very easily dashed against the breakers. Several times, especially in the winter, the steamer cannot even land the mail, but she makes her appearance, fires a cannon and passes on. When there is an appearance of a storm, all the crafts at anchor set sail, and off they go into the wide sea, returning again after the storm. If they were to remain, they would be sure to be smashed to pieces. I was relieved from my fear when I saw a boat starting from Jaffa endeavoring with great labor to come to the steamer; the breakers were striking fearfully against it. It was with difficulty and danger that I succeeded in stepping from the steamer into

the boat, and splashed with salt water, sea-sick and light-headed, I thought of the danger of entering the narrow opening of the old ruined harbor where the waves were breaking most tremendously.

Here other Arabs in another boat wanted to go through, and both were obliged to stop, the opening not being wide enough to admit the passage of two boats at once. The Arabs commenced to quarrel about who was to pass first, while the waves, breaking against the boat, were washing over us, till some Turkish officer from the shore called out to the other boat to let us pass. It was about dark when we landed. From the boat I stepped on a flight of stone stairs, at the top of which there was a large crowd of Arabs, one of whom asked for my passport. I had it in my pocket, and handed it to him; he opened it and without reading it, pronounced it all right, and returned it to me. I think that he could not read it. I gave half a crown to the custom officer to let my baggage pass without being opened. He expected only three or four piasters (20 cts), and when he saw half a crown in his hand, fearing that it was a mistake, and to avoid any danger of its being rectified, he disappeared.

The Latin Convent being close to the shore a domestic of the same was there present to receive pilgrims. I felt glad to be in a place where the kind and hearty hospitality of the Franciscan Friars, made me consider myself at home. Father Gregorio, an Italian Franciscan Friar, received

me with the affection of a brother. He brought me into the parlor, where I got coffee and other refreshments, while he attended to my baggage. I gave a napoleon to the lay-brother to change and pay the boat-man, etc. . . . . I was shown my room where there was a window which commanded a very fine view of the sea and harbor. I could not satiate myself in contemplating this sea of Tyre, called by the Scripture "the great sea," which bore the fleets of the Royal Prophet, bringing the cedars of Lebanon, and the purples of Sidon; that sea where the Leviathan leaves traces behind him. This is the sea to which the Almighty set limits and gates, with a commandment, not to trespass them, and, which beheld God and fled; this is the sea which swallowed the Prophet Jonah fleeing from the face of the Lord, and the sea where Noah went into the ark to be saved from the waters of the deluge. With these contemplations, and reflecting on these Christian institutions, never sufficiently admired, by means of which the traveler finds friends and accommodations in the most barbarous regions, I retired.

Next morning I went to confession and said Mass in the church of the Convent. It is a neat stone church, having four marble altars and some fine paintings. This being the first place at which I landed in Palestine, I received the Plenary Indulgence which is attached to any port in which pilgrims may land in Palestine. After breakfast, having heard that a Friar and four other travelers were going to Jerusalem, I made

arrangements to go with them in the afternoon. The lay brother at the Convent procured two horses for me, one to carry my baggage, the other for myself; the whole, including the dragoman, for 18 francs, ten to be paid in Jaffa, and eight in Jerusalem.

Jaffa is the ancient *Joppa* of the Scripture. Its Phœnician name is *Japho* which signifies beautiful or agreeable. It is believed that there was another city in the land of the Hebrews called Jaffa, which was taken by the Romans and the name was afterwards transferred to this city; hence it came to be called Jaffa. It was a city of great consideration in history, but now it is reduced to a miserable group of houses, having only 5,000 inhabitants, one fifth of whom are Christians. The buildings are huddled together on the declivity of a lofty hill. Being built on a rock rising in the form of an amphitheater, surmounted on the top by a ruined castle, surrounded by a strong wall of twelve or fourteen feet in height, and outside by rich gardens of orange and lemon trees, tall cypress and palm-trees, it makes a handsome appearance from the sea. Inside it is wretched; the streets are dirty, crooked and badly paved. It is built of stone, and there are two Convents, one Latin and the other Schismatic Greek, and several mosques, all of stone. The port of Jaffa is considered to be the oldest in the world.

Commentators, and Pliny himself, say that Jaffa was built before the deluge, and that at Jaffa

Noah entered into the ark. After the flood had subsided the Patriarch gave to Sem, his oldest son, all the lands dependent on the city founded by his third son Japhet. An old and constant tradition exists in the country that the sepulchre of Noah, the second father of mankind, is contained in the city of Jaffa. Now the harbor is filled with sand and accessible only by small vessels. This harbor is guarded by two forts and is provided with a good revolving light-house. In the time of Solomon it was a port of some importance. Here Hiram, King of Tyre, brought the Cedars of Lebanon to build the temple in Jerusalem, and in this port the Prophet Jonah embarked, fleeing from the face of God. Joppa has been sacked and destroyed several times in succession by the Assyrians, Egyptians, and other nations. It was one of the eleven Toparchies where the idol Ascarlen was worshiped. The town was burned by Judas Maccabeus, because its inhabitants had slaughtered two hundred Jews. At the commencement of the troubles in Judea, Jaffa was destroyed by Gestius; pirates rebuilt the walls, and again it was sacked by Vespasianus. Napoleon I. took this city in 1799.

Here St. Peter raised Tabitha from the dead, and here in the house of Simon, the tanner, he received the messengers sent by the Centurion to invite St. Peter to go to Cæsarea of Palestine to baptize him and his family. I went to see this house. It is a small stone building; and I knelt to pray on the corner where he was praying, and

where he saw the vision of a sheet full of animals descending from heaven, and heard a voice commanding him to kill and eat. In Cæsarea of Palestine there is a Partial Indulgence, because it is the place where St. Paul was confined in jail for two years, and where he spoke of the Christian religion to Felix, Agrippa, Berenice and Festus. There is also a Partial Indulgence in the Pilgrim's Castle. The Indulgence in all the holy places may be gained by reciting a *Pater*, *Ave* and *Gloria*, and by being in a state of grace.

This city while under the dominion of the Christians had a Bishop, suffragan to the See of Cæsarea. Jaffa, such as we see it now, is not very old. In 1647, pilgrims were received in caverns and wooden huts built by the Friars; it had only a few houses surrounding the forts, and the Friars were obliged by the Turks to demolish even those huts.

In the afternoon, about two o'clock, in company with the Franciscan lay brother, who was the medical director of the convent of St. Saviour at Jerusalem, and two other Arabian travelers, a lady with her husband, a Turk carrying his baggage on a horse, and two foot pilgrims whom we left behind after some distance, I mounted my horse, and found that the Arabian saddle was very inconvenient to a European; they are too wide, and made in the shape of a round arch. My dragoman took charge of the other horse loaded with my baggage. We passed through the south gate of the town, which is very massive and

guarded by a fort. Close to this gate there is a fine fountain, and another outside not far from it. The road leads through fine gardens of oranges, lemons, figs, pomegranates, palms, and a few apple trees. We crossed the large and fertile plain of Saron, which extends from Gaza to Mount Carmel. Its soil, mixed with fine sand, is extremely rich. I saw many crocusses, narcissuses, and other flowers growing spontaneously and wild in the fields. Some villages, invariably in ruins, were visible along the road, and several clumps of olive-trees and sycamores were also observed occasionally. This fertile plain is left to run into thistles and weeds. You behold nothing else but dry and withered grass, with some scanty spots where some Arabs were ploughing and sowing barley or wheat; a few palm trees and some fig trees, and Pharaoh's figs are all the produce of the rich plains of Saron.

About half way on the road to Ramleh, there is a well, the work of St. Helen, the mother of Constantine, and near to it a wood of olive trees planted in the quincunx form ascribed by tradition to the time of Godfrey of Bouillon. This well is accessible by descending twenty-seven steps. It is thirty-three feet long and thirty broad, and is composed of twenty-four arches, and receives the rain by twenty-four apertures. From this spot we saw Ramleh situated in an enchanting location, appearing flanked by the stately tower of the Forty Martyrs.

We arrived at Ramleh a long time before the

setting of the sun, and having left our baggage at the Latin Convent of the Franciscans, whose kind hospitality we were obliged to receive, as there is no other place for Christians to lodge, accompanied by the Friar who had traveled with me, we went to see the tower of the Forty Martyrs. This was originally the steeple of a church dedicated to the Forty Martyrs of Sebaste, attached to a monastery of which some fine ruins are still remaining; but at present this tower is a minaret of a forsaken mosque. There is a Partial Indulgence to be gained in this ruined church by the recital of a *Pater*, *Ave* and *Gloria*, which I, as a pilgrim, endeavored to receive.

This monastery was built by the Knights Templar who here gave hospitality to the pilgrims, and were escorting them to the holy city of Jerusalem. This tower is well and solidly built of fine white marble. Above the gate of the tower is an Arabic inscription.

We ascended the tower, which is very high, and from the summit witnessed the setting of the sun, a scene of majesty and splendor worthy of the promised land. The rich plain of Saron was visible, to a great extent, from the direction of Gaza, westward to Jaffa. At the north was Cæsarea, while the mountains of Judea were darkening the eastern horizon. This extensive plain, now a bleak and arid desert, has been the field of many battles between the Israelites and Philistines. Here David, Samson, and many others defeated those who, humbled and smitten, but never destroyed,

have many a time laid waste this land, once flowing with milk and honey. The ruins consist of some porticoes and corridors, a large dry well in the middle of the convent, and wild fig trees in every direction. Now there is there a Mussulman cemetery. It is said that in this place St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin and the infant Jesus, halted during their flight into Egypt.

The date of the foundation of this city is not known. This is the *Ramlé* of the Arabs, and the *Arimathea* of the Jews, the birth-place of Joseph, that righteous man who, in company with Nicodemus, had the honor of burying our Saviour. Now it is a miserable town of two thousand inhabitants. The houses are nothing else but huts of plaster and mud with a small dome, like the vault of a mosque, or the tomb of a Santon. These wretched buildings are embosomed by fig, pomegranate, palm, and olive trees, the palm trees, which are the finest in Idumea, overtopping the rest, and the houses. The town lies on the crest of a gentle hill.

This was the first city taken by the Crusaders, who occupied it without shedding one drop of blood, its occupants having fled. At that time, it was a large and strong city, as the remains of its massive walls testify. There is, also, another Indulgence to be gained in the church of St. John, which is now turned into a mosque. Besides the Latin convent, there are two others—a Greek and an Armenian—both Schismatic, and two fine mosques.

We returned to the convent. In the garden of the convent, I saw that majestic palm-tree, thirty feet high, admired by all travelers. I visited the church, which is small, but very neat ; it has three marble altars and several fine paintings. There is, also, a small chapel, separated from the church, but which can be entered from the church, and occupies the site of the house of Joseph of Arimathea. This chapel is dedicated to him, and there is in it a fine painting representing Joseph and Nicodemus taking down the body of our Saviour from the cross. To this chapel, there is attached a Partial Indulgence.

In the evening, several pilgrims and other travelers arrived from Jerusalem, on their way to Jaffa. Amongst the travelers, there was a rascally Piedmontese, a disgrace to the country in which he was born. He came with a woman dressed in man's attire and whom he represented to be his wife. The Religious knew him, and they had received information, from Jerusalem, of his whereabouts. They gave them hospitality but they did not allow them to stay together. In Jerusalem, I learned that this man had been forced, by the French consul, to quit that city and the Holy Land. His conduct had been disgraceful, and he had given much trouble to some Religious. He threatened to shoot the good Franciscan Friar who had in charge the Garden of Gethsemane. One day, while this lay brother was at work in this sacred spot, that Italian rascal was observed, by an Arabian boy, climbing

the wall of the Garden of Gethsemane, with a gun pointing at the Friar. The boy gave the alarm, and the Friar fled to save his life. The French Consul was applied to for aid, and he ordered the rascal to clear out of Jerusalem immediately, giving him only till the next day. All Catholics in the Holy Land are under the protection of the French government, and, in case of trouble, they must apply to the French Consul.

We started, early in the morning, for Jerusalem. It is a long and painful journey of nine or ten hours, and it is necessary to arrive at Jerusalem before dark, as the gates of the city are, ordinarily, closed one hour after the setting of the sun, and, often sooner. We passed near Lood (or *Lod* or *Lydda* or *Diospolis*), where St. Peter cured *Enea*, who was afflicted with palsy. Here, there are noble remains, especially of the finely carved choir of the famous church of St. George, so often alluded to by the writers on the Crusaders; and here a Partial Indulgence can be gained. Lydda was once one of the most conspicuous Toparchies of the land of Juda, and it was a beautiful city, but now it is a miserable village, occupied by Turks and Schismatic Greeks. This road is not over free from robbers. The Turkish government has built small forts along the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem in sight of each other, and these are guarded for the protection of travelers. The road, at first, continued through the plain of Saron. We passed close to *Abou Gosh*, a place notorious for its robbers and murderers. The lo-

cality is named after a formidable Sheik of that place, a noted robber and the terror of travelers, who had plundered and assassinated pilgrims for many years. His descendants, tribe and people, had learned and inherited from him the character of robbers and murderers, and became a terror to the country. The Turkish government could find no better means to protect travelers, than to keep him securely in Constantinople, as a hostage for the good behavior of his tribe. The valley of Abou Gosh was the favorite haunt of Sheik Abou Gosh. The Superior of the convent of St. Saviour in Jerusalem had, frequently, sent priests to Abou Gosh, but they had always been murdered, and he resolved to send no more missionaries to that fearful place.

Ten miles from Ramleh, we arrived at a village, or rather a heap of ruins, called *Latroun*, or the "Thief's" village, from having been the birthplace of the criminal, St. Disma, who had the grace of being crucified by the side of our Saviour, and compassionating the dying Jesus, deserved to be illuminated about His Divinity, and, upon the cross, confesssing him, had the happiness to hear those consoling words, "*This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.*" In his behalf, Christ performed His last act of mercy. Here there is a church dedicated to this Saint, and a Partial Indulgence is attached to this spot. This ruined village is on the summit of a rocky eminence, which we were obliged to cross, leaving the town on our right, and this is the first undulation of the mountains of Judea.

We now ascended the first chain of mountains, by a long and gently inclined road. I was riding in advance of the party, in company with the Friar, and near the top of the first range of mountains. I was glad to hear that it was half way between Ramleh and Jerusalem; hence the halting place, and the time to take some cold dinner, which the good Fathers at Ramleh furnished to every passenger, because there is no tavern nor any other kind of accommodation along the road to Jerusalem. Here was a grove of olive trees; I was not hungry, but I was so fatigued from riding on my Arabian saddle, that I could hardly have kept on horseback any longer. I and the Monk dismounted, fastened our horses, and laying ourselves on the grass, commenced to take some refreshments, which we had in our little side valise. But, what was my disappointment, when the party arrived and told us that it was not the stopping-place, but, that we were to cross the first range of mountains and halt in the valley of Terebinth. Thus, with great grief, and much difficulty, assisted by my dragoman, I mounted again, that horrible Arabian saddle, and following a dry torrent channel, we entered a barren and rocky valley destitute of every kind of vegetation and of every kind of animal life. The desolation of these places explains why the daughter of Jephtha went to weep on the mountain of Judea, and why the prophets repaired to the high places of these mountains to pour forth their heart-rending lamentations, and shed tears over the ruins of Jerusalem.

The mountains are of a conic form, and all look alike. They connect with each other at their bases, which are barren and destitute of vegetation. At a distance, we could see an old fortress which is called the Castle of the Maccabees. Herds of goats with pendent ears, sheep, cows, and asses, which by their fine appearance, called to my mind the *onagry* of the Bible, could be seen grazing on the sides of the mountains ; a few scattered trees could also be seen. In the ravines there were several olive trees and, occasionally, these trees formed continuous woods on the sides of the mountains ; one of these was that in which I and the Monk had stopped by mistake.

After passing this village, at a short distance from the road are the ruins of the Church of the Holy Maccabees—not those of Modin, the children of Mathathias, but the seven brothers, Maccabees, who were exhorted by their own mother to give up their lives rather than to transgress the law of the Lord.

Between Abou Gosh and the road, I saw a fine church and convent which had been abandoned. The church was dedicated to the Prophet Jeremiah who, it is believed, was born in this valley in a village, which retains even yet his name. It is certain that he repaired to this desolated valley and barren locality to pour out his lamentations. Here there is a little hamlet called the village of Jeremiah which leads to the next valley of Terebinth. This rocky and sterile mountain re-echoes still his doleful sighs, to which I added

mine for not being able to endure any longer that dreadful Arabic saddle. Leaning, now to the right, now to the left, I tried in that manner to find relief in a different posture ; but my legs had become as stiff as sticks. The pilgrim misses very much the greatly-needed hospitality of the Franciscans, who were obliged to abandon the convent and church in the valley of Jeremiah. The Bedouins were continually committing depredations on the convent and church and murdering the Friars ; and, in 1490, in a single night, the Bedouins massacred the entire community of nine Franciscans, who were there to give hospitality to travelers. There is a Partial Indulgence attached to this church.

After entering the valley of Terebinth and crossing a little torrent, we descended to the lowest part of the valley ; there we halted at a cottage kept by a European—a Catholic. Here we stretched ourselves upon the grass and were very glad to rest. My Arab opened the chest of provisions for me and the Franciscan friar, but I was not hungry. The Friar, who was acquainted with the Arab, gave him a glass of wine which he drank freely. I was surprised at it, because he was a Mussulman, following the religion of Mohammed, and the Koran forbids the use of wine ; but the monk, smiling, turned to me, saying, "*Quest è un Turco fino, mangia il porco e beve vino.*" (This is a cunning Turk ; he drinks wine and eats pork). He drank sufficient to make him loquacious and cheerful the rest of the journey.

Whilst stretched on the grass, I thought how this valley had been the scene of the battles of the Lord. In this valley, the youthful David—then a shepherd—having taken some stones from the brook (which we soon afterwards crossed on a bridge), killed the giant Goliath; thus humbling the bold impiety of that impudent infidel who had vomited forth horrible blasphemies against the Lord of Hosts.

After one hour of rest, we started again for Jerusalem. We could see some vineyards, olive trees, and a few patches of cultivated ground. We were now in the valley of Terebinth, and crossed on a stone bridge, the torrent from which David took the five stones to kill Goliath. This place is called Colonia (Colony), but the real name is *Kaloni;* a village on our left. Some remains of an ancient building are visible among the modern ruins. Here we saw some lemon and orange trees; the last that are to be found on the way to Jerusalem. Soon after crossing the bridge, we saw the village of *Keriet-Lefta*, on the bank of another dry channel; and, on the top of a lofty hill, the village of *El-Bire*, standing on the way to Nablous, the Sichem of the kingdom of Israel and the Neapolis of Herod. Here, on the summit of this second range, I felt chilly; and, though I was burning with the heat on the plains of Saron, I now felt uncomfortable on account of the raw wind coming from the mountains of Judea. I put on my thick coat, but still I felt cold, and it grew colder as we approached Jerusalem. Our

road was through a desert land where verdure and vegetation were rarely seen, and scarcely any trees could be found, so that the scene became actually bare. The sides of the mountain assumed at once the appearance of grandeur and sterility. Vegetation ceased altogether; even the very mosses disappeared. It took us one hour to ascend a lofty hill, which was the commencement of the third range of mountains, and it displayed to our eyes a still more dreary region. We were another hour of traveling across a naked plain, where we met several Arabs and Jews—men and women—carrying vegetables, and especially cauliflowers on their heads, and returning from Jerusalem. I was told that we were near the holy city—the much-desired Sion. I observed some gothic walls and a stone quarry; yet Jerusalem was not to be seen. This city being built on the top of mountains, is not visible from the road to Jaffa till a person is close to it.

As soon as I saw the gothic walls of the fair daughter of Sion, I saluted her. I thanked God, too, for having granted me the undeserved grace of seeing Jerusalem. I could scarcely believe it: I thought it was all a dream; yet it was a reality.

I wished to enter it on foot, as is the custom of pilgrims; but this grace, this favor, was not allowed to me. I was unable to walk: I could not even move. I could hardly even hold myself on horseback, besides being nearly frozen. Outside the gate we saw the *Reverendissimo*, who wore a very long hat; he was preceded by two janizaries and followed by several monks, whom we saluted.

CHAPTER VIII.

JERUSALEM.

ENTRANCE INTO JERUSALEM—CASA NUOVA—FATHER EMMANUEL—CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE—MOUNT CALVARY—MIRACULOUS FIRE—VIA DOLOROSA—PRISON OF ST. PETER—CHURCH OF ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE—PROBATIC POND—CHURCH AND CONVENT OF ST. SAVIOUR.

WHEN we approached the gate of the city, the customs officers made signs, asking if we had any thing subject to duty. The friar said, No—and added that we were all going to the convent; but, the next day the officers came to the convent and asked me for backsheesh. We entered Jerusalem by the gate of the pilgrims, called also the gate of Jaffa or of Damascus. This gate leads also to Bethlehem, Hebron, and St. John in the desert, and is called *Bab-el-Kzalil* (Gate of the Beloved). Some Turkish soldiers armed with a carbine, mounted, with a curved sabre, kept watch at every gate of the city. These poor creatures had not been paid for over one year, and were almost in rags and barefooted. They were often obliged to lay the carbine aside in order to mend their trousers, shoes, etc. Near this gate is the *Tower of David*, called also the Pisans' Tower, over which the Turkish flag was flying in the wind. We turned to the left and soon arrived at the *Ca-*

sa Nuova; the Hospice for the pilgrims. A Plenary Indulgence can be gained the first time a person enters Jerusalem.

Here in the *Casa Nuova* I met a Franciscan father—Father Emmanuel—who took great care of me, and welcomed me as a brother. I was sick, fatigued, and nearly frozen, and I could not get warm. He took charge of my baggage and took me to my room. I gave him a napoleon to have it changed and pay the Arab: I was too fatigued and sick to attend to this matter. I took some hot coffee in my room and retired to rest. It was now about dark: I could not even go to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament; not feeling able to walk to St. Saviour's Church. I refused to take any supper, but requested to have my feet washed in warm water, because they were as cold as ice. I was literally trembling with cold. A fine Arab domestic called Abdallàh, who was very attentive to me during my sickness in Jerusalem came to me, and I requested him to purchase a woolen flannel and two pairs of woolen stockings, because I had none with me—and, being traveling in a warm climate, I did not dream that I should need them. The day before, in Jaffa, and the same day on the plain of Saron, I was burning from the heat; but now, on the top of the mountains of Judea, I was freezing. What a change in one day! I went to bed, and Abdallàh brought me a fine Turkish flannel and two pairs of thick woolen stockings. I put on the flannel, while he went to fetch the warm water

with which to bathe my feet; and, during this operation of bathing, he went for some hot wine and sugar; and, after that, I went to bed. I took a good drink of hot wine, and, covering myself with all the clothes that I could bear, I commenced to get very warm. In the evening, the kind Father Emmanuel came to my room and, on conversing together in French and English, we discovered that we were acquainted with each other, and both felt happy at our meeting. He was a Belgian Franciscan, who, for several years, had resided in the convent at Manchester, England. He was a *Definitore*, Missionary Apostolic and had occupied distinctive offices in the Order. The year before, my housekeeper, Elizabeth Collins, went to Bolton, England, to pay a visit to her relations. She visited several times in Manchester, which is only ten miles from Bolton, and at the Franciscan monastery in Droitstilt, near the city, she made the acquaintance of Father Emmanuel, who was then residing in that place. She showed him some of my Indian books, and spoke of my intention of visiting the Holy Land the next year. Some of the Franciscan fathers gave me valuable information about Palestine. Here at Jerusalem, we discovered each other, and the company of Father Emmanuel has been not only very valuable, but of great instruction and relief to me in this Holy Land—this land of infidels. Next morning, I felt better, but the weather was cold and uncomfortable and the rain, which poured down in torrents during

the entire day, prevented me from going out in the forenoon—but this circumstance afforded me the pleasure of a visit from the Rev. L. Righi, a missionary from Philadelphia, U. S. A., who was returning from an excursion to the Jordan. We were extremely happy to meet each other in this part of Palestine. He related to me how, in Jerusalem, he was obliged to obtain a peculiar faculty to go to confession to Father Emmanuel, who was also a pilgrim to the Holy Land, because there was no Priest in that city who could understand English. In the afternoon, in company with Father Emmanuel, I went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is not far from the Latin convent. We entered it by the only door now open, and the first thing I saw was the Stone of Unction where Our Redeemer's body was anointed for burial by St. Joseph of Arimathea and the holy women. This was only a private visit to all these holy places indicated to me by the good Father Emmanuel.

It is useless to attempt to describe the feelings of my heart, when in the presence of these sacred and dear localities; especially the Holy Sepulchre and the place of the Crucifixion. It is impossible to enter the tomb without a feeling of holy awe and reverence. On this spot, for 1500 years, kings, queens, knights and potentates have knelt, prayed and shed tears for their sins. How many holy pilgrims have cried and sued for mercy on this spot? I shall attempt to give brief descriptions of these places, so often spoken of by travel-

ers; but what passed within my heart while I was present in them, God alone knows. I will only say that they made on me an impression which has never disappeared from my mind and heart, and I hope never will, not even after death. If there is a spot on earth where I would wish to live and die, it is that land! I resolved to visit the Holy Sepulchre every day, during my stay in the Holy City. The first Mass I celebrated in Jerusalem, was upon Mount Calvary, on the spot where the Blessed Virgin stood by the Cross; this was on the second morning after my arrival in the Holy City.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the most venerable sanctuary in the world, was partially built by St. Helena, to cover the Holy Sepulchre, but it has been extended by Christian princes, so as to enclose also Mount Calvary, which is only fifty paces from the sepulchre; for this reason the church is very irregular in its construction, form, and order of architecture, owing to the nature and situation of the place which it was designed to occupy. It is approached by a long passage, through a low door-way, and by descending two flights of steps, the whole being built in such a manner, that the Turks can not profane the place by riding in on horseback, or by converting the church into a stable. I found this kind of entrance to all the churches of the Holy Land. In some, the door leading to the yard is so narrow and low, that it is necessary to stoop very much in order to crawl into the yard. This church had at

first, three doors ; but two have been closed, and at present, there is only one which is grand and massive. The arch is supported by fine pillars, all of marble. The keys of the door are cautiously kept by the Turks who entrust them to no one ; they open and close it, when they are paid a fixed price, and, during the time that the church is open, they keep soldiers inside the door at the entrance of the church, who, sitting or laying on large divans, smoke their pipes, sip coffee, and keeping meanwhile, a strict watch on the door. Inside the church they have a small kind of kitchen to prepare their coffee, and during the winter, they have a coal fire to warm themselves, which fact reminded me of the time of the capture of Our Saviour, when St. Peter and the servants and officers stood warming themselves at a fire of coal. I do not know what is to be paid to have the church opened, but they have what they call *great* and *small openings*. For the great opening they require a large sum of money, and they are obliged to keep the church open the entire day, and allow every person, no matter to what sect he may belong, to go in and out without requiring any further payment. The small opening is only for individuals, or for a party, and it is kept open for a limited time. When I visited Jerusalem it was during the time that the French were building the dome of the Holy Sepulchre ; hence the Turks were obliged to keep the door open during the entire day. Soldiers, however, were watching it, and closing it in the

evening, and they received no payment from visitors and pilgrims, unless they required the church to be opened during the night. The church is nearly in the form of a cross, one hundred and twenty paces in length (exclusive of the descent of the discovery of the Holy Cross) and seventy in breadth. It has three domes, including the one in course of construction, and covering the Holy Sepulchre.

On entering the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the first object which comes in sight, is the Stone of Unction, where the body of Our Lord was anointed with myrrh and aloes, before it was laid in the sepulchre. It has been found necessary to cover this stone with a slab of white marble, on account of the indiscretion of some pilgrims, who broke off some pieces of it; and to surround it with an iron railing, lest people should step on it. This stone is very near eight feet in length, and about two feet in breadth. Its identity is acknowledged by all Catholics and by all Schismatics. It is surrounded by four lofty candlesticks, and there are eight lamps kept burning continually. There is a Plenary Indulgence attached to this place, and it belongs to the Latins. Speaking of Palestine, when I say Latins, I mean Catholics. All the holy places in the hands of the Catholics, are kept by the Latins—the Franciscan Friars. When I say Greeks, Armenians, etc., I mean the Schismatics, unless I make a special exception. To the left in an aisle in the circular nave of the sepulchre, there is a stone marking

the place where the women and disciples stood afar off, looking on the Crucifixion. Thirty paces from the Stone of Unction, exactly in the centre of the great dome, there is the rich marble tabernacle which encloses the Holy Sepulchre, the door of which faces the choir, which together with the Holy Sepulchre, are now in possession of the Greeks. The tombs of the Hebrews face the east, and they are generally hewn out of the rock, consisting usually of two chambers, one behind the other, the inner one being the actual tomb; such is the form of the Sepulchre of Our Lord. The door of the first chamber is outside, ornamented with burning lamps, and six huge candlesticks; the door faces the east. Entering the first chamber, called the Angel's Chapel, which is all cased with fine marble, you see a small pillar supporting a stone about one foot and a-half square, and a foot thick; this stone supported the large stone which closed the access to the Holy Sepulchre, and it is from the same rock. Upon this stone was seated the Angel, when he spoke to the two Marys, who went thither early Sunday morning, with sweet spices to anoint Jesus. The entrance to the second chamber—that is to the Sepulchre of our Lord—faces the east also, and is four feet high, and two feet and three inches broad; hence it is necessary to stoop in order to enter this inner chamber, which is nearly square, being six feet less an inch long; six feet less two inches broad, and, from the floor to the roof, eight feet and one inch. There is no

sarcophagus, although some ignorant Protestant travelers have asserted the contrary. It was not the practice of the Hebrews to put their dead into a sarcophagus, but the body was laid at its length upon a table, also cut out of the rock. So also was the case in the sepulchre of our Saviour. At the right, in entering the second chamber, there is seen a solid block of the same stone which was left in excavating the other part, and it occupies half the sepulchre; for it is six feet less one inch in length, and three feet less two inches wide; but it is only two feet four inches and a-half high. On this table the body of Jesus Christ, Our Saviour, was laid with the head towards the West, and the feet to the East. This block has been covered with a slab of marble, which was cut with a saw in two unequal parts, except about two inches, by which the two parts still hold together./

I inquired about the motive of cutting that slab, and I learned that the Pacha wanted the slab to ornament some part of his palace, not for the worth of the material, but on account of its being a very valuable and great monument, taken from the Holy Sepulchre. During the night preceding the day appointed for its removal, a Franciscan Friar, one of the guardians of the Holy Sepulchre, sawed it in two, not altogether severing the two pieces, but so that if the slab should be removed, the two pieces would separate. In the morning the officers came to remove it, but finding it so defaced they left it, it being no longer

serviceable for their master the Pacha. Upon this slab mass is celebrated.

The Greeks say the first mass at midnight, and it is always high mass, with deacon and subdeacon. Immediately after them, the Armenians go through a ceremony, incensing the Holy Sepulchre and occasionally sing mass, but at times they celebrate only a low mass, yet they always go through a ceremony which lasts only a short time and which they seldom or never omit, in order to keep their right. Immediately after the Armenians, the Latins place a movable altar on the slab, which is too low to say mass on, and they can celebrate only two low masses, and while these are celebrating, they prepare in the space between the Holy Sepulchre and the choir of the Greeks, what is necessary to sing a high mass, which is done every day. The Greeks always commence at midnight, but as they do not always finish at the same time, the Latins have no fixed hour to commence; but they are always duly notified by the Greeks of the time in which the Holy Sepulchre will be free, they are always notified one day in advance of the precise hour, in which the Holy Sepulchre will be at their disposal; it is generally at 2 A. M., and seldom after 5 A. M. The Latins must commence immediately, and after the high mass of the Latins, the Holy Sepulchre must be left free in order to be visited by the pilgrims.

During the visit of the pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre, there is always a Greek priest, having

in charge a bundle of candles of different sizes; when he receives alms from the Christian (Schismatics), he lights a candle according to the devotion of the pilgrim. The Catholics do the same, and the Franciscan Sacristan from the vestry attends to them. I saw, at one time, about fifty candles lighted, besides forty-four lamps belonging to different sects continually burning. I do not know how many lamps belong to the Latins, but the number is limited for every different sect, each one of which takes charge of its own lamps. The different sects watch each other with great jealousy, and one does not allow the other to suspend more lamps than the usual number, not alone in the Holy Sepulchre, but in any part of the church, except those places belonging exclusively to the different sects. In sweeping the floor of the church, they have divided it, a part to each sect, and woe to that priest or lay brother who in sweeping should encroach on another part. Three holes have been made in the roof of the Holy Sepulchre for the emission of the smoke. There is a painting in the Holy Sepulchre, representing the resurrection of Our Saviour. There is a Plenary Indulgence to be gained here, *toties quoties*, and it is the only Indulgence attached to the place which is applicable to the souls of Purgatory.

I went to the Latin chapel, which is north of the Holy Sepulchre. On the floor of the chapel, near the altar, there is a large marble flag pointing out the spot in which our Saviour, after his

resurrection, appeared, as tradition assures us, to His Blessed Mother ; hence it is called the Chapel of the Apparition. This is the choir of the Franciscans, and in this chapel they officiate. The spot, where the altar is located, is considered to be the place where the cross, found by St. Helena in another locality, was recognized. In this chapel, there are some very fine paintings. There is also an altar, on the epistle side, having the greatest part of the pillar to which Our Lord was bound for the flagellation. It was removed from Pilate's Hall, and it is enclosed in a shrine, in which there is an opening, through which it can be seen and touched, and, for the convenience of pilgrims, there is a rod with which it can be easily touched without the necessity of stepping on a stool. Every one can visit and venerate all the sacred places in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, no matter to what sect they belong.

The Russians can not satisfy their devotion unless they touch the object of their veneration ; hence the necessity of providing a rod, which the Russians take in their hands and touch with it the sacred relic. Yet, far from accusing them of superstition, I believe that they are in good faith. I have been greatly edified by the manner in which the Russians practice their devotions. They come from far distant places, enduring hardships and privations to perform a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre !

I joined the daily processions which the Franciscans, followed by the pilgrims, perform through

all the stations of the church ; if there are no pilgrims, they make the procession by themselves. I was presented with a station book and, this being the first time that I, as a pilgrim, had joined the procession, I was presented with a large lighted candle, which I keep yet ; the other pilgrims, who had been present at other processions received small tapers. One of the Fathers carried the cross, followed by all the Friars with lighted tapers ; then the celebrant and, afterwards, all the pilgrims in a mass. A hymn is sung on the way to each station, and appropriate versicles and prayers are chanted at each spot, which is incensed by the celebrant.

The first station is the pillar, where there is a Plenary Indulgence attached. The second is the prison, which, now is almost subterranean, by the accumulation of rubbish ; here a Partial Indulgence is obtainable. In this prison Our Lord was confined, while the hole was made for erecting a cross, and the two other crosses were being prepared, and as Golgotha was an ordinary place of execution, this cell was a common prison for all criminals. It is a small vaulted chapel seven feet long by six wide. This chapel is near and opposite to Mount Calvary—a hill towards the south. This chapel belongs to the Georgians and there is a Partial Indulgence attached to it. The third station is a chapel on the spot where our Lord was stripped of His garments by the soldiers, and where they cast lots, dividing them amongst themselves ; a Partial Indulgence can here be gain-

ed. This chapel is within twenty yards of Calvary, on the north-east, and is now in the eastern-most chapel of the retro-choir, occupied by the Armenians, to whom the chapel belongs. The fourth is the Crypt of the Invention of the Holy Cross by the Empress, St. Helena. We descended into it, first by a long flight of thirty steps dug out of the rock, which led us into a cave called St. Helena's chapel, because she prayed in this place while she caused search to be made in order to find the Holy Cross; and then, by another flight of eleven steps to the Crypt in which St. Helena miraculously found the cross, the nails, the crown of thorns, and the head of the spear, after these had lain buried in this place upward of three hundred years. This chapel belongs to the Latins and there is a Plenary Indulgence attached to it. On the Gospel side of the principal altar, there is another altar erected by Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, who performed a pilgrimage in Palestine. He made the stations of the Way of the Cross publicly on his knees, in the *Via Dolorosa* and gave great edification by his piety and devotion. He died in Mexico like a hero of charity and magnanimity, scorning the treachery of Napoleon III. and the brutality of the savage Juarez.

We returned then to St. Helena's crypt again, where we made the fifth station; here there is a Plenary Indulgence; this chapel belongs to the Armenians. We ascended the staircase and, near the top turning towards Mount Calvary, we

made the sixth station at the chapel of the pillar of the *improperia*. Under the altar of this chapel, there is a pillar of gray marble spotted with black, two feet long and one in diameter ; on this pillar Our Lord was forced to sit, in the palace of Herod, in order to be crowned with thorns, whilst being set at nought by the soldiers of Herod. This pillar was removed from Herod's palace to this chapel which is located on the southern side of the *retro-choir*. This chapel belongs to the Abyssinians, and there is a Partial Indulgence attached to it.

Ten paces from this chapel, westward, we ascended Mount Calvary by a narrow staircase of twenty steps, of wood at the beginning, and of stone at the end. This spot of ignominy, sanctified by the blood of Our Lord, attracted the peculiar attention of the primitive Christians. They surrounded it with a wall, after having removed every impurity and all the earth ; it is now a lofty chapel enclosed within this spacious church. The interior is cased with marble, and a row of arches divides it in two, south and north. The seventh station is performed in the north part where Our Saviour was nailed to the cross. This place belongs to the Latins and there is a Partial Indulgence attached. Near this spot, on the same line with the site, where the cross stood, the Latins have an elegant altar of finely worked bronze and silver. This is to be replaced by another beautiful marble altar ; yet in my opinion, and in the opinion of some others too, the old bronze al-

tar is too good to be surpassed by a marble one. On this place, thirty lamps are kept continually burning. The eighth station is on the spot where the cross was erected, which is on the southern division, and it belongs to the Greeks. There is a Plenary Indulgence attached. You still see the hole dug in the rock, one foot and a-half deep, besides the earth which must have been removed from this place. Our Saviour stood facing the west, having his back towards Jerusalem; the two thieves stood, the penitent on his right, and the unpenitent on his left. Fifty lamps are constantly burning on this spot.

During the daily procession, the Latins incense this altar, although it belongs to the Greeks, who are also allowed to incense any altar belonging to the Latins. This altar is erected just over the hole that supported the cross of Our Saviour. This is now lined with a silver socket. A large cross, of the same size of the true cross, is erected over the altar; one-third part of this cross is a portion of the true cross found by St. Helena. Through a silver grating a rent in the rock is visible, which was done in that awful moment when the Divine sacrifice was accomplished for the redemption of man. In the chapel below, where is the tomb of Melchisedech, the same cleft or rent is much more plainly visible.

We descended to the Stone of Unction, where we performed the ninth station, and where a Plenary Indulgence can be obtained. We made the tenth at the Holy Sepulchre, to which place a

Plenary Indulgence is attached, applicable to the souls of Purgatory. In the midway, between the Holy Sepulchre and the Latin chapel, we performed the eleventh station on the spot where Our Saviour appeared to Mary Magdalen in the form of a gardener. This place belongs to the Latins, and there is a Partial Indulgence attached to it. The twelfth and last station was in the Latin chapel, on the spot where Our Saviour appeared to the Blessed Virgin, and here a Partial Indulgence can be gained. Here they sing the Litany, accompanied by a melodeon, and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given, closing the sacred ceremonies.

Besides these spots, the Franciscan Friars, who are the keepers of the Holy Sepulchre and of all the holy places in Palestine, Syria, and of the East in general, and who have made many heroic sacrifices to watch the sacred spot, sanctified by Our Saviour in the redemption of man, have an altar close to the place where Our Saviour appeared to Mary Magdalen, and another, upon Mount Calvary, on the spot where the Blessed Virgin stood by the Cross.

The Franciscans also preserve, in the vestry of the Holy Sepulchre, the sword and spurs of Godfrey of Bouillon, which I have seen and held in my hands. The Superior of the Holy Sepulchre, has the right to invest persons with the Order of the Knighthood of the Holy Sepulchre; a ceremony which he performs in the Latin Chapel of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, dressed in

pontifical habits, saying or singing some prayers, and going through a formula of questions, and putting the spurs and sword of Godfrey of Bouillon, on the person to be invested.

The Greeks officiate in the choir; in the middle of which there is a small circle of marble, the centre of which they look upon as the centre of the world, or of the globe. The Copts have a small oratory back of the Holy Sepulchre. The Nestorians or Jacobites, have a small chapel near the spot where our Lord appeared to Mary Magdalen. The Georgians have a place on Mount Calvary where the cross was prepared. The Maronites, being Catholics, use the same places with the Latins. The Syrians have an Altar nearly opposite to that of the Copts. Besides these localities, which all those who are in the church, are allowed to visit, each nation has a particular spot allotted to it there, in the aisles and corners of the same, where its members meet to exercise their devotions according to their respective rituals. The Latins have the gallery of the church, where they have a fine organ. No other nation make use of any instrument, except the Armenians, who use a kind of large clapper instead of a bell, just like that which we use in the tenebræ during three days of the Holy Week when bells are not allowed to ring. There are no bells in this church except a little one in the hospice of the Latins; yet there are ruins of a half demolished belfry, which indicate that formerly the church had bells. The hospice is

accessible only through their chapel; there is no other entrance.

On the top of the Latin Convent, the Turks have built stables for their horses. The Latins, however, have been allowed to erect a chapel on the site of Calvary, where the Blessed Virgin stood when the Jews were crucifying her Divine Son. This chapel is called the Addolorata's Chapel; it is out of the church, but it is attached to its wall, and through an opening, the spot where Our Saviour was crucified, and the spot where the cross was erected, are visible. There is a Plenary Indulgence attached, and Mass is said every day by a Religious from St. Saviour; these can say as many Masses as they please, and at any time.

The Fathers, Latin, Greek, Armenian, etc., both Catholic and Schismatic, are obliged to stay shut up in the church or hospices, and corners of the building allotted to them. There is a small window crossed with iron bars, through which they receive their daily food. Every three months the community must be changed—they could scarcely remain longer there without becoming sick, on account of the dampness and coldness produced by the vaults and walls; besides the little air and the confinement. Before they leave, other Priests are sent from the large convent of St. Saviour, to take the place of those who are to leave. These self-sacrificing priests of various orders, inhabit different parts of the edifice. They nestle like pigeons in the arches above, and

in the subterranean vaults. They are prisoners of the Turks in order to guard the Sepulchre of Christ. Their songs, hymns, and psalms, are heard at all hours of the day, and night: the solemn notes of the organ of the Latins; their imposing, grave, and distinct voices, reciting the *complaints* just at the setting of the sun, by the side of the Sepulchre of Christ. "Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum, in pace." Then in a solemn manner pronouncing, "*In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum,*" in sight of the very spot, where on that eventful afternoon the Son of God recommended His Spirit to His Eternal Father, uttering from the Cross those very memorable words after having accomplished his tremendous Sacrifice. When kneeling before the Holy Sepulchre, in a devout and simple tone of voice, they were repeating the prayer, "Domine Jesu Christe, qui in hora diei vespertina, de cruce depositus, in brachiis dulcissimæ matris tuæ reclinatus fuisti, horaque ultima in hoc sanctissimo monumento corpus tuum examine contulisti, etc." All this had such an effect on my soul that it was impossible for me to refrain from shedding tears. The impression it made on me I can never forget. Oh! that it were granted to me, to spend there the last days of my life, and to be allowed to rest under the shade of Sion.

This church naturally generates devotion by the sombre light which pervades every corner of it; the multitude of lamps have a mysterious effect. The

organ of the Latins, the cymbals of the Abyssinian Priest, the mournful prayer of the solitary Armenian, the voice of the Greek caloyer, the plaintive accents of the Coptic Friar, and the mysterious ancient notes of the grave Syrian, separately and altogether, continually resound, at every hour of the day and night, in the ears of the pilgrim. It is impossible to attempt to describe the feelings which are produced on the mind in that mysterious sanctuary. How true is that which the Prophet said, "Omnes gentes adorabunt . . . et sepulcrum ejus erit gloriosum" ("all nations will adore Him, . . . and His sepulchre shall be glorious.")

Besides these places, there are other monuments of great value in this famous church. The Latins have in their hospice the room formerly occupied by St. Helena, and it is the best room in the hospice. Before reaching the Chapel of the Division of the Garments, there is another chapel dedicated to Longinus the Centurion, who with a spear, opened the sacred side of Our Lord. Opposite to the entrance against the wall of the choir, there are the tombs of Godfrey de Bouillon and his brother Baldwin, the noble royal chevaliers who wrested the tomb of Our Lord from the hands of the infidels. Their ashes deserve to rest beneath the shadow of that tomb which they rescued. On the west side of the nave, there are the tombs of Joseph of Arimathea and his family, who having deposited the Sacred Body of Our Saviour in his own new tomb, was himself buried in another tomb not far off from that of Our Lord. Under

the staircase leading up to Mount Calvary, there are what they call the Chapel and Sepulchre of Adam, and the Chapel and Tomb of Melchisedech.

In order to conceive a clear idea of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, it is necessary to remark that originally Calvary was out of the city; it was a hill where criminals were crucified, and the side of this hill was used as a garden, and burying ground. Hence, Joseph of Arimathea, possessed these tombs for himself and family, and when Our Lord after His Resurrection, appeared to St. Mary Magdalen, He was taken by her for a gardener, which is a confirmation that gardens existed on Mount Calvary. Now-a-days, criminals are executed on a hill, close to the gate of Jaffa, out of the city, and in the valley of Jehosaphat, which is nothing else but a cemetery, there are many kitchen gardens. The Cross, Spear, etc., were found by St. Helena, in a cave beneath the hill, thrown thither by the Jews; but I believe that the disciples of Our Saviour had concealed them there in order to preserve them.

The author of the *Epitome Bellorum Domini*, asserts that, forty-six years after the destruction of Jerusalem by Vespasian and Titus, the Christians obtained permission of Adrian to build, or rather re-build a church over the Tomb of their God (Our Saviour), and to enclose in the new city other places venerated by them. St. Jerome and other historians record, that Pagans afterwards had surrounded these sacred places with walls, and they had erected a statue of Jupiter upon the

Tomb of Our Lord, another of Venus on Mount Calvary, and a grove to Adonis, on the spot where our Saviour was born. Eusebius has preserved a letter of Constantine the Great, in which he commanded Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, to erect a church on the place where the great mystery of salvation was accomplished.

The architecture of the church as it stands now is evidently of the age of Constantine. The columns are either too heavy or too slender, and their diameter is not proportionate to their height; yet the Corinthian order prevails throughout. Some double columns supporting the frieze of the choir are very handsome. The church being lofty and spacious, is truly a large building. It displays grandeur, but I could not say beauty —this it could not do on account of its locality and object. The Bishop of Cæsarea describes the new church, the dedication of which occupied eight days. Some pretend that this edifice was erected by the Crusaders, but we do not know that the Crusaders ever built a church on the Holy Sepulchre. They may have repaired and improved that constructed by St. Helena, but the church as it stands belongs to the time of Constantine.

Three hundred years after its erection, this church was ravaged by Cosroe II., King of Persia. Heraclius recovered the genuine cross, and Modestus, Bishop of Jerusalem, repaired the church. When the Caliph Omar took Jerusalem, he allowed Christians the free exercise of their religion.

The church was again ravaged by Hakem, Sovereign of Egypt, in 1009. The Crusaders took possession of it in 1099, but it fell again into the hands of the Mohammedans and, unfortunately, they possess it yet.

One rainy day, I went to visit the church and I found the Holy Sepulchre flooded with rain from the cupola which was not yet finished. It will take another entire year to complete it. Over forty years ago the lead of the old cupola began to peel off. The Greeks applied for a firman to repair it. If they had succeeded, as they have done in many instances, the Greeks would have claimed the exclusive possession of the Holy Sepulchre. The Catholics obtained a counter-firman to prevent the Greeks from repairing it. This is the reason why the Greeks throw the blame on the Catholics. Finally, it was arranged that France, Russia, and Turkey should rebuild the cupola; each of the three nations paying its quota of the expense. The work on the cupola was done by the French. They worked the materials in France and carried them to Jerusalem. Its whole cost amounts to several millions.

I saw, in the door of the Holy Sepulchre, the two holes through which the Greek patriarch pushed out the "miraculous fire" on the Holy Saturday of the Greeks. The patriarch who performed this blasphemous, superstitious, and wicked imposition upon the ignorant Greek clergy and people, had died a few days before my arrival in Jerusalem. The presence of the French consul

and wife at his funeral, sitting in the choir of the Greeks amongst their clergy and receiving, several times, incense from their hands, gave much dissatisfaction, scandal, and just matter of complaint to the Catholics. The "miraculous fire" is performed in this manner: at 2 P. M., in the presence of all the Greek pilgrims and many others, including the consuls and the Pacha, who is seated in the gallery of the Latins, drinking coffee and smoking his pipe, the patriarch, a venerable looking man, accompanied by two deacons and in procession. comes out of the choir and, after twice making the circuit of the Holy Sepulchre, is stripped of his garments, enters the Holy Sepulchre, and closes the door. Amid a great tumult and a universal shout, the fire is thrust out of the two holes made for this purpose, on either side of the door of the Holy Sepulchre, in pierced tin globes with handles. The men who receive it hasten to light large flambeaus, and they carry it to Bethlehem, and to every Greek convent, and all the pilgrims light candles. The patriarch rushes out of the Holy Sepulchre with a lighted torch in each hand, making gestures as if under divine inspiration, and goes into the choir.

The patriarch, bishops, and higher clergy, say that they do not pretend it to be a miracle, yet the ignorant clergy and people in good faith believe it to be a supernatural fire, either brought down from heaven or produced miraculously by the patriarch; but, neither he nor the bishops contradict this superstition of the people. They

allege that they do not dare to instruct the people on this subject, because their faith and confidence would be shaken. For the rest, except the patriarch and bishops, the lower clergy appear to be in good faith.

I have been present at the pontificals of the Greeks, Armenians, Copts, etc., and their ceremonies have been performed with gravity and decorum, what may have been said by others to the contrary, notwithstanding. I know the ridiculous stories which have been related about them by travelers and some writers, but, in my own experience, I have always been edified by them. On the night preceding the Christmas of the Armenians, I was in the Holy Sepulchre and witnessed the solemn pontifical mass of the patriarch, and I distinctly heard, word for word, the canon of the mass. It may be that some Greek bishop or patriarch had not been very particular or dignified ; but we should not, therefore, come to the conclusion that, in the Greek Church, the ceremonies are not performed in a proper manner. I remarked in their countenances a mild simplicity and piety. If the Greeks were present in our churches and heard some one of our bishops not pronouncing the Latin words in a proper manner, in the pontifical or in the low mass, without dignity in the ceremonies, showing no piety or devotion, but only displaying a gorgeous pride or an air of importance—could the Greek come to a conclusion that, in the Latin Church, the sacred ceremonies are performed carelessly and only

through pride? Certainly not. So, we can not come to this conclusion in regard to the Greeks and other Oriental Schismatic sects. We must not be severe against our separated brethren or provoke their indignation by uncharitableness or spiteful feelings, but we should compassionate them in their misfortune. We ought only to pray for their union to the Mother Church of Rome. I left the East favorably impressed concerning the good faith and piety of the Schismatics. I have seen the pilgrims, coming from the northern part of Russia, performing their devotions in Jerusalem in good earnest. I have seen them walking on foot to the Jordan and, after plunging three times in that river in honor of the Holy Trinity, returning to Jerusalem under a very heavy and drenching rain. I have seen men and women of them soaked with rain, full of mud, leaning on their staves, hardly able to walk. These poor creatures moved me to compassion. I have seen the Armenian priests performing, faithfully their sacred ceremonies, and singing mass at midnight when the church was uncomfortably cold and the night stormy. I was assured that they do so every night in the year. If they say no mass, they use the *Præ-sanctificatum*.

The *Via Dolorosa* is the way by which Our Saviour, loaded with the cross, passed from the residence of Pilate to Calvary. It is about one mile long. The place where our Saviour was scourged is now separated from the Prœtorium of Pilate. A street passes between them. The house of Pon-

tius Pilate was formerly turned into a Latin church; but, at present, it is occupied by the Turkish troops. It is situated on Mount Acra. The steps of this house have been removed to Rome and are known as the *Scala Sancta.* There is a Plenary Indulgence attached to this house, and another to the church of the Flagellation across the street. This church belongs to the Latins. A costly marble altar has been erected on the spot where our Saviour was scourged. The church is small and neat, and it has three marble altars; mass is celebrated in it every day. Here is the commencement of the *Via Dolorosa.* This present street, however, is several yards above the old one, the rubbish of the ruins of the city having raised it; and it must have been formerly many yards below Mount Calvary.

Christ, having been scourged and crowned with thorns, was presented to the people from the *Lithostrostos,* which is a kind of balcony over an arch spanning the two sides of the street. This is yet visible, and there is a small room built upon the arch, which has been repaired by the Christians. From this place Pilate presented our Saviour to the people, saying, "*Ecce Homo!*" Here he washed his hands. It was once in possession of the Turks, but I understand that the Abbè Ratisbona, who built a church and the nunnery of Sion, on the right side of the *Via Dolorosa,* has purchased, also, the Lithostrostos. A Plenary Indulgence can be gained by passing under this arch and saying the *Pater, Ave and Gloria.*

The palace of Herod, the Tetrarch, was situated on the *Via Dolorosa*, close to the Church of the Sisters of Sion. At present this palace is in ruins. Formerly, there was a church here; now there is none. There is a Plenary Indulgence attached to this place. It is on Mount Abisade, called also Bezeta. A little further on is the chapel of "Our Lady of Grief," on the spot on which the Blessed Virgin met her Divine Son loaded with the cross, and going unto Mount Calvary. The Turks had turned this chapel into a bathing-room, but now it is in possession of the Armenian Catholics. Here, it is believed, is the lane through which the Blessed Virgin and St. John came to meet Our Saviour when they heard that He was going unto Golgotha. Here a Partial Indulgence can be gained.

The three places where Our Saviour fell, are marked by as many pillars on the street, two laid down on the ground, another standing up on the wall of a house. This last spot on the wall is kissed by the pilgrims, but the mean wicked Turks spit upon it. I have seen this spot soiled with spittle. The house of St. Veronica, who wiped the sacred face of our Saviour, opens on the *Via Dolorosa*. The name of St. Veronica was Berenice. A Partial Indulgence can be gained here, as also, can be at each place where Our Saviour fell under the weight of the cross. Fifty paces further is the spot where Simon the Cyrenian coming from his villa, met Our Saviour and was compelled to carry the Cross of Jesus.

The road which, up to this point, runs east and west, here makes an angle and turns to the north, and the street becomes more steep; this angle is met by the street through which Simon came, and this street leads to the gate of Damascus, called Bab-el-Hamond, or Bab-el-cham (the gate of the Column), from which gate Simon the Cyrenian was coming. Here a Partial Indulgence can be gained.

About two hundred paces from Mount Calvary is the Judicial Gate, one of the ancient gates of Jerusalem. Through this gate the criminals were led to Mount Calvary, and through this gate Our Divine Redeemer, loaded with the cross, passed to ascend Mount Calvary, there to be offered a sacrifice for our sins. Here a Partial Indulgence is obtainable. The pillar still exists to which was affixed the sentence pronounced by Pilate on the Saviour of the world. The sentence is preserved in Jerusalem by tradition, and it is the following: "*Jesum Nazarenum, subversorem gentis, contemptorem Cæsaris et falsum Messiam, ut majorum suae gentis testimonio probatum est, ducite ad communis supplicii locum, et cum ludibriis regiae majestatis in medio duorum latronum cruci affigite. I, lictor, expedi cruces.*" "Lead Jesus of Nazareth a subverter of the nation, contemner of Cæsar, and the false Messiah, as is proved by the judges of his nation, to the place of public execution and affix him to the cross, clothed in regal robes between two thieves. Go, lictor, prepare the crosses." Here ends the *Via Dolorosa*.

The other places of devotion within the city are the following : Near Mount Calvary there are some old walls in which you can see yet, some iron staples. Here was the prison of St. Peter. Formerly there was a church dedicated to this Apostle, and on this spot a Partial Indulgence is obtainable. In this locality, is the fine large church belonging to the Greek Patriarch, which is erected on the site of the house of Zebedee.

Upon Mount Abisade, (or Bezeta,) was the house of Simon, the Pharisee, which has been made into a church, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, who here confessed her sins, and was converted. Unfortunately, at present, it is in the hands of the Mussulmans. There is a Plenary Indulgence, attached to this place, and it is very appropriate to perpetuate the memory of that spot where Christ Our Lord bestowed a Plenary Indulgence on that great sinner when he said, "Many sins are forgiven her, because she hath loved much—thy sins are forgiven thee." At the foot of Mount Sion near David's Gate, was the house of the priest Anna. It is turned into a church, which is in the possession of the Armenians. Here a Plenary Indulgence can be gained. Between the castle and the gate of Mount Sion, is the place where Our Saviour appeared to Mary Magdalen, to Mary the mother of James, and to Mary Salome, and said, "*Avete.*" Here a Partial Indulgence is obtainable. The house of St. Anna, commonly known as the place of the nativity of the Blessed Virgin is on the left of the gate of St. Stephen. It is believed that

the Blessed Virgin was born here. In the time of the Crusaders, there was here a Monastery of the Benedictine Sisters. It was destroyed afterwards, and the church attached to it was changed by the Turks into a Mosque, lately it was presented to Napoleon III., who restored it to its primitive use, that of a Catholic Church. Here a Plenary Indulgence can be gained. Upon Mount Sion, behind the Castle of David, within the wall of the city, was the house of Mary the mother of Mark and John, at whose door St. Peter knocked for refuge, when he had been set at liberty from prison by the angel. It has been turned into a church, in possession of the Syrians. A Partial Indulgence is here obtainable.

On the highest summit of Mount Sion, is one of the most elegant and richest churches of the city, which is possessed by the Armenians, who have here also a fine convent; it is called the Church of the Apostle St. James. This is where the Apostle of Spain was beheaded, by order of King Agrippa. A Partial Indulgence is here obtainable. Stains of the blood of this Apostle can be seen yet, on the stone where he received martyrdom.

The pool of Bethsaida, (or Probatic pond,) is the oldest monument in the city, it dates from the time of Solomon. It is upon Mount Moriah, and is bounded by the temple on the north side. It is not far from St. Stephen's Gate, and very near the house of St. Anna. It is a reservoir 150 feet long, and 40 wide. This is now dry and

half filled up. Here on the brink of this pool, Christ said to the paralytic man, "*Rise, take up thy bed and walk.*" Here the lambs destined for the sacrifice were washed, and here when the angel moved the water, the man that first entered it was cured from whatsoever infirmity. Partial Indulgence.

Such are the holy places within the City of Jerusalem. I had not yet received permission, nor had I a good opportunity, to go to the famous Mosque of Omar, built upon the foundations of the Temple of Solomon, and to visit the Church of the Presentation, also turned into a Mosque. It is true that at present it is not so difficult, as formerly, to enter it; I understood that the Sultan by a firman, had permitted Christians to visit the Mosque, yet who would protect me from being stoned to death by the Turks in a fit of fanaticism? A firman from the Sultan could not save me.

The Church of St. Saviour, the Latin Church attached to the Franciscan Convent, is not a sanctuary; yet many Indulgences have been attached to this church, especially those annexed to the Cenacle which now can be gained in the Church of St. Saviour. At the Major Altar, can be obtained the Plenary Indulgence of the Descent of the Holy Ghost. To the Chapel of the Last Supper a Plenary Indulgence is attached, in memory of this mystery; to the Chapel of St. Thomas, a Plenary Indulgence in remembrance of the second appearance of Our Saviour to the Apostles. A Plenary Indulgence is attached to

the whole Church. The Franciscan Friars, who are the guardians of the Holy Sepulchre, and of the Holy Land in general, formerly dwelt upon Mount Sion, where the Cenacle is, outside of the city. But the Turks having taken possession of that place, and massacred most of the Community; they were obliged to retire within the city, and purchased a lot on Mount Gihon, where their convent is at present, and the Church of St. Saviour. The Reverendissimo, the Superior of the Holy Land, resides there. They are nearly all Italians. There must be, however, some French and some Spaniards among them. The Reverendissimo must be an Italian, and the Vicar a Frenchman.

CHAPTER IX.

ENVIRONS OF JERUSALEM.

JEWS' WAILING PLACE—GARDEN OF GETHSEMANI—TOMB OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN—MOUNT OF OLIVES—MOUNTAIN AND PLACE OF THE ASCENSION OF OUR LORD—THE GEHENNA—NEHEMIAH'S WELL—VALLEY OF SILOAM—VALLEY OF JEHOSAPHAT—MELCHISEDECK—BROOK CEDRON—MOUNT SION — THE CENACLE—TOMB OF DAVID—RESIDENCE OF CAIPHAS—CAVERN OF JEREMIAH—TOMB OF LAZARUS—JERICHO—THE JORDAN—CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST—THE DEAD SEA—EMMAUS—MASS ON THE TOMB OF OUR LORD—ILLNESS OF THE AUTHOR.

HAVING given a brief description of the Holy places within the city, accompanied by my friend Father Emmanuel and Rev. ——, we went to see the sacred localities around the city. I had already visited the Garden of Gethsemani and the holy spot whose earth had imbibed the most sacred blood of Our Divine Redeemer. My favorite daily walk was the Holy Sepulchre, the *Via Dolorosa*, and the Garden of Gethsemani. Before reaching the gate of St. Stephen we went to the Jews' Wailing Place; it is the only locality where the foundations of the Temple of Solomon are visible from the outside of the Mosque of Omar; they form a solid wall of Cyclopean masonry, and it is as high as that which surrounds the city. Here the Jews, men, women, and children, old and young, gather every Friday, (al-

though every day some of them can be seen there,) and shed tears of grief upon these stones, which are rendered smooth by their kisses and tears. It is truly a moving sight to see gray-headed men crying like children upon the foundations of that great temple, which was the pride of their nation, and the place where their fathers for many a century had offered sacrifices to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; praying God to send the promised Messiah, feeling humbled and fallen from a great nation.

I was moved by the situation of these unfortunate people and by the continuation of their propensity to superstition. Aware that they have no temple except these foundation walls, they pray by putting their lips between the stones, where some little opening is made visible on account of the cement having dropped from between two stones; and it looks ridiculous to see the Jews praying, with their lips upon the opening of the stones. Not satisfied with this, when there is some little hole, they blow their prayer inside the wall, thinking that it will reach the interior of what remains of the temple. Poor creatures, deceived by diabolic fraud, and hardened in their hearts! They feel so humiliated and despised by all, that they never attempt to enter the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It would not be safe for them to go thither. They do not even dare to pass by it. Not only the Christians of every sect would expel them, and injure them, but even the Turks would join the Christians in

ejecting them. The Catholics are the most tolerant towards the Jews. Some of them have several times attempted to enter the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in disguise, but have always been detected. The reason why they are treated in this manner by the Turks is because they are detested for having crucified a just man, a holy prophet ; while the Christians condemn them for having crucified the Son of God, the promised Messiah, and Saviour of the world. They endure the fulfilment of the curse, which, nearly nineteen centuries ago, they brought upon their nation, by crying to Pontius Pilate, "*His blood be upon us, and upon our children!*"

We went outside the gate of St. Stephen, and there we viewed, on the right, the valley of Jehosaphat. The Brook Cedron was at our feet, and, in front, we had the lovely Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemani, and the Tomb of the Blessed Virgin. About half way down the hill, we saw a large rock on the road which here made a descent ; it marked the spot where St. Stephen was stoned ; a Partial Indulgence is here obtainable. The place where Saul kept the dresses of those who stoned St. Stephen, is a little higher up ; and, to the left of it, once stood a chapel erected in honor of this saint by the Empress Eudoxia. Near this, is also the locality where the body of St. Stephen was laid before being buried. Here is a Partial Indulgence. We went, first, to the Tomb of the Blessed Virgin, but the door leading to it was closed. A few yards to

the left of this sanctuary, is the grotto where Our Saviour sweat blood, and where an angel was sent from heaven to support Him when sinking beneath the weight of human woe. The grotto is irregular and has several marble altars, all belonging to the Latins. A Plenary Indulgence is attached to it. As I intended to return next morning to say mass, I did not stop long, but I went to the Garden of Gethsemani, now in possession of the Latins, who have purchased it and enclosed it with a high and massive wall. An iron gate, low and narrow, is the only entrance, and it is necessary to stoop very low to be able to enter.

Outside, near the gate, there is a small pillar marking the spot where Our Saviour was betrayed by Judas with a kiss. There is a Plenary Indulgence attached. The Garden is cultivated by a lay brother, and is laid out in beds of flowers. To this spot Our Lord used to retire; here He prayed entire nights; here He ate, drank, and conversed with His disciples; here He gave commencement to His bitter passion. In this place and on this spot He said to the eight apostles to sit, till He went yonder to pray; and here He commanded the three apostles to stop and pray, removing from them a stone's throw. What a precious locality! Partial Indulgence. Amongst many olive trees, there are four very venerable and old-looking. Tradition says, that these are the identical trees under which Our Saviour was captured. These four trees can be said to be immor-

tal, as fresh branches spring up from the old stumps.

Next morning I said mass in this Cavern of Agony. After mass, accompanied by a lay brother, I went to the tomb of the Blessed Virgin. The sanctuary was open. The Schismatics, (Armenians and Greeks,) were singing high mass, as they do every day. The Latins have the privilege to sing mass only on Assumption day. The tomb of the Blessed Virgin is in a subterranean church descended to by a fine flight of fifty very long steps. Here a Plenary Indulgence is obtainable. In the middle of this flight of steps, at the right in ascending, is a very small chapel excavated out of the rock with an altar to St. Joseph, where this great Patriarch, the guardian of Our Saviour, was buried. A Partial Indulgence. On the other side, opposite to this oratory, is another chapel also excavated in the rock, with an altar to St. Joachim and St. Anne, where exist their tombs. Partial Indulgence. The tomb of the Blessed Virgin is behind an altar in a small chamber, very much the size of that of Our Saviour; but the chamber is entered by two doors. Whether the chamber is original or built in order to construct an altar at the front, I am not able to tell. Many lamps burn before the altar and in the church. I asked a Greek for a small piece of the rock in which the tomb is excavated, but was refused in a very angry manner; but still I got it, and I also took some small pieces from the tombs of St. Joseph, St. Anne, and St. Joachim.

In commencing to ascend the Mount of Olives, a rock is seen whereon the Apostle St.Thomas used to sit, melancholy and inconsolable, after the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, who (according to Nicephorus and Juvenal, Bishop of Jerusalem,) dropped him her belt. (Partial Indulgence.) Here there is a place where the Blessed Virgin was accustomed to stop and pray. (Partial Indulgence.) Leaving the broad road which leads to the top of the mountain, and turning to the right to a half ruined little house, you see the spot from which Our Divine Redeemer shed tears over the obstinacy of the daughter of Sion, foretelling the future ruin of the city and temple, of which there would not be left one stone upon another. (Partial Indulgence.) From this rock, called *the stone of prediction*, we ascended to a cavern, on our right, called the Tombs of the Prophets. There is nothing to see, nor do we know what prophets' remains were buried here in these tombs. They consist of a number of cells excavated in a cave, the whole hewn out of the rock in the interior of the Mount of Olives. It is not believed that any prophet was buried there, hence, they are supposed to have been excavated afterwards, and dedicated to the honor of the Prophets. (A Partial Indulgence.)

Farther up we reached the place, where the Apostles, before dispersing through the world, retired to compose the Apostles' Creed. It was formerly a large cavern, in which the Primitive Christians had engraved twelve niches to perpetuate this

spot. (A Partial Indulgence.) Near here is the site where Our Lord taught His disciples how to pray; teaching the "*Our Father.*" (A Partial Indulgence.) Close to this spot is the hermitage of St. Pelagia. (A Partial Indulgence.) A little farther is the locality where tradition says that an Angel announced to the Blessed Virgin the time of her translation to heaven. (A Partial Indulgence.) Finally on the very top there is a small octagonal mosque, the remains of a church built there by St. Helena. This is erected on the spot from whence Christ ascended to heaven after His Resurrection. On this rock I saw the print of Our Lord's left foot. It shows that Our Saviour had His face towards the West. Here a Plenary Indulgence is obtainable. The Catholics go thither on Ascension Day to celebrate Mass. The place is in charge of a Santon, who receives some backsheesh to open the door and show the spot. I asked him for some pieces of the rock, and he broke off a very little piece near the print, but he expected more backsheesh, of course.

Near here is the place called *Viri Galilœi*, where the Angel appeared to the disciples immediately after the ascension. (Plenary Indulgence.) Not very far off is the locality where was situated the village of Bethphage, from which place Our Saviour sent some of His Apostles to take the ass and the colt to make His entry into Jerusalem. (Partial Indulgence.) Formerly there was a church on this site, but now nothing remains except a well.

From the top of this mountain, you can see Mount Moriah and the Valley of Jehosaphat between them, at the eastern base the Garden of Gethsemani, and at the northern, Bethania. Far in the distance I saw the mountain where Our Lord fasted forty days; the plain of Galgala, the Jordan and the bleak, barren mountains sloping towards the Dead Sea, which is visible from this place. The Mountain of the Franks, which was the last place in Palestine where those noble crusaders retreated and heroically held for two years; the heights of Ramathaim Sophim, and many other famous places, can be discerned. Next day, after having celebrated Mass at the Church of the Flagellation, where Our Saviour was scourged, accompanied by my usual friends, I went out by the *Stirquilinian* gate called *Bab-el-Maugrabè, Gate of the Maugrabins*, or people of Barbary; through this gate Our Saviour was dragged to Pilate in the night when captured in the Garden of Gethsemani.

Near to this gate, but outside of the city, we saw the settlement of the Lepers. These poor creatures excite compassion and fear. We were afraid to go too near to them. They are not allowed to enter the city. We saw the Tower of David, and the pool of Bethsaida, in which Bethsabeah, the wife of Uriah, was bathing when David saw her from the roof of his palace. We visited the place where Isaias prophesied to Achaz, or more properly to the house of David: "*Ecce Virgo concipiet et pariet.*" (Behold a Virgin shall

conceive and bear a son. . .) After this comes a deep, solitary valley, which is the image of terror, melancholy and desolation ; it is frightfully barren and full of rocks. This place is the Valley of the son of Enon, and finishes in the vale of Siloam, and this is the *Gehenna* of the Gospel ; at its extremity is the *Aceldama*, (the field of blood,) the potter's field, purchased with the thirty pieces of silver given to Judas. It is used, to this day, for the burial of strangers, and there is attached to it a Partial Indulgence.

From this place, we passed to the Well of Nehemiah, in which the sacred fire had been concealed by the priests during the destruction of the city by Nabuchodonosor, and after their return from slavery in Babylon, Nehemiah made the priests extract the congealed water found, instead of the fire, with which the victims were sprinkled, and took fire at the appearance of the sun. It is a grand and deep well, and contains good water. A Partial Indulgence is granted to this place. Then we walked by the side of the Brook of Cedron, which runs along the Valley of Jehosaphat; this Brook often becomes very dry. This valley commences from this well, and terminates at the foot of the Mount of Olives. I saw the *Mount of Evil Counsel*, where Caiphas, the High Priest, is said to have had a villa, in which the death of Our Saviour was plotted by the chief priests, and the elders of the people. This is *the Mountain of Scandals*, where Solomon erected and worshiped idols. These localities are the image of desolation.

Here is the valley of Jehosaphat, and it was in this place that the Idols *Moloc* and *Beelphagor* were erected and worshiped, and to whom children were sacrificed. The valley of Siloam, which connects with that of Jehosaphat, is between the pool of Siloah, whose waters effected the miraculous cure of the blind man, and the village of Siloam, on the top of the mountain, whose inhabitants are robbers. who have several times plundered the little house of the lay-brother that keeps the Garden of Gethsemani. Although this village is close to the city, yet it is not safe to venture alone through this place. I drank of the water and washed my eyes with it. It is believed that this water cures blindness and will prevent it. (A Partial Indulgence.) The village of Siloah is built on ground full of caverns and subterranean passages, so that it is impossible to catch those rascals, who can easily conceal themselves there and then make their escape. The water which flows from this pool waters the fine gardens which were formerly the gardens of Kings. It was with this water that the Levites sprinkled the altar at the feasts of the Tabernacles, singing "*Haurietis aquas in gaudio de fontibus Salvatoris.*" The spring issues from a rock, but St. Jerome denies it. It has a kind of ebb and flood. I saw the mulberry tree upon which the Prophet Isaias was sawed in two. (Partial Indulgence.)

The valley of Jehosaphat is a frightful place of horror, full of graves; it has always been used for a Jewish burying ground, and it serves yet for

the same purpose. (A Partial Indulgence.) It is astonishing to see old Jews resort hither from every quarter of the globe, to buy from a foreigner a few feet of the land of their fathers, in order to lay their bones by the side of their ancestors, under the shadow of the walls of Jerusalem. In this desolate valley, at the foot of the Mount of Offences or Scandal, is the magnificent tomb of Absalom. It is a square mass, eight feet each way, of a single block, ornamented with twenty-four Doric semi-columns, six on each side, cut out of the same block, terminated by a pyramid on the top. Absalom was not buried here, because he was killed on the mountains of Gelboe. Near it, and of about the same description, is the Sepulchre of the Prophet Zacharia, whom the Jews killed between the Temple and the Altar. (A Partial Indulgence.) Close to it is the tomb of Jehosaphat, in a grotto whose door is the principal ornament, and which is very beautiful. (A Partial Indulgence.)

When the King Jehosaphat caused his tomb to be constructed in this place, this valley was distinguished with the name of the Valley of Jehosaphat. It was first called the Valley *Scaveh, the King's Valley, the Valley of Melchisedeck*, because it was in this valley that Melchisedeck, Priest and King of Salem (now Jerusalem), went to meet Abraham to congratulate him on his victory over the five Kings. Here he offered the sacrifice of bread and wine, and here he received the tenth of all the spoils. In this valley, we must gather from the four winds, on the last day of the world,

when Our Saviour will come down from Heaven in a cloud with great majesty and power to judge all nations.

Immediately next to this tomb comes the sepulchre, in which the Apostle St. James the Less, concealed himself. It has a handsome portico and four columns. A Partial Indulgence is attached to this tomb. The age in which these mausoleums were built is considered to be that of the first Machabees, in the time of the alliance between the Jews and the Lacedemonians. There is also a Partial Indulgence obtainable at a cave in this locality where the Apostles hid themselves after having abandoned Our Lord during His capture. There is also a Partial Indulgence obtainable at the cave where St. James Alpheus retired after the death of his Divine Master, and refused to eat or drink till the Resurrection of Our Saviour, who condescended to appear to him. There is a grant of another Partial Indulgence obtainable at the fountain of the Blessed Virgin, which is in this valley. This fountain communicates with the Pool of Siloah. On the bridge across the Brook of Cedron, where Our Saviour fell on that dreadful night, when He was captured and dragged to Jerusalem, there is a Plenary Indulgence can be obtained.

I observed in this valley some tombs covered with a slab having a large hole about a foot large; I inquired about it, and they told me that some superstitious Jews or Mohammedans made a hole in the top slab, to give passage to the soul to come

out on the day of judgment or to accelerate the resurrection of that body, by avoiding every obstruction in rising from the tomb.

Mount Sion, so sublime for its position and for the great mysteries operated on it, the subject of the benedictions and of the tears of the Prophets, whose glories were sung by Solomon in his Canticles, and by David in his Psalms, now stands solitary and melancholy, amongst a heap of ruins shadowing the graves of Christians. It is a barren yellowish hill, half enclosed in the city, and half out of the present walls. The Cenacle is a sanctuary famous both in the Old and New Testaments; it stands upon the glorious Mount Sion. Here David built himself a house and tomb, and here he kept for three months the Ark of the Covenant, which he transported from the house of Obededon — here Christ held his last passover and instituted the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist—here He appeared to His disciples on the day of His resurrection, and when He gave them the power to forgive sins by instituting the Sacrament of Penance. Here He appeared eight days afterwards, the door being closed, and made the incredulous St. Thomas touch His sacred wounds; and here He made His last appearance before His ascension. On this spot the Apostles, returning from the Mount of Olives, for ten days prepared themselves in union and prayer to receive the Holy Ghost, who descended upon them in fiery tongues on this very spot. Here was the first Christian Church in the world. Here St.

James the Less was consecrated the first Christian Bishop of Jerusalem, and St. Peter held the first Council of the Church, and here the first seven Deacons were elected. From this spot the Apostles dispersed to every part of the world, according to the injunction of Our Lord to teach all nations. It is a tradition in Jerusalem that this was the place where St. John celebrated mass in the presence of the Blessed Virgin, who is believed to have departed from this life in this spot; and finally this is the locality where the body of St. Stephen Protomartyr was transferred before his final interment.

This famous Sanctuary was in the hands of the Franciscans, who had also a convent, but on account of the frequent depredations and assassinations perpetrated by the Turks, the good fathers were obliged to retire into Jerusalem. This place is now in the hands of the Turks, who have turned it into a Mosque, and into a Turkish Hospital, and as is usually the case with their buildings, it is in a dilapidated condition. It is out of the walls of the city, and a Santon watches over it. I got permission to visit it by paying some backsheesh. It is a large room divided by a kind of alcove. I was not permitted to see the tomb of David, which is in this Sanctuary, notwithstanding the promise of backsheesh; the tomb is on a corner at the left of the entrance. I rushed thither, but a long flight of stairs and the darkness obstructed the view. I understand that there are three tombs, covered with carpets, that of David, that of Solomon,

and the other I do not know. While I was peeping down and trying to bargain with the obstinate Santon, two Mussulmans emerged from below, where they had been praying, and I desisted. The Indulgences attached to this Sanctuary are, one Plenary Indulgence on the Sacred Cenacle, where the HOLY EUCHARIST was instituted and a Partial Indulgence to each of the following places: *First.* On the Church (or the spot where it stood) of the Holy Apostles. *Second.* Where the Paschal Lamb was prepared for the Last Supper of Our Lord. *Third.* Where Christ washed the feet of the Apostles. *Fourth.* Where the Holy Ghost descended upon the Apostles. *Fifth.* On the tomb of David. *Sixth.* Where the lot fell upon Matthias. *Seventh.* Where St. James the Less was consecrated Bishop of Jerusalem. *Eighth.* Where the Apostles divided themselves to go teach all nations. *Ninth.* Where the body of St. Stephen was laid. *Tenth.* Where St. John celebrated Mass in the presence of the Blessed Virgin. *Eleventh.* Where the Jews attempted to steal the body of the Blessed Virgin when it was about to be buried. There is also a Plenary Indulgence attached to the spot of the translation of the Blessed Virgin.

That upon Mount Sion the sepulchres of David's family were situated there is no doubt, although the precise spot may be questioned. Josephus, the historian, has left us a magnificent description of the palace and tomb of David, and relates that Herod the Great, having attempted

to open David's coffin, was deterred and frustrated by flames of fire, which issued from the tomb.

Benjamin of Tudela also relates, that during his time, one of the walls of the temple, which stood upon Mount Sion, fell down, and that the Patriarch ordered one of his Priests to repair it with stones, that could be procured from the foundation of the walls of the ancient Sion. Two of the workingmen raised a stone which discovered the mouth of a cavern. They entered it, and going forward, came to a splendid and grand palace, supported with marble pillars, and covered with plates of gold and silver. They saw a table on which lay a crown and sceptre. This was the sepulchre of David. That of Solomon, with similar ornaments, was on the left. There were also other tombs of the Kings of Juda, of the family of David. They saw also chests, which were locked up. They endeavored to enter the palace, but a violent whirlwind from the mouth of the cavern threw them on the ground, where they remained till night, when another whirlwind roused them, and they heard a voice, saying, "Arise, and go away from this place." They, affrighted, ran away precipitately, and related it to the Patriarch, who made them repeat it before Abraham of Constantinople—a Pharisee, surnamed Pious, then residing at Jerusalem, to hear his opinion. Abraham replied, that "that was the burial place of the House of David, prepared for the Kings of Juda." The two men fell very ill from fright, and could never be induced to return to the same place.

The other Sanctuary on Mount Sion is the residence of Caiphas. It is now a church in possession of the Armenians. Here four Partial Indulgences can be gained: *First.* On the place where our Lord passed the last night in prison. *Second.* Where St. Peter denied Him. *Third.* Where he heard the cock crow and repented. *Fourth.* Where the Blessed Virgin stopped on learning the capture of her Divine Son. There is also another Partial Indulgence on the place where St. Peter wept bitterly.

In the afternoon, in company with my same friends, I went out of the gate of Damascus, to see the cavern of the Prophet Jeremiah. It is close to the wall of the city, and it is a tradition that the heart-broken Prophet, after the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchodonosor, repaired to this cave and there shed tears over the ruins of the beautiful daughter of Sion, and crying and weeping, he composed the Lamentation. Here also is the prison in which he was placed by order of King Sedecia, for having spoken freely to Israel, prophesying all the evils which afterwards befel that city.

About one mile northward, we saw the tombs of the Kings. A broad road leads to a large excavation entered by an arcade. From this we passed into an uncovered hall thirty feet by twenty, and twelve high, cut out of the rock. In the middle of it there is a large square door of the Doric order, sunk several feet in the ledge, ornamented with fine sculptured works. In the recess and in the angle to the left of this great portico,

we crawled on hands and feet through a passage, in which people formerly must have entered erect, and we were led by a very steep descent into a square chamber excavated out of the rock. Here we found three Turkish officers, who with some guides had come to visit these sepulchres. They were very polite and gave us all assistance, besides their guides and lights, as we had none. In the sides of this chamber, there were holes large enough for the reception of coffins. Three arched doors conducted us into seven other chambers of different dimensions, and hewn out of the rock. The place is very dark. What kings are buried here is not determined. There are antiquarians who believe that this was the magnificent and wonderful monument of Queen Helena, mother of the King of Adiabane, and that her remains and those of her son Izates were laid there by the care of Monabazes. Others think that it is the tomb of Herod the Tetrarch. They certainly had their tombs somewhere near this place. After these sepulchres on the side of a hill, we visited the six tombs of the Judges, which are scattered about this locality.

The pilgrimage to the Jordan takes three days, at least we must pay for three days. It is a dangerous place, on account of the feuds, and of the robbers, descendants of the fierce Ismael, who dwell on the other shore of this river ; they lay snares for travelers and then rob and murder them. It is necessary to go in a small caravan and to pay a sum to the chief of these robbers, who

guarantees your life and property, and sends a Sheik to accompany you. The way goes by the Mountain of Scandals, and at the commencement of the way, a standing dead tree is pointed out, where Judas hung himself. In a field a dead fig-tree stands up, and it is said to be the one cursed by Our Divine Redeemer. Close by is the cavern descended by twenty-eight steps, where Lazarus was buried, whom Christ commanded to come forth. A Plenary Indulgence is attached to this place. Formerly there was a nunnery. In Bethany there are some remains of the house of Mary Magdalen, and of that of Martha, and of the church which once stood there. Partial Indulgence. Nothing now remains of the house of Simon the Leper, but a Partial Indulgence is gained at this spot, and another on the rock where Christ sat before He was met by Martha and Mary Magdalen.

Going towards Jericho, we passed the so-called Fount of the Apostles, because they ofte n drank of that water. A Partial Indulgence. A little further on there is a place called *Adomim*, which means *blood*, because much blood has been shed here by robbers. It is believed that Our Lord alluded to this locality in the parable of the man, who, going to Jericho, fell into the hands of robbers. By the side of the road is the fountain of Eliseus, whose waters, from being brackish, were turned into fresh by that prophet. (A Partial Indulgence). Here we see the mountain where Our Saviour fasted forty days. Partial Indulgence. This barren and rocky mountain is fearfully deso-

late ; it is full of caves, where many holy hermits have spent their lives and died. Jericho, once a famous city, whose walls fell at the sound of the trumpets of the priests of Israel, soon after the entrance of the people of Israel into the Promised Land, is now a miserable place, containing a few ruined houses, and tents. Partial Indulgence. Hardly any remains exist of the famous palace of the great Herod, nor of Zaccheus, who climbed the sycamore-tree to see Our Saviour, and to whom he had the favor granted to give hospitality. Partial Indulgence.

Beyond Jericho, on the road to the plain of Galgala, is the place where several blind men were cured by Our Saviour, and, approaching the Jordan, the land is teeming with Scriptural records. Here the Israelites practiced again the rite of circumcision, which had been suspended for forty years while in the desert ; here they commenced to eat bread, because the Manna, which had fed them, had ceased ; here they erected twelve stones carried from the Jordan, to commemorate their passage across that river ; these stones represented the twelve tribes of Israel, but they were the figures of the twelve Apostles. Here the Gabaonites presented themselves in rags and patched skins containing wine, to deceive Josue and his people ; here is the valley and chastisement of Achan ; here Saul was confirmed King of Israel, and this is the place to which the Israelites every year performed a pilgrimage in memory of the Ark, which was

kept here for many years. On the shore of the Jordan there is a Plenary Indulgence. This sacred river is about two hundred miles long and from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet wide. It runs from the sea of Tiberias into the Dead Sea, and is called in the East by the Arabs *Nahar-el-Chiria, or Bahar-el-Arden* (River of the Ford), but the Hebrews call it Jardan (River of the Judgment). The current is rapid and the water is brackish. To cross this river one is nearly certain to be murdered by the savage descendants of the wild Ismael, unless accompanied by a strong caravan. This river was crossed by Jacob—a solitary traveler with his simple staff or cane, when a fugitive he went to Mesopotamia, but he recrossed it with numerous herds of cattle, and with an immense family and army. These waters retired, forming a wall on each side, to let the children of Israel enter into the Promised Land ; and they did the same to the solitary Tesbites. Naaman, the Syrian, washed himself seven times in these waters, and became cured of his leprosy ; John the Baptist baptized the multitudes in these waters, and they stopped with astonishment, looking backward, at the presence of their Maker, who was baptized by His precursor.

The Bedouins on the other side of the river, the wild and wandering descendants of Ruben, Gad, and Manasses, are always at war with the Bedouins of this side of the Jordan. Without crossing the river, we can see only at a distance *Bethabara*, where St. John the Baptist commenced his

preaching, and the remains of the church and monastery erected on the spot, where Mary Egiziaca retired to weep for her sins and crimes, and do penance, and where she died. There is a Partial Indulgence attached to the ruins of an ancient church of St. John the Baptist, and on the desert of St. Jerome, both on this side of the river. Mount Abarim, and its top, Mount Nebo, from which Moses saw the Promised Land, and where he died, are visible from the Jordan.

From the Jordan it is only one hour's walk to the Dead Sea, which presents a frightful scene of desolation ; the waters run North and South without any break or undulation, and more like waves of oil, between two walls of barren and horrible mountains, whose tops rise to the height of 2,000 feet. These pestilential waters, lying 4,000 feet below Jerusalem, and 1,300 below the Mediterranean, have swallowed the charming Pentapolis, the luxuriant cities of Sodoma, Gomorra, Adama, Sebaim, and the small Segor, after they were burned by fire from heaven, the family of Lot being first saved. The smallest birds could not find a blade of grass amongst these rocks ; everything announces this the country of a reprobate people, and it seems to breathe the horror of that incest whence sprang Ammon and Moab. Yet birds may be seen crossing the shore, and some ducks can be found on its waters, which, being bituminous and thick, do not let a person sink. A horse cannot swim, but would be carried like a piece of cork. Its waters make the skin smart very

badly. Everything around is covered with salt. The heat here is intense and smothering; no breeze ever cools the weary pilgrim; the strand is burning, and the water dead. This lake is called Asphaltites, by the Greeks and Latins, and Strabo mentions thirteen cities swallowed up in its waters. There are some shrubs near these pestilential localities, producing a fruit like the little Egyptian lemon; before it is ripe it fills with a corrosive and saline juice, and when dried it yields a blackish seed, which may be compared to ashes, and the taste is bitter. Phosphoric stones and springs are in abundance, bitumen is common, and perhaps the cities which were destroyed were built on bituminous land, and it may be that even they were erected of bituminous stones. Fire from heaven kindled and burned them up. In the lake there are mountains and valleys of salt.

From the Dead Sea, pilgrims go to visit the famous and old convent of St. Saba, belonging to the Greeks, who give no hospitality, except to sleep in the yard under tents provided by the Dragoman. This convent is built on the side of the rocks, overhanging immense precipices on the very ravine of the brook Cedron. There are many caverns in which thousands of hermits once spent their days. St. John Damascene died here. This convent has been frequently robbed by the Bedouins, and the Monks murdered. It is now fortified like a castle, surrounded with cannons and other arms. From this convent in a short time we arrived at Jerusalem.

Emmaus is only a few miles from Jerusalem. Nothing remarkable is to be seen in this miserable village, but there is a Plenary Indulgence to be gained; a Partial Indulgence blesses the spot where Our Saviour joined the two apostles, and another on the tomb of Samuel.

After having seen the waters of the Dead Sea, I fell sick and suffered severely from colic, especially during the night, yet I took no particular notice of it. I made arrangements to remain over night in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in order to have the happiness to celebrate upon the sacred tomb of Our Saviour on the day of the Christmas of the Greeks, which is the Epiphany of the Armenians. I attended the vespers of the Latins, and the daily procession; after which the doors of the church were shut up by the Turks. Many schismatic Greeks and Armenian pilgrims remained in the church during the night. I took supper in the Hospice of the Holy Sepulchre. The guardian, an intelligent monk, kept me company. After supper I attended the compline, which, in the night, and recited so solemnly, produced in me feelings beyond expression; after it I retired to the room prepared for me.

The great dampness of the room, making every thing wet, and the abominable noise of the Russian, Greek, and Armenian pilgrims who were in the Church, prevented me from sleeping, and I had another severe attack of colic. At midnight the bell for matins rung; I got up and I saw the Pontifical High Mass of the Greek Patriarch at

the Holy Sepulchre. My colic returned and I vomited twice ; my great trouble was the fear of not being able to say mass. At the end of the Pontifical, my colic increased. I was notified to say the first mass, but requested permission to say the second. It was about two or three o'clock A. M. My colic continued, but not so severe. Finally, I succeeded in celebrating mass in the Holy Sepulchre, but God knows how ! It is impossible to express the feelings in celebrating mass on the tomb of Our Saviour ; at least for me it required strong nerves and continued efforts to compose my mind to render me capable of going through mass ; and how I did it God alone knows, I do not remember. I only recollect that in reciting the *Credo*, at the words, "*et HIC sepultus est*," I was so nervous, that it required an extraordinary effort to continue. I gave communion to several Pilgrims.

Here I wish to remark, that in these sanctuaries there are peculiar privileges in rubric, and proper masses are granted, viz. : In the Holy Sepulchre mass is always said *De Resurrectione*, with *Gloria* and *Credo*, without any commemoration, no matter what might be the day ; and so with the other Altars and Sanctuaries.

Amongst the Pilgrims, I noticed a marchioness, a wealthy lady from Germany, who had succeeded in obtaining a residence in the *Casa Nuova*, in order to spend the rest of her life in Jerusalem. Her relations and friends had in vain endeavored to recall her to Germany. She had left there an

agent to attend to her temporal affairs, and there she was supporting many poor people. She was practicing much charity in Jerusalem; amongst the other things, she had carpeted and furnished the rooms of the Pilgrims in the *Casa Nuova.* She, although in very feeble health, daily visited the sanctuaries, and refused to take any other kind of food, except that which was given to the Pilgrims.

After mass the colic increased terribly, and I vomited again. I took some good coffee, but was racked with pain.

Being the Armenian Epiphany, the Turks had opened the Holy Sepulchre at two o'clock A. M., and I hastened to the *Casa Nuova,* but before I could reach my room I vomited again in the little parlor of the brother who had the charge of the door. I requested him to send me the doctor, an Italian, and good physician, who was then stopping at the *Casa Nuova.* I went to bed and the doctor came immediately and gave me some pills. The colic lasted for eight days and nights, sometimes very severe, but it never left me during that period of time. For two days I was so ill that I had three doctors. I was thinking of leaving my bones under the shadow of Mount Sion, in a strange land, although in the Promised Land, far from my relatives and friends in Italy; far from my people in America; but the idea of dying in Jerusalem, to be buried near the valley of Jehosaphat, the seat of the universal judgment, either under the shadow of the Mountain of God—

Mount Sion, in the Catholic graveyard under that mountain, out of the city, or as a pilgrim, to claim a sepulchre in the *Aceldama*, the Potter's field, purchased with the money of Judas—the price of the blood of Christ, my Saviour! Romantic as it may appear, it did not suit me at that time, yet I was resigned to my fate.

CHAPTER X.

BETHLEHEM AND HEBRON.

RECOVERY—DEPARTURE FOR BETHLEHEM—UNPLEASANT ACCIDENT—JACOB'S TOWER—TOMB OF RACHEL—BETHLEHEM—MILK GROTTO—BETHLEHEM CHURCH—ST. JOSEPH'S HOUSE—THE SHEPHERD'S VILLAGE—SOLOMON'S POOLS—MAMBRE'S VALLEY—HEBRON—BEITGIALA—HOUSE OF ST. ELIZABETH—DESERT OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

ALTHOUGH my friends had left Palestine, Father Emanuel had gone to Egypt, and Father R., tired of the desolation of these barren deserts and ruins, said that he would rather spend his money in some better country, and went to Italy, the Friars gave me every assistance. This Italian doctor from Milan took so much care of me, that I may in some respect attribute my recovery to him. He not only prepared the medicines for me himself in the apothecary store of the Convent, varying them occasionally according to my condition, but went himself to the kitchen to prepare food for me, or giving directions to the cook. The Arab Abdailàh, was continually at my service. The door-keeper and many Friars visited me continually. I take this occasion to express my thanks to the good Fathers and Brothers of the *Casa Nuova* and of the Convent of St. Saviour to the Doctor, Abdallàh, and to the pilgrims, who came to see me and gave me every kind of help dur-

ing my sickness in Jerusalem. Fra Luigi the door-keeper and other Monks visited me. I was so ill, that I was obliged to submit to the humiliating process of an injection. Many Pilgrims constantly came to me and kept me company. When I got up I was so weak that I could hardly walk. For several days I said mass at St. Saviour's, and took my meals in my room, not being able, nor allowed to use the common fare or food of the pilgrims. The first visit I made after my sickness was to the Holy Sepulchre ; the next to the Garden of Gethsemani ; but I was so prostrated, that I was obliged to rest on the rock where St. Stephen was stoned and on that where the inconsolable St. Thomas used to sit, solitary, and emitting mournful sighs. In the Garden of Gethsemani I was obliged to lie down on the divan for an entire hour. I returned to the *Casa Nuova* in such an exhausted condition that the doctor warned me not to expose myself again, as the fever had increased.

In the company of some other Pilgrims, I resolved to visit Bethlehem, only two hours distant from Jerusalem, and then from that place go to Hebron. I hired a mule, thinking it better than a horse, and I bargained that an Arab should be continually by my side to assist me, being too feeble to ride. I intended to walk on foot to Bethlehem, the distance not being great ; as it is customary for Pilgrims to do so, for the first time only, through devotion to the Blessed Virgin and of St. Joseph, for they walked that road so often on foot

On Christmas Eve, and on the day of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, every one performs this journey on foot; but for me it was out of the question, in my present condition.

We passed the mountain of the Evil Counsel, and entered the valley Raphaim, or valley of the Giants, where the Philistines had so often provoked David, and were defeated by him. No tree or habitation is visible. Close to the right is the site of the house of the old priest, Simeon, who had the grace to hold in his hands the infant Jesus, according to the answer which he had received from the Holy Ghost. A Partial Indulgence may be here obtained. Near here there was a turpentine tree which had sheltered the Blessed Virgin very often. Here my mule threw me flat to the ground, but, thanks to God, it was mud, as we had just emerged from a rocky road. I might have been killed on the spot. I rose, plastered with mud and dirt, and reflected that I was allowed to perform at least a few steps of my pilgrimage on foot. The mule ran away, but providentially there was a number of Arabs, whom I sent to catch the beast. My Arab was still out of sight, and if he had been there he could have done nothing, because he was too old. With some difficulty and backsheesh, they caught the mule and I adjusted myself again on it, and as my feebleness did not allow me to manage it, I engaged another Arab to lead the mule into Bethlehem, and he in company with another went side by side with my mule. About mid-way we passed a well, called the

"*Well of the Three Kings*," in memory of the three wise men who at this spot watered their horses. This is the place where the star, which had disappeared, was seen again by the wise men, and there is granted to it a Partial Indulgence. Not far off we reached a Greek Convent, where the Greeks show a rock bearing the impression of a man, saying that St. Elias, fleeing from the face of Jezabel, slept on it leaving there his image. To this place is also attached a Partial Indulgence. Close to the right are the ruins of an ancient church, consecrated to the Prophet Abacuc, on the site where he was taken by the hair by an angel and dropped into the den of lions where was the Prophet Daniel. (Partial Indulgence.)

After fifteen minutes of journeying we came to the spot where once existed a tower called, "*Jacob's Tower*." It was erected to mark the spot where that holy patriarch encamped after his return from Mesopotamia. How gratifying to think that on this field, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, lived a pastoral life! Partial Indulgence. We now arrived at the tomb of the beautiful Rachel, who spent fourteen years in servitude and finished her days just about the time when she commenced to enjoy them. Partial Indulgence. Here we met the Sheik of the Bedouins of this place, on horseback, and armed to the teeth. The dragoman introduced him to me, saying that he was keeping the road free from robbers: backsheesh of course.

Here the road forked, and my Arabs said that

they could now assist me no longer, because they had to go by the other way; but I insisted that they should accompany me. I refused to pay them till my arrival at Bethlehem, which was only a short distance. The Arabs seeing my determination agreed to go with me to Bethlehem. Here we were in sight of the village of Rama, where Rachel's voice resounded: "*A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning: Rachel bewailing her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.*" After passing near to the village of *Beit-Gialla*, where there is a large fine Latin Church, and the Seminary of the Patriarch, we came in sight of Bethlehem (the House of Bread), a name given to it by Abraham. It was surnamed Ephrata (the fruitful), after Caleb's wife, in the tribe of Juda, in order to distinguish it from another Bethlehem in the tribe of Zabulon. Just about entering the city, we saw the well of David, who, confined in the cave of Odolla, although amid the grandeur of his royalty, remembered with pleasure the happy days of his youth, and he longed for a drink of water from this well, situated near the gate of his dear Bethlehem. He received it, and made a sacrifice of it to the Lord. We drove to the Latin Convent where we were very kindly received.

Bethlehem, the birthplace of David, was called also the City of David; here he tended sheep in his boyhood. Abijah, the second judge of Israel, was born here; so also were Elimelech, Obed, Jesse, Boaz, and the apostle St. Matthias.

Bethlehem, at a distance, presents a fine and imposing appearance; but in the interior it is just like the rest of the towns of Palestine. I remarked, however, a cheerful appearance amongst the Bethlehemites, and I saw them several times laughing, and their children playing and enjoying themselves; a thing that I had never observed in any other part of Palestine. Bethlehem contains about 2,500 inhabitants, and they are almost all Christians and Catholic. In the most prominent part of the city, rising above all other buildings, towers the embattled monastery, an enormous pile of buildings, containing the Latin, Greek, and Armenian convents, which surround the church built upon the greatest Sanctuary of the World. After dinner my Arab arrived, and I upbraided him for having left my mule; he excused himself, saying that being old he had not been able to keep up with the rest of the party. We went to the *Milk Grotto*, where the Holy Family retired for some days before their flight into Egypt. Tradition says that some drops of the milk of the Blessed Virgin fell upon the rock, which from being black was immediately converted into the color of milk. Water in which some of this stone has been placed, when drank, has the supernatural virtue of increasing a woman's milk! This cave is now turned into a chapel, and there is a Partial Indulgence. Upon this grotto there was once a church dedicated to St. Nicholas.

My room at the convent commanded a full

view of the field of Boaz, where Ruth, the Moabitess, followed those who were harvesting, in order to gather the heads of wheat left by them. In company with an Italian doctor, whose acquaintance I had made in Jerusalem, I went to see the town, which is a miserable heap of rubbish, and prisons of plaster, mud and stone, denominated houses. In the evening, as a pilgrim, I joined the daily procession. In the night I descended again into the Crypt, alone, to perform my devotions.

My mind was wandering, thinking of that great night, when this grotto afforded an asylum to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and which had the honor to become the birthplace of its Maker. God alone is the witness of my sentiments on that night, which is always present to my memory. On retiring, I could no longer find the staircase. I went to the wrong end, which led to the Armenian convent. I descended again, and going round the Crypt by the light of the many lamps and my taper, I went through the door which leads to the Grotto of St. Jerome, then to that of his school, then to his tomb. Taking another direction, I went to the Grotto of St. Eusebius; thence to the tomb of the Holy Innocents; to that of St. Paula and of her daughter, St. Eustochium; back again to the Crypt; then again to the same grottoes for two or three times; and it was with great difficulty that I succeeded in finding my way out alone in the solitary silence of the night. At three A. M. I said mass in the

Crypt of Our Saviour, on the altar on the spot where the Virgin presented the infant Jesus to be adored by the Kings. The Indulgences attached to this Sanctuary are three Plenary Indulgences, one to the Crypt of Our Saviour, one to the Manger, the other at the Altar of the Adoration of the Wise Men. There are also seven Partial Indulgences; 1st. To the Altar of St. Joseph (where he retired at the moment of the birth of Our Saviour); 2d. To the tomb of the Holy Innocents; 3d. To the tomb of St. Eusebius, Abbot; 4th. To the tomb of Sts. Paula and Eustochium; 5th. To the tomb of St. Jerome; 6th. To the Oratory of St. Jerome; 7th. To the School of St. Jerome.

The Latin Convent connects with the church by a covered yard or hall enclosed with lofty walls; a side door leads to the church. The first Christians erected a chapel over the Manger of Our Saviour. By order of Adrian it was demolished and a statue of Adonis erected in its place. St. Helena destroyed the idol, and built the church on the same spot, although many additions have been constructed by Christian princes. Hence this edifice is of great antiquity. No doubt it has often been destroyed, but it has always been repaired, and it still retains marks of Grecian origin. The church is built in the form of a cross. The principal nave, or I would rather say, the foot of the cross, belongs at present to the Armenians; the two side ones and the sanctuary of the *Magi* are occupied by the Greeks. The Latins have nothing, except the privilege of passing

from the church of the convent, through the choir of the Armenians, in order to go down to the Crypt. The long nave is adorned with forty-eight Corinthian columns, in four rows, eighteen feet high, and two and a half feet in diameter. The roof was never finished, or not built at all, so the pillars support only a frieze of wood. Open timber-work of the cedars of Lebanon, as it is said, rests upon the walls, and rises in the form of a dome to support the roof that does not exist. The windows are large and adorned with mosaic paintings, and passages from the Scriptures in Greek and Latin. The long nave is separated from the three other branches of the cross by a wall, so that the unity of the edifice is destroyed. Here and there remains of mosaics can be seen, and some fine Italian and Spanish paintings and sculptures. The main altar is dedicated to the Wise Men of the East. On the pavement at the foot of the altar, there is a marble star which corresponds with the point of the heavens where the miraculous star that led the Wise Men became stationary. The spot where Our Saviour was born, is exactly underneath this marble star, in the subterranean Church of the Manger.

The subterranean Church, which is the place of the Nativity of Our Saviour, is entered by two spiral staircases of fifteen steps each, one belonging to the Latins, the other to the Armenians and Greeks. This most sacred Sanctuary is irregular, because it occupies the irregular site of the stable. It is hewn out of the rock, and is a little over

thirty-seven feet in length, eleven broad, and nine high. The floor, the place where Our Saviour was born, and the site of the manger, are cased with beautiful marble, the work of St. Helena; but the walls and ceiling are covered with fine tapestry, now falling into rags, and nobody dares to repair or replace them for fear of the jealousy of the Schismatics. No light penetrates from the outside; but the Crypt is illuminated by the thirty-two lamps, sent by different princes, which burn day and night. The original entrance is walled up; at the further extremity on the east side, is the spot where the Blessed Virgin brought forth the Redeemer of the World. This spot is marked by a circle of marble, covered with jasper, and a circular plate of silver, surrounded by rays of the same material, around which are written the following words:

"HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA
JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST."

(Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.)

These rays resemble those with which the sun is represented. A fine rich marble altar is erected over this spot, which belongs to the Greeks. About seven paces towards the south is the manger. It is a low recess excavated out of the rock, two steps lower than the Crypt. The spot where the infant Jesus was laid upon straw, is marked by a block of marble hollowed in the form of a manger, and raised one foot above the floor. It belongs to the Latins, but the altar is located two

paces opposite to the manger, on the site where the Blessed Virgin sat, when presenting the Child to be adored by the Wise Men.

From this Grotto we passed to the subterranean Church of the Holy Innocents, a spot where many children were killed, and many of their relics are kept under the altar. From this chapel there is a passage to the Grotto of St. Jerome, where we saw his sepulchre, and the tombs of the two noble Roman ladies, Paula and Eustochium. From this place we passed into the School of St. Jerome, where this Holy Father and great Doctor made his version of the Holy Scripture. Here this great luminary of the Church spent the best of his life in penance and prayer, flying from the charms and temptations of Rome and other cities. On Christmas night and day the Catholics have exclusive possession of the entire Crypt. On this year there were masses from midnight till 5 P. M.

We went then to see the site where tradition says that there was a house in which St. Joseph lived, and where there is a Partial Indulgence. It appeared to me, at first, that the tradition was contrary to the Gospel, because St. Joseph had no house, and was obliged to take shelter in a stable. Yet, reflecting that St. Joseph belonged to the tribe of Juda, he might have possessed a house which he might have afterwards sold. It is certain, by the Gospel, that he had relatives in Bethlehem; hence he might have there possessed some property. Besides it is hardly possible that St. Joseph would have left the Blessed Virgin and Child al-

ways in that stable, till their flight into Egypt ; a space of time of over forty days between the Nativity of Our Saviour and the Purification. Hence, St. Joseph might have rented a house in Bethlehem to dwell in. It is not safe to reject traditions handed down to us by the primitive Christians.

The Spring of St. Philip, where the deacon of that name baptized the Eunuch of Queen Candace, is about one hour north of this place. (Partial Indulgence.)

In traveling through these localities it is necessary to be in company with a strong force, as these plains are infested by Bedouins, who are robbers and assassins, who think little of taking away your life for one dollar. We went to the Village of the Shepherds. How cheering to me it was to see them! Those simple Arabs, who are nearly all Catholics, coming to Bethlehem, and hearing the charming notes of the organ of the Latins, leave their camels and go into the Crypt to worship their Creator as in time of yore.

Having crossed the field of Boaz, we passed the site where there was once a tower indicating the spot where Jacob, after the death of Rachel, pitched his tent, attracted by the abundance of pasture.

The Village of the Shepherds is on the side of a mountain. We went to the place where they were watching and keeping guard over their flocks, when the Angel appeared to them announcing the happy news of the birth of Our Saviour. How natural it seemed to me, to see the shepherds watching the numerous flocks that were grazing on

the mountains, as in olden times. Over this spot there is a church belonging to the Greeks. (Plenary Indulgence.) We passed the ruins of an ancient convent. About one mile off from what they call a road, there are the remains of the Monastery of Ste. Paula. (A Partial Indulgence.) There is also a Partial Indulgence at Tecua, the place of the prophet Amos. These solitary mountains appeared as if they were still echoing the sound of the pastoral horn with which this prophet, seated upon a steep ravine, enlivened the gloom of these solitudes, while his herds were feeding in the valley. We went by the mountain on which Herod the Great built the Erodian castle, to which 400 crusaders retired, and held heroically for many years ; this was the last ground kept by them against the Saracens.

Hebron is only seven hours distant from Bethlehem. There is no sanctuary there, but the country teems with historical and Scriptural reminiscences. The entire Holy Land can be said to be a continuous Sanctuary. We passed the *Hortus Conclusus*, where there is a nursery for the raising of trees which are to be transplanted to other places, and which is the figure of the Blessed Virgin, and of the Church. Above these are the Pools of Solomon ; which are three, situated one above the other, in the form of an amphitheatre. The largest one is at the bottom, and is 220 paces long, the next 200, and the other, which is on the top, is 160 paces long. The upper one is twenty-five feet deep, the next forty, and the lowest fifty

feet. These pools are fed by fountains in the vicinity, and through an aqueduct, they conveyed water to the temple of Solomon. Till lately the pools and aqueduct were in ruins, and did not transmit the water farther than Bethlehem, but when Ibrahim Pachà took possession of Syria, he repaired the aqueduct, but it soon again became out of order. In 1865, the Governor, Izzet Pachà, repaired the largest pool and the aqueduct, and now the water is conveyed upon Mount Moriah to the Mosque of Omar. A little further to the right is the *Fons-signatus*, so called because it was closed with the seal of the king, and was opened only at his command.

Three miles from Hebron, by the road-side, there is a village called the Blessed Virgin's Village, because it is said that it was the place where she slept on the first night of her flight into Egypt. Yet as it is not certain, whether the Holy Family started from Bethlehem, or from Nazareth, so if it was not on that night, it may have been on some other occasion. Near this locality is a well called Sarah's Well. Here lived the family of Abraham. Now the road passes through the delightful and beautiful valley of Mambre. Here the Father of the believers pitched his tent, and exercised the charitable duty of lodging the pilgrims and travelers that passed through this place. Here an ancient and majestic oak is observed, which is either the same or resembles that oak, standing on this spot, under which Abraham had the favor of entertaining the three Angels, who

were going to burn the wicked cities of the Pentapolis. This valley is about one mile square, and can be said to be the native place of Isaac and Jacob, and the usual residence of the Patriarchs.

Hebron is beautifully situated in the valley of Eschol, and contains 9,000 inhabitants, none Christian. King David kept his court for a long time here ; here Absalom plotted against his father, David ; and Isai, David's father, is believed to be buried near this city. Next to Damascus this is the oldest city in the world. When the Israelites entered the Promised Land, this city was assigned to Caleb as a reward for his fidelity. It was a priestly city, and also a City of Refuge. The greatest object for the pilgrims is to see the cave and field of Machpelah, which Abraham bought from Ephron the Hittite, and where lie buried Abraham, and Sarah, his wife, Isaac, Rebecca, and Leah, and perhaps Joseph, who was brought up out of Egypt. The Mussulmans pretend that the Patriarch Joseph was buried there, to a certainty, but they are mistaken ; his bones were taken by his descendants in their flight from Egypt, and buried in Sichem, according to Josue. St. Helena here built a magnificent church, but it is now turned into a mosque, into which no Christians are allowed to enter. It is said the Prince of Wales got admittance on account of a large sum of money paid ; yet it is never certain that, when Christians are permitted to enter this cave, that in reality they see the tombs of the Patriarchs. The fanaticism of the Mohammedans is such that

they build in some room a temporary tomb covered with fine carpets, and as near like as possible to the real tomb, and thus deceive the Christians, making them believe that they are the tombs of Abraham and of the other Patriarchs.

In returning, it is convenient to pass through Beitgiala, and go to the Sanctuary of *St. John in Montana*, belonging to the Latins, where they have a convent and a fine church, and where a daily procession is performed. There is a Plenary Indulgence on the place where St. John the Baptist was born. This is the spot where St. Zachariah made the "*Benedictus, Dominus Deus,*" and where he recovered the use of his speech, which he had lost. At the ruins of the house of St. Zachariah there is a Partial Indulgence, and another on the ruins of the Church and Convent of the Visitation. Here the place is pointed out where St. Elizabeth went to meet the Blessed Virgin, who sang extemporaneously the *Magnificat.* The desert of St. John the Baptist, and the cave where he lived for a long time are near this locality. This is the place where he did penance; where he preached the baptism of penance for the remission of sins, and prepared the ways of the Lord. There is a Partial Indulgence. Not far off are the tombs of Zachary and St. Elizabeth, the parents of St. John the Baptist. Traversing the valley of Terebinth, passing by Satāf, a village opposite to the grotto of St. John, only a few miles to the north, is the ancient Modin, now *Soba*, the native place of the valorous Maccabees; there

are many memories of the Religious Mattathias, of Judas Maccabeus, the worthy son of such a father, that Judas, who, with a few soldiers defeated the army of the Emperor Antiochus. The magnificent Mausoleum of six pyramids, erected to him by his son Simon, no longer exists. It was destroyed in the wars during the time of Vespasian.

In returning, the pilgrim visits the Church of the Holy Cross, in the hands of the Latins. This church is built on the spot, as tradition says, where the tree was planted, that furnished the wood for the Cross of Our Saviour. Partial Indulgence. From this place the pilgrim returns to Jerusalem.

My Arab Ali had already returned to Jerusalem, because he was not able to accompany me any further.

CHAPTER XI.

JERUSALEM AGAIN.

MOSQUE OF OMAR—MOUNT MORIAH—TEMPLE OF SOLOMON—STONE OF PROPHECY—WELL OF THE DEPARTED SOULS—TEMPLE OF THE PRESENTATION—FOUNDATIONS OF THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON—DORIAN GATE—A PILGRIM FROM THE ARCTIC POLAR ZONE—GENERAL REMARKS.

I WAS preparing to leave Jerusalem. Just on the day of Purification I received an invitation to go and see the Mosque of Omar. I was not very anxious to see the Mosque, but I wanted to visit the spot on which the famous Temple of Solomon stood, and being the day of Purification, I considered it a great happiness to be on that ground on which, on that very same day nineteen centuries ago, Our Divine Redeemer was presented to the arms of the holy old priest, Simeon, who, holding him, said, "*Nunc Dimittis servum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum, in pace,*" etc. (Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word, in peace,) etc.

Our party was composed of the French, Italian and Spanish Consuls, the Italian Doctor, who attended me during my sickness, two dragomen, an Effendi and another gentleman. They had obtained the necessary permission, and accompanied by three Janizaries, we proceeded to Mount Moriah.

We passed the gate unmolested, and the guards presented arms. We were requested to take off our shoes, which we did, and put on slippers which we had brought with us from home. Ibrahim a Turk took charge of our shoes on payment of some backsheesh.

We entered by one of the twelve porticoes which form the entrance to the great square of the Mosque, formerly the great square of the Temple. Those porticoes are irregular, and placed at unequal distances; some composed of three or four arches, and some support a second row, producing the effect of a double aqueduct. The most considerable of these porticoes correspond with the ancient *Porta Speciosa* of the Temple. There are lamps burning under these porches. This court is about 500 paces in length, and 460 in breadth. On the east and south this square is bounded by the walls of the city. About the centre of this court there is a smaller one nearly 200 paces long and 150 wide, and it is raised like a platform. It is seven feet higher than the other, and on each of the four sides, there is an ascent by a flight of eight marble steps. In the centre of this stands the famous Mosque of the Rock, the very best building in Jerusalem. This is the Mosque of *Omar*, "*Haram-el-Sherîf*" (the noble Sanctuary), the second most sacred spot in the Mohammedan world, that is, the next after Mecca; the second most beautiful Mosque, next after that of Cordova, the *Alhambra*; the second most perfect masterpiece of Moorish architecture. Here it rises a

perfect octagon, surmounted by a cupola like that of St. Peter in Rome, although of smaller dimensions, and terminates in a fine crescent. This Mosque is entered by four spacious doors opening to the four winds. Close to it is a fountain which receives the water from the *Fons-signatus*, at which the Turks perform their ablutions before prayers.

The external circumference of the Mosque is 252 feet. The walls are lined internally with painted bricks covered with arabesque, and verses from the Koran in letters of gold. The windows of the lantern are adorned with stained glass. The interior of this Mosque is grand and magnificent. In the centre is a large, irregular stone, about fifty feet in diameter, which lies in the center of the Mosque, and over it is suspended a canopy of silk of various colors. This rock rises five feet above the marble floor. This is the highest point of Mount Moriah, where the Temple of Solomon stood, and it is believed that it was the Holy of Holies. Around this stone are twenty-four pillars, three opposite each side, thereby still preserving the octagonal shape ; eight are plain and sixteen Corinthian. This is the Temple of the Lord, and there is a Plenary Indulgence.

In order to avoid any error it is necessary to bear in mind these few historical notes. This magnificent temple erected by Solomon was destroyed by Nabuchodonosor six hundred years before the birth of Christ, four hundred years after its construction. After the seventy years'

captivity it was rebuilt by Josue, the son of Josedeck, and Zorobabel, the son of Salathiel. It must be added that Herod, the Ascalonite, wholly rebuilt this temple, employing eleven thousand laborers for nine years, but he died before the completion of the temple. On this occasion the Jews filled up fearful precipices, and by cutting down the top of the mountain, formed that magnificent esplanade, upon which they erected the second temple to the east of the city, above the valleys of Siloam and Jehosaphat. It was in this second temple that Christ was presented forty days after his birth, and the Blessed Virgin was purified. In this temple Christ disputed with the Doctors, and was in vain tempted by the devil; here he expelled the dealers, and entered amidst acclamations, received with branches of palms and olive trees; in a word, this temple was the scene of what we read in the Gospel. This temple was destroyed by Titus in the second year of Vespasian's reign, in such a manner that there was not a stone left upon another of that sacred edifice, where Christ had performed such glorious works; and the destruction of which He had predicted. St. Helena constructed here a magnificent church called the Church of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin. This church is now in possession of the Turks, who have turned it into a mosque.

This mosque is distinct from that of Omar, built in the centre of this esplanade. When Omar I., successor of Abubeker, and second Caliph of the Mussulmans after Mohammed, also father-in-law

of this false prophet, took Jerusalem in the year 636, he gave permission to the Christians to retain their churches, and practice their religion with some restrictions. He applied to the Patriarch Sophronius, inquiring what would be the most proper place in Jerusalem for building a mosque, and was delighted to be conducted by the Patriarch to the ruins of Solomon's Temple.

From this it appears that the most of the site of Solomon's Temple had been abandoned by the Christians ; yet I give no credit to the most Rev. patriarch for his blunder. He might have proposed some other locality, and tried to get permission to built a Catholic church on the site of the Temple of Solomon. Omar cleared this celebrated spot, and caused the earth to be removed from a large rock, which is said to be the one where God conversed with Jacob, and which is the very summit of Mount Moriah. Upon this rock sat the angel who, as a punishment for David's inconsiderate numbering of the people, slew a large number of them, till God commanded him to replace his sword into the scabbard ; and perhaps upon this rock Abraham prepared the altar ready to obey the commandment of the Lord to sacrifice Isaac, his only son. That Mount Moriah was the mountain of the sacrifice of Abraham, there is no doubt. This mountain is connected with Mount Sion, which both form the same elevation with two hills, and it was known as Mount Sion, but since the sacrifice of Abraham, this patriarch called this hill Mount *Moriah* (mount of vision). From this

rock the new mosque took its name *Gameat-el-Sakhra*, and became almost as sacred to the Mussulman as the mosques of Mecca and Medina. It was afterwards enlarged and embellished by the Caliphs. This rock, previous to the arrival of the Crusaders, was naked, and uncovered, and in this state remained for fifteen years. The Crusaders covered it and built an altar upon it, and converted the whole mosque into a church, called the *Temple of the Lord;* but Saladin, who took Jerusalem and expelled the Crusaders, turned it again into a mosque, and it remains thus to this day. This mosque is covered with white and blue marble, except in certain places, where the name of God is inscribed in large Arabic characters of gold.

I venture an opinion which may be taken for what it is worth. We know that besides the temple mentioned above, Solomon erected another kind of temple in this locality. This edifice was of quadrangular form having four entrances facing the east, west, north, and south, whose doors were massive and covered with silver. Nobody was allowed to enter it except those purified according to the Law, and who were resolved to observe the commandments of the Lord. It may be that this temple was constructed on the site occupied by this rock, and called the *Temple of the Lord*, which name was retained by the primitive Christians, and adopted by the Crusaders afterwards, when they built an altar on this rock over which Omar had erected his famous mosque.

The Mussulmans informed us, that they not only believe, but that they are sure that this is a stone of Prophesy, which has fallen from Heaven. They say that when the Prophets were compelled to flee away to other lands in order to save themselves, this stone wanted to accompany them, but the Angel Gabriel prevented its flight by seizing it with his powerful hand, and held it till the arrival of the great Prophet Mohammed, who fixed it eternally on this spot and position. They showed us the print of the Prophet's foot left on this rock as he ascended to Heaven, and also the print of the Archangel's hand when he intercepted the flight of the stone. I saw these prints on the rock, but as I had seen several of them on rocks kept by Mussulmans in other mosques, or on the tombs of Santons, and believed also by them to be the prints of the feet and hands of the Prophet, I said nothing. These prints are considered by them as a great evidence of the truth of this tale. They moreover asserted, that this huge rock did not rest on any support, but as it was flying after Mohammed, he commanded it to stop, which it did, in the air. This last remark and circumstance excited in us great wonder and curiosity to examine it, and we looked at each other with astonishment. Mustapha, the Mussulman, who was guiding us, and who was a kind of officer, said, "I will conduct you down into the cave beneath this rock to see that nothing supports it."

This increased our astonishment and curiosity. We thought at first that the rock might be sus-

pended by something holding it in the air, but it was hardly practicable that such an immense ledge could be held suspended in the air. We took some candles and descended into the cave, and our first look was directed towards the rock, which was laying above us in the form of a huge vault; but to our great astonishment and amusement, we saw that under it, there was a wall all around. I said to the Mussulman, "But this rock rests on the wall which is built beneath it?" "No! no!" replied the Mussulman, "the wall does not support the rock; the rock is suspended in the air; the walls are only in case of accident." We could say nothing; as it was not advisable to contradict them, and to show the falsity of their assertions. The Mussulman said that in this cave Mohammed rested after his flight from Mecca to Jerusalem, which journey he accomplished in a single night. David, Solomon, the Archangel Gabriel, and Elias each had a place on one of the four sides of the cave; one side containing the place of David, the other that of Solomon, the other the place of the Angel Gabriel, and the other that of Elias. In this cave every prayer is believed to be granted; if a Christian were to gain access and pray, even to deliver Jerusalem into the hands of the Christians, God would grant it. Hence their fanaticism in prohibiting the approach of Christians.

Underneath this cave there is a very large well, in which are the souls of all the departed, waiting the day of resurrection. They believe

that at the mouth of this well the living may hold communication with the souls of the dead about any disputed matter which lies in the power of the dead to solve. This had been closed because a mother who went to speak to the soul of her son, on hearing his voice below threw herself to join him. This must be the origin of the Spiritualists, and their fanaticism must have originated from that great impostor, Mohammed, and mediums must be as many little impostors. It is believed that this well is the spring of the numerous fountains of the mosque, and also of the pools of Siloam.

We passed now into the Temple of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, which is turned into a mosque, and watched with as much jealousy as that of Omar. This temple or mosque, called *El-Aksa*, is square in shape, and has a spherical cupola. It is finely ornamented ; has a marble floor, arabesque paintings, gildings of great beauty, and superior white marbles. There are thirty-two columns of gray marble in two rows ; seventeen large ones support the first vault, and the others the dome, each having its pedestal and capital. All around the columns there are iron copper works in the form of chandeliers, which are beautifully gilt. Seven thousand lamps burn from sun-set on Friday till Saturday noon ; and every year, for one month, they burn the whole night, during the season of the Ramadan, which is their Lent. I could trace the form of a church, and could distinguish the Sanctuary and the place

where the altar stood. In the Sanctuary there is a large marble pulpit ascended by eighteen steps, which are called the *Ladder of Heaven*. All souls that go to Heaven must ascend by this flight of steps.

Near the western door, there are two pillars of smaller dimensions, close to each other, and every one who can pass between these two pillars, is predestined to go to Heaven and share the enjoyment of Mohammed. If a Christian should attempt to pass between these two pillars they would close upon him and crush him to death. I tried to pass, but could not succeed, my corporation being too much for it. The Spanish Consul and the Italian doctor also made the attempt, but they shared the same fate with me. The French and Italian Consuls passed through, and the pillars did them no harm. About three paces from these two pillars there is a black marble stone set in the pavement, about two feet and a half square, a little above the surface, in which there are twenty-three holes. They say that the Prophets and Mohammed alighted from their horses on this stone to enter the temple. They also believe that Mohammed alighted on this stone when he arrived from *Arabia Felix*, on his journey to Paradise to consult God upon some important matters. On one side of a kind of vestry joining the wall of the city, a window is exhibited, from which the scapegoat was let out to run into the wilderness, after it had been cursed and loaded with the sins of the people.

We were conducted below the foundation of the Mosque to examine some huge walls, pillars and massive pilasters, which were part of the foundation of the Temple of Solomon. The gigantic stones, of which they were built, have no parallel, except in the Cyclopean Temples of Egypt and Baalbec. They were so well cemented together, that they appeared to be a single block of rock. Emerging from these subterranean vaults, we passed to the Temple, and close to the wall of the city eastward, descended by a narrow flight of contracted steps, into some rooms. Here the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph stopped on the day of the Purification. The Mussulman showed us a kind of manger of stone, upon which Our Saviour was laid that day. A small door, now walled up, in the wall of the city, led from the outside of the Valley of Jehosaphat to these stairs, and thence to the small rooms. I believe that this small apartment was expressly appropriated for the people that came to the Temple, to present their children after forty days from their nativity in order to be presented, and to perform the ceremony of purification.

We proceeded finally to the Dorian Gate, or Golden Gate, *Bab-el-Derahie.* This is to the east, and contiguous to the Temple. Through this gate Our Saviour made His solemn entrance into the city, on an ass, accompanied by the people bearing palms and branches of olive trees, crying "*Hosanna Filio David,*" etc.; and this is the gate through which, in the year 629, the Emperor

Heraclius, with the utmost pomp, and dressed in the most gaudy imperial robes, crowned with a diadem of precious stones, carrying upon his shoulders the true Cross of Our Saviour, which he had rescued from the hands of the impious Chosroes, Emperor of Persia, attempted to pass, but suddenly stopped and was unable to proceed, till by the advice of the Patriarch Zachary, he threw off his royal purple and crown, and, putting on meaner clothes, followed the procession barefooted to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Turks have a prediction that the Christians will some time or other take Jerusalem by this gate, hence they have walled it up. They also believe that the city will be taken on a Friday at noon; for this reason on each Friday of the year, they close every gate in Jerusalem from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M. This gate has a large and magnificent porch; the outside entrance to this porch has been entirely closed, but on the inside a door is left which was unlocked to us, as a great favor. In no city, not even in Rome, have I seen a more splendid, magnificent and grand gate, to compare to this. The porch is divided by grand and tall marble columns, carved in a most skillful manner. Its lofty arches and vaults are decorated with magnificent mosaics, but they are falling to pieces in such a manner that it is not safe to remain in it. Some stones fell during my stay in this porch; half of which at present is a dirty pond. We returned by the same gate, and having put on our shoes, returned to the *Casa Nuova*, and I commenced to make preparations to leave Jerusalem.

The news of my approaching departure becoming known, I was visited by a pilgrim from the Arctic Polar Zone, who, having heard that I was from America, and that I was going back again to the same country, gave me a small package containing beads, medals, crosses, etc., purchased in Jerusalem, to give to his brother in New York, and he entrusted with me a letter for him, and gave me his address. I received it most willingly, and carried it to New York. I had seen this Pilgrim in Jaffa, and we started together for Jerusalem ; but being on foot, he was unable to travel with those on horseback. In the *Casa Nuova* he was in the apartment of the second class Pilgrims, hence we met but very seldom.

He told me in French that he was born in Hammerfest, a small city of Norway, and the most northern in Europe, a few miles distant from Cape Nord. He had lost both parents when he was very young, and remembers that when his mother was dying, she recommended him to perform a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He was very scrupulous in observing all the instructions, advices and orders given by his parents. The pilgrimage was the most difficult injunction to execute. He was poor, and had no means to travel with, hence he undertook the pilgrimage on foot. What an immense distance from Cape Nord in Europe to Jerusalem! What a difficult voyage through those hyperborean regions!

He was not discouraged ; he worked occasionally on his journey, and after procuring some little money, he resumed his voyage, which he inter-

rupted again to work, when his means of living were exhausted. In this manner he had been in Christiana, Stockholm, and embarking for St. Petersburg, had gone to Moscow, thence to the Black Sea, and to Constantinople. He worked there a considerable time to procure sufficient means to pay his passage to Jaffa. In the Holy Land the Pilgrims are lodged free for one month in Jerusalem, and three days at any other place occupied by the Franciscan Friars. Now he had engaged himself to work, in order to procure means to return to his native country. How many years will this pilgrimage cost him? But he must obey his parents. He is a good, pious Catholic. I was much pleased with his company, and edified by his practices of religion. He was very anxious to know if his brother, a doctor, I believe, in New York, was, as he hoped, a good Catholic.

Before leaving Jerusalem, I will make a few general remarks upon this heap of rubbish denominated a city. The present streets, or what they call streets, are twenty, thirty and forty feet above the level of the ancient streets. Those monuments described by me and other travelers are either built upon the site of the former ones, or are the identical original buildings, which have been patched, repaired, or reconstructed, as it is the case with the walls of the city, which were repaired and rebuilt by the Venetians several centuries ago. The houses are miserable holes and prisons; dark, damp, gloomy and wretched. Not only the city, but the country all around, bears

the marks of a land cursed by the Almighty for having rejected the promised Messiah, and having drawn down upon this land, and people, the blood which they shed of the Son of God made man. This country, once flowing with milk and honey, now cannot feed its scanty inhabitants, who live by the alms of pilgrims, and by robbery.

The bread which they eat is abominable. When I was sick and ill, the Doctor ordered me the best kind of bread that could be found; the bread was bought, brought to me, and I found that it was very old sea biscuit, teeming with maggots; and no better bread could be found. Beef is not used; camel meat has a strong smell. Mutton, the everlasting mutton, is the common meat. Fowls can be found, and venison is rather abundant; vegetables are scarce; beans and other cereals are imported; olives abundant; fruits very scarce. I went once to purchase a few apples, and they gave me some so entirely rotten that the hogs would hardly eat them, for which the Turks asked a high price, and pronounced very good; but I refused to take them. The common wine is that from the Island of Cyprus, in which there is tar, and it is very disagreeable to drink. The coffee which they make is also prepared with tar; they make great use of it, and drink it at all hours from very small cups. Firewood is so scarce and dear that it is sold by weight. There is only a scanty supply of water, which is gathered in wells during the rainy season. They use goat's milk in great quantity.

Everything bears the expression of melancholy, grief, depression of spirit, sorrow and discontent; oppression, poverty and misery. During my stay in Jerusalem I never observed a smile on the face of any person, no matter to what nation he belonged. There is nothing to relieve the spirits and cheer you. Everything inspires devotion, piety, retirement, penance, recollection and meditation. What a fine place to spend the remainder of one's life in, and leave our bones to rest in peace, interred in the solitude of Mount Sion, shaded by the Holy City, and by the tomb of Our Saviour!

I inquired why they did not cultivate the land. They answered me: "What is the use in doing so, for when the crop is ripe, it would be stolen, or some person belonging to the government would take it away, by force, and no use to complain."

The evil effects of the oppressive and despotic Turkish government can be seen in everything. Turkish money has no standard value; their *paras* and *piastres* are worth only what the government wants them to be; even napoleons and sovereigns have no fixed value; all depends upon the will of the government. When the people have to pay taxes and other imposts, the government depreciates the value of money; when officers, troops, etc., are to be paid, the government raises its value, hence they must always lose, and keep quiet. In Jerusalem I have seen soldiers who had hardly any shoes, and I was told that the troops had not been paid, for about one year.

Custom House officers and others who collect taxes, pay themselves first, and other government employes do the best they can with backsheesh. The government ordered a carriage road to be constructed from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and the poor people were obliged to build it. Every one was commanded to work for a number of days, or to pay a certain amount of money. Each community or number of individuals, over whose land, or near to it, the road was to pass, was to construct a certain number of rods of the road and they did so, and the road so constructed was impassable because it was done by morsels; from the end of one part to the commencement of the other there was a blank space of many rods, sometimes for half a mile, and sometimes the gap was only a few rods, but extremities did not always meet in the same line.

This road so constructed, according to the taste and interests of different individuals, and which was not yet finished at the time of my visit, has been more than half washed away by the first heavy rains that came during my stay in Jerusalem. The same has been the case with the road to Mount Sinai which was never brought to an end; it was much washed away and finally abandoned. Everything can be obtained from the Government for money. He who gives the most gets what he wants. The Russians by large sums of gold have obtained many Sanctuaries, which once belonged to the Latins.

The Friars dispense medicines to every person

indiscriminately and *gratis*, and send a doctor to the sick. Many families are supported by them, and the alms which they dispense are immense. In Bethlehem the Arabs claim a right to be supported by the Catholics of the whole world because they say that they were the first Christians and have a right to be provided by their brethren of all nations, with the necessaries of life, and for this reason they do not work. The convent gives hospitality to any pilgrim for a month, without requiring any payment, although alms corresponding to the expenses of their stay are left. The Pilgrims are divided into 1st and 2d classes, and each class has different apartments and a refectory, but the food is the same with all. The fare in Jerusalem is poor, but abundant; the bread is bad and as heavy as lead, and many first-class pilgrims can not use it, but purchase some better kind. If any Pilgrim buys anything extra, they will cook it at the *Casa Nuova*. The Friars take their meals at the convent in their own refectory, but the food is the same as that of the Pilgrims. The wine would be tolerable, if it were not adulterated with much water. When I was sick, the Doctor ordered a particular kind of food for me, which I gave orders and money to procure, and he was so kind as to prepare it himself, and purchase some good *marsala*, *vermuth* and *claret* for me. In Jerusalem I felt cold and was often obliged to go to the kitchen to warm myself, especially on rainy days.

The Franciscans try to keep on good terms

with the Mussulmans in order to be spared or less ill treated in time of persecution. It was no later than seven years ago, that all Christians were persecuted in Damascus, Syria and Palestine. They were brutally treated, robbed and many lost their lives. A few years ago the Mussulmans commenced again to threaten the Christians, but the latter armed themselves, and were joined by the wealthy class, and the Turkish merchants, and protested that they would not submit to any brutal persecution, but would defend themselves. This resolution had a good effect, and this has been the cause of the revolution in the Island of Candia. The Convent and nearly all the churches in Palestine and Syria are built like fortresses. They have generally one door and that is cased with iron and provided with chains. The Christians can keep their ground there for months.

The Monks, and every subject of the Sultan in general, are liable to be seized at any time by order of the Government. Life and property are never safe in Turkey; and Christians are always in danger of being robbed or murdered at any time by the Mussulmans. The Monks, of course, are always the first objects of their attacks, because they can plunder their churches and convents. The precious sacred vessels and rich vestments belonging to the Holy Sepulchre and to St. Saviour, the gifts of princes, kings and emperors, are concealed, and no person except the *Reverendissimo* and one or two more Friars

know the place of their concealment. When they are to be used they are taken out, and again concealed. This precaution is considered necessary to prevent them from being stolen by the Turks or the Government. To appeal to law is a waste of time. All Christians, however, are under the protection of France. But will it shelter them when they are called dogs and treated as such? Christians seldom receive justice from the Turkish Government. In Constantinople it may be that even under the protectorate of France, justice would be done to them, but far from the capital, Christians are at the mercy of many despotic and fanatic officers. In 1840, Father Thomas, a Capuchin, together with a lay brother, an Arab, were brutally murdered in Damascus by the Jews. Being a good physician he was inveigled into the house of a Jew on the pretext of seeing a sick man. The Jews seized them and bled them to death, in order to put their blood, because Christian blood, into their unleavened bread for the Passover.

Three Jews were condemned to death because they had been convicted of this barbarous action; yet they were allowed to escape. This is Turkish justice! It has been ascertained that Mehemed Alì was induced to stop the prosecution by several European Jews, one of them an English Baronet, who sent M. Cremieux, late minister of France, with weighty reasons on a special mission to the Pachà.

CHAPTER XII.

PALESTINE—CONTINUED.

DEPARTURE FROM JERUSALEM—PLACE OF JACOB'S LADDER—JACOB'S WELL—MOUNT GERIZIM—JOSEPH'S TOMB — SICHEM — SAMARIA—BETHULIA—MOUNTAINS GELBOE—SEBASTE—PLAIN OF ESDRAELON—MOUNT HERMON—NAIM—NAZARETH—SANCTUARY OF THE ANNUNCIATION—CHURCH OF THE SYNAGOGUE — ST. JOSEPH'S HOUSE — MOUNTAIN OF THE PRECIPITATION—HOUSE OF ST. JOACHIM AND ST. ANNE.

In order to visit the rest of the Holy Places, it is necessary to be accompanied by a caravan; because being obliged to go through Samaria, and even as far as Baalbec, you meet with robbers and murderers. The Samaritans to this day not only do not associate with the Hebrews, but even not with Christians or Gentiles. They assail travelers, no matter to what nation they belong, and rob and murder them. Besides this, on the road to Nazareth there are no Convents of Friars; hence it is necessary to sleep under a tent. The dragoman may find a shelter for you in some private house; but in Palestine and Syria, life and property are never safe in private houses.

After ten miles of a bad road the village of Machmas, by the Arabs called *el-Bir* (the well), is reached, where the first stop is generally made.

At the most elevated part of this village, there are the remains of a Church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Partial Indulgence. On this spot the Blessed Virgin, returning from Jerusalem to Nazareth, found out that she had lost the Infant Jesus, whom she found after three days, in the Temple, disputing with the Doctors. Here Jonathan son of Saul, and Jonathan Maccabeus distinguished themselves, as we read in the Old Testament.

After five miles of an abominable road and four of a more tolerable one the guide points out Bethel Luza, the spot where Jacob had the famous vision of the ladder that reached from Heaven to the earth, and where the wicked Jeroboam in order to persuade his subjects from going to Jerusalem to adore the Lord, erected the golden calf. A very short distance out of the road is Shiloh, where Joshua deposited the Ark of the Covenant, which remained there for 351 years. Here the virgins of Shiloh were ravished by the young men of the tribe of Benjamin. A little further on, about half an hour from Nablous, is the best piece of land that can be found in the whole of Samaria.

This is the field which Jacob, returning from Mesopotamia, bought of the sons of Hamor, and he paid for it one hundred lambs ; and this is the field where Joseph came to inquire about his brethren, whom not finding, he continued on his way to Dothain. In this field is Jacob's Well, dug by himself, called also the Samaritan's Well, because

by it Christ sat and talked with the Samaritan woman, and wrought her conversion. There is attached to it a Plenary Indulgence. There was formerly on this spot a fine church and nunnery, but there are hardly any traces of them left. A short distance east from the well is the tomb of Joseph, which is in good condition and surrounded by a wall. Around this tomb are also buried his eleven brothers. Here Joseph's field (or Jacob's) ends, and a valley commences between Mount Garizim and Mount Hebal, where Moses commanded Josue to read the Law before the tribes of Israel. It is said that upon the former the blessings of the Lord were proclaimed by the Levites for those who observed the Law of the Lord, and upon the latter mountain the maledictions against the transgressors of the law. Mount Garizim is better known for its temple, erected there in opposition to that upon Mount Moriah in Jerusalem, which was the cause of a schism, and of many apostacies and enmities between the Samaritans and the Jews. On the top of this mountain are the remains of the old Temple of the Samaritans enclosed in a modern one.

The ancient city of Sichem, called also *Sychar* or *Sichima*, lies choked up between these two mountains. The Latins changed its name to *Neapolis*, called by the Arabs *Nables*, by the French *Naplouse*, and by the Italians *Napoli*. It contains about 8,000 inhabitants, mostly Mohammedans. I saw a few Jews and Samaritans, but there are no Christians except 500 Greeks, who

are hated there; and the inhabitants, notorious for their wickedness, are always in revolt against its authorities. The houses are well built, and nearly all meet on both sides across the street at the top, and form arches shutting out the light of the sun. The streets are narrow and filthy. This city is one of the oldest in the world, and its history dates back over 4,000 years. Here Abraham first pitched his tent in Canaan. Here Simeon and Levi slaughtered the entire male population in order to avenge the insult and dishonor of their sister Dinah. Roboam was proclaimed King of Israel in this place. Our Saviour stopped here two days, and was well treated.

At a short distance is Sebaste, the ancient Samaria of Herod, the capital of the Kings of Israel. It is now a miserable village of 500 inhabitants; but is worth visiting on account of the magnificent remains of a splendid church erected to St. John the Baptist by the Knights of St. John. Here may be gained a Partial Indulgence. Here are the tombs of the Prophets Abdias and Eliseus. The position of Sebaste is magnificent, situated on the top of a hill. Samaria was founded by Omri, King of Israel and besieged under his successor Achab (who married the notorious Jezabel) by the King of Damascus, and in that siege the inhabitants for want of food decided to boil and eat their own infants. It was finally relieved, as predicted by the Prophet Elias. The Emperor Augustus gave this city to his favorite Herod the Great, who rebuilt it with great magnificence, naming it

Sebaste. Hundreds of pillars can yet be seen on the top of the hill where this village is situated, which are the remains of the grandeur of the edifices of Herod. On the way to Jenin, where it is necessary to remain a night, the road passes near by Samur which is believed to be the ancient Bethulia, where Judith saved the people of God by cutting off the head of the proud Holofernes. This village or city is situated on the top of a high hill to the left, about three hours before reaching Jenin. It is believed that from this village came the ten lepers whom Our Lord cured by sending them to the priests. There was formerly a church built on this spot. After crossing the eastern end of the mountains of Gelboe or *Gilboa*, fatal to Saul and his sons, anathematized by David, that no dew nor rain should fall on them, because there his friend Jonathan, the shield of the strong, fell, the beautiful village of Jenin, *Jannin* or *Jeneen*, is soon reached after a journey of a few miles. It is handsomely situated on the right at the entrance of the great valley of Esdraelon. This is the ancient Jezrahel, and contains 2,000 inhabitants ; where Achab lived and where Naboth had his vineyard, and where the wicked Jezabel was devoured by the dogs in punishment for her impieties, and in fulfillment of the prophecy. Near this place General Kleber with 3,000 Frenchmen kept 30,000 Turks at bay for six hours, until relieved by Napoleon.

I crossed the torrent of Kison or *Tchison*, which divides into two branches, one going eastward to

the Jordan, the other to Caiffa on the Mediterranean sea. It was on the eastern branch that Barac, encouraged by Debbora, defeated the army of Jabin commanded by Sisara, and on the western that Elias ordered the slaughter of the 850 false prophets, who in vain had cried aloud to Baal to send fire from heaven to consume their sacrifice. On the right, you pass the famous Mount Hermon, which in vain seems to vie in height and majesty with the glorious Mount Tabor standing on the opposite side ; but it displays its superiority only in extending its wide arms towards the fields of Medjal (*Magdala*). On the northern part of Hermon is seen the city of Naim, where Our Saviour raised to life the only son of the widow, who was accompanying the remains to the grave. There was formerly a fine church on the spot where this famous miracle was performed, but at present nothing but its ruins can be seen. Plenary Indulgence. Near Naim there are numerous caverns hewn in the cliffs above the houses. In one of these caverns, King Saul had an interview with the witch. From Naim the pilgrims reach Nazareth and receive the hospitality of the Franciscans in a house built near the Convent.

Nazareth, the place where the great work of the Redemption of man commenced, where the reconciliation of man with God had its beginning, where the earth was declared to be at peace with God, and where justice and peace kissed each other, is a city or village of 3,000 inhabitants,

2,500 of which are Catholics. It is handsomely located on an elevation of the western side of one of the most beautiful valleys of Syria, and the land surrounding it is in a fine state of cultivation, all laid out in gardens, orchards, and luxuriant fields. The Sanctuary of the Annunciation is built on the same site and occupies precisely the very identical spot on which stood the house of the Blessed Virgin which was transported by the angels to Loretto in Italy. The present house in Nazareth is of the same dimensions; and an exact copy of the real one now in Loretto. A granite pillar suspended from the vault marks the place where the Blessed Virgin stood when she received the Angelic Salutation; and another about three feet distant points out the spot occupied by the Archangel Gabriel in delivering to her the message sent from Heaven. This Sanctuary is enclosed in a large fine Church, called the Church of the Annunciation, the interior of which is covered with fine and rich silk damask, which hangs all round the walls. The numerous rich ornaments of this Sanctuary represent the Mystery of the Annunciation. The Franciscan Friars have possession of it, and perform here a daily procession as they do in the other Sanctuaries. There is a Plenary Indulgence granted to every one of the four altars; and a Partial Indulgence is attached to the altar of St. Joseph, and another to that of St. Joachim and St. Anne. The Latin convent adjoining it is a fine massive, strong, square building, but the

Pilgrims now lodge in a separate house, built for this object.

There is a Partial Indulgence on the small church called the *Church of the Synagogue*, which is located in the center of the town, and in which the Catholic Greeks officiate. This chapel was erected by Tancredi, Prince of Galilee, in the time of the Crusaders, on the site of an old one. Its name is derived from a Synagogue which was there in the time of Our Saviour, to which He was accustomed to repair. It was in this Synagogue that, according to the custom of those days, the book of the Sacred Scriptures was presented to Jesus Christ when very young, sitting on the Sabbath with other people. He rose up in respect to the congregation, opened the book, and read by chance a passage of the Prophet Isaias that speaks of Him. Having closed the book, He returned it to the minister and resumed His seat. But, perceiving that everybody was anxiously waiting to hear Him, He explained the passage of the Holy Scripture, which He had just read. His wisdom and grace attracted the admiration of everybody, who wondered and said to each other, "*How came this man by this wisdom, and these mighty works? Is not this the carpenter's son? . . . Whence then hath He all these things?*"

Another Partial Indulgence is attached to the little chapel erected on the site of the workshop of St. Joseph. In this chapel an old wall is to be seen which is believed to have formed a part of St. Joseph's house. The chapel called *Mensa*

Domini is a building situated in the upper part of the city enclosing a large flat stone twelve feet long by ten wide. On this stone Our Saviour ate with his disciples before and after His death, as is the tradition in Nazareth. There is a Partial Indulgence here, and another on the Blessed Virgin's Well, where she used to get water. *St. Mary of the Tremor* is a small sitting stone, where once stood a nunnery and a church under this name; and there is a Partial Indulgence. The origin of this title was, that the Blessed Virgin here trembled, when the wicked Nazarenes wanted to cast Our Saviour from the neighboring mountain which is called *Precipice*—a fearfully wild ravine, and immensely high. Once a church had been built on this Precipice, in memory of this event, and a Partial Indulgence is granted to it. The chapel of St. James of Saffa, is about one hour distant, to the north of Nazareth. It is believed to occupy the site of the house of Zebedee, father of James and John. There is here a fine Catholic Church to which is annexed a Partial Indulgence.

On the way to Ptolemais, (Akka,) *Acre or St. Jean d'Acre*, a very short distance from Nazareth, there is one third part of the church of St. Anne in Sepphoris (*Sefurich*). This church was built in honor of the Blessed Virgin, because she lived here, and because St. Joachim and St. Anne are supposed to have been Saphurites. In the time of the Romans Sepphoris was one of the strongest places of Galilee. Herod Antipas constructed

there magnificent buildings, and called it *Autocratorida;* St. Jerome and Egesippus denominate it *Diocesarea;* but the name with which it is mentioned by the people is Saphurida, a corruption of Saphuris, or Sepphoris (pr. Sefurich).

From Ptolemais, pilgrims generally go to Mount Carmel. Upon this sacred mountain, which is the figure of the Blessed Virgin, the Carmelites have built a magnificent church and convent. On this holy mountain the Blessed Virgin received her first veneration, and the first church built in honor of her was erected upon this place. There is attached to it a Plenary Indulgence. Mount Carmel rises majestically over the Mediterranean sea, on which side it is so steep that even wild goats cannot keep their footing; the rest is beautiful and lovely. Here the Prophets Elias and Eliseus with their disciples, a number of prophets, lived for many years. On the side of the mountain towards the sea, their school, hewn from the rock, is yet to be seen. Here the Prophet Elias made fire come down from heaven to consume his sacrifice, to the confusion of the false prophets of Baal; and here he obtained rain from heaven after a drought of three years and six months had desolated the land of Chanaan.

Persons desirous to end their pilgrimage in this place, can go to Caiffa, half a day distant, where several steamers call every week for Beyruth and Jaffa.

CHAPTER XIII.

GALILEE AND SYRIA.

CANA OF GALILEE—FIELD OF ZABULON—SEA OF GALILEE—MAGDALA—BETHSAIDA—CAPHARNAUM—TIBERIAS—MOUNT TABOR—BANIAS—SPOT OF THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL—DAMASCUS—ANTI-LIBANUS—RIVER BARRADA—RUINS OF BAALBEC—LIBANUS—ZAHLEH—BEYRUTH.

JUDEA, no doubt, is a place teeming with Sanctuaries, but Galilee may be styled one continuous Sanctuary, and every foot of the shores of the Sea of Galilee (or Lake of Tiberias), has been consecrated by the presence of its Maker in His pilgrimage on this earth. On the way to this lake, a short distance from Nazareth, on the left, is the village of Michieth, the ancient Geth, not the native place of the Giant Goliah, but of the Prophet Jonas, who is supposed also to be buried in this place. A short distance further you discover the famous Cana of Galilee. A few ruins of a church point out the place where Our Divine Redeemer, through the intercession of His Blessed Mother, shortened His appointed time to perform miracles, and changed the water into wine. Plenary Indulgence. Here may be noticed some walls of an old house called St. Bartholomew's house, who was of Cana, and who is believed to be that

Nathanael who deserved the praise of the Lord, that he was a true Israelite in whom there was no guile. Cana is also noted as being the native place of the Apostle St. Simon, and where Our Divine Redeemer received the Regulus of Capharnaum, who obtained from Him the healing of his son, who was at the point of death. The road soon crosses the field of Zabulon, known only by the name of the *Field of the Wheat-heads*. It was here that the Apostles on the Sabbath gathered some wheat-heads to eat, to the scandal of the Pharisees. Here took place the great decisive battle which sealed the unfortunate end of the Latin kingdom. On the right rises the Mountain of the Beatitudes. On its summit there are the remains of a church, to which is granted a Partial Indulgence. Near the base of this mountain is the place where Our Saviour, with five loaves of bread and two fishes, fed 5,000 people. A Partial Indulgence has been attached to it.

Tiberias (or Genesareth) once the third of the Holy Cities of the Jews, ranking with Jerusalem and Hebron, is now a miserable and filthy town of 2,500 inhabitants; yet it is famed for being the native place of St. Peter. There is a small Latin convent near the site of St. Peter's house, and a church on the spot where Our Divine Redeemer, after His glorious Resurrection, appeared to the Apostles, who were fishing, and constituted St. Peter the head of the Church. Although this spot was always held in veneration, since the time of the Primitive Christians, yet the present church

is believed to have been built by Tancredi, in the time of the Crusaders. The exterior form of this church is in the shape of a boat just launched into the sea. The waves of the lake dash against its prow, which is of hard, solid stone, figurative of the stability of St. Peter's boat—the Church, which may be struck by raging waves and storms, but its stability will stand and endure even to the end of the world. It is blessed with a Partial Indulgence.

Our Divine Redeemer, expelled from Nazareth, because no prophet was ever honored in his native city, retired to Tiberias and made its shores the theatre of His wonders. Along these shores He preached His sublime new doctrine, which He had brought from heaven; along these shores immense multitudes followed Him to hear the word of life. Upon the waters of this lake He walked, and made its raging billows and storms keep still at the command of His voice. Upon these shores He called the most of His Apostles, and for nearly three years He instructed the multitudes and performed the most of His miracles. Oh! how many times has Our Lord crossed these waters in St. Peter's little boat, in order to retire from the applause of the crowds that followed Him from every part of the Decapolis! This lake, fourteen miles in length and seven in breadth, on whose bosom once floated numberless ships of every shape and size; where, in the time of Titus, Trajan and Vespasianus, sanguinary battles took place between the fleets of war-vessels that

ploughed these waters, whose shores were a garden of beauty and plenty, swarming with industrious and wealthy people, teeming with flourishing cities and villages—now it is in such a condition that not more than one or two boats are seen disturbing these beautiful waters, and with the exception of the miserable village of Tiberias, no city or town, no houses, are to be seen on these shores, notwithstanding the richness of its soil! But where are those cities now? Oh! where art thou Chorazin? and Bethsaida? Where art thou Capharnaum, that wast exalted even unto heaven? Now no city, no town, is seen rising on its picturesque borders, no commerce animates this once busy locality; but a profound silence reigns over this region, and an undisturbed solitude is seen in every direction; all is still and quiet as the grave; the boatless and shipless lake echoes only the songs of birds that sport in its neighborhood; yet there is no desolation, no gloom, on this spot. The shores are beautiful, lovely, and enchanting as a paradise. Long ranges of tombs are visible on the side of the mountain which is the Cemetery of the Jerasens. It was from one of these tombs, as is believed, that the man possessed of devils, rushed forth, when Our Saviour rebuked the unclean spirits and made them enter into a herd of swine, which ran violently down a steep place into the sea and were drowned. Tarichea is close to this place, and on the top of the hill is the site of the city of Gadara.

One hour distant from Tiberias, towards the

north, there are a few houses called a town ; it is the ancient Magdala(*Medjal*), so called on account of the strong fortifications that once rendered this place impregnable. It is believed by some that this town was the native place of Mary Magdalen. A Partial Indulgence may be here obtained. Soon after comes the site of Bethsaida, which now is nothing but a mill, and the house of the miller. This is the native place of the Apostles Peter, Andrew and Philip, and on these shores, James and John, the sons of Zebedee, were repairing their nets when Our Saviour called them to follow Him. Here the blind man received his miraculous sight. The threats of Our Lord against this incredulous city, notwithstanding the many signs of which she was witness, are verified in its total destruction. Partial Indulgence. A short distance further, and Capharnaum, the beloved city of Christ, comes in sight. Here Our Saviour commenced His preaching ; here, after the nuptials in Cana, He came with His Blessed Mother and disciples ; here He took refuge after flying from the Nazarenes, who wanted to precipitate Him from a mountain ; here He stopped when He descended from Tabor, after His glorious Transfiguration ; here the Centurion's servant, struck with palsy, was healed ; here He restored to health Peter's mother-in-law ; here He cured the son of Regulus, who was at the point of death. The woman that, for twelve years, suffered from an issue of blood was healed here ; two blind men here received sight ; the dead daughter of one of

the great men of the city was restored to life here ; Matthew, sitting at the custom-house, was called to the Apostleship in this place ; here He made St. Peter extract from the fish two drachmas to pay the tribute to Cæsar ; and who can enumerate the wonders performed by Our Divine Redeemer in this place, in such a manner as to excite the envy of Nazareth, and make St. Matthew call it the City of Christ ? Still Capharnaum remained obstinate in its infidelity ; now, according to the sentence pronounced against it, she is depressed to hell in such a manner that no vestige of her existence is visible. Partial Indulgence.

Crossing the Jordan, which issues from this lake, the territory of Corozain is entered ; that Corozain, against which the Son of God made man, pronounced so many woes, because she remained obdurate notwithstanding the numerous miracles performed therein, which, if they had been wrought in Tyre and in Sidon, those cities would have done penance in sackcloth and ashes. She has shared the same fate as Bethsaida and Capharnaum. Hardly anything, except merely the memory of these three places, remains to record their sentence.

Not far from Tiberias there are extensive ruins of the real Tiberias, built by Herod Antipas, in honor of Tiberius Cæsar, on the site where once stood the City of Genereth (*Genesareth*), from which the lake derives its name. Near this place are some thermal baths of Emmaus, or rather Ammaus, to which persons afflicted with every kind

of disease resort. These waters are so hot, that they appear boiling. Near by are found some ruins which are supposed to be the remains of walls of fortifications constructed by Vespasianus, when, having taken Tiberias, he was preparing to conquer other cities. This place is supposed to have been called Enabris.

Mount Tabor rises, glorious and majestic, from the luxuriant plains of Esdraelon. It has the appearance of a truncated cone, and, at a distance, looks like a loaf of sugar cut from the top. Its sides are rich with vegetation, and the centre place is stocked with an immensity of game of every variety. But its glory is for having been the mountain on whose top Christ in company with a few Apostles transfigured Himself, and in the presence of Moses and Elias appeared clothed with white garments shining like the Sun. A Plenary Indulgence may be gained.

Incredulous, modern, and sceptical travelers have endeavored to strip this mountain of its honor, not only calling in question the fact of its being the place of the glorious Transfiguration of Our Saviour, but even denying it altogether ; and, while they attempt to make a show of erudition and learning, showing only their ignorance and lack of judgment. The proof alleged by them is that at the time of the Transfiguration of Our Lord the top of Mount Tabor was full of houses, and that the remains of a town and of fortresses, repaired and defended by Josephus, are visible to this day. That a fortress might have been built by Ves-

pasianus may be probable. Having taken Tiberias he entrenched and fortified himself at the foot of Mount Tabor, and it is likely that he built a fortress or fortified the church which the Primitive Christians had erected on the top of that mountain. No writer has ever mentioned, nor has any tradition ever existed of a town on the top of Mount Tabor. The ruins of buildings and of fortifications that are still visible, are the remains of a church that was constructed there by the Primitive Christians; and the portion of the wall that is still standing, belongs to that wall with which Joseph Flavius surrounded the top of that sacred mountain. Amongst the ruins, are those of the church constructed by St. Helena; those of the monastery built by the King of Hungary; and those of the church constructed by Tancredi, Prince of Galilee, in the time of the Latin Kingdom; and the remains of the fortifications erected by the Crusaders. The knowledge of these historical facts affords sufficient ground to the critical traveler to account for the ruins of buildings found upon Mount Tabor, without the necessity of having recourse to the former existence of an imaginary town, for the sake of contradicting the established tradition, supported by monuments of every age, that Mount Tabor was the scene of the glorious Transfiguration of Our Saviour. A new church and residence is at present in course of construction on the top of this mountain.

The view from this point is most magnificent. The Lake, the whole of Galilee, the Jordan, the

country behind it, the half tribe of Manasses, etc., are visible in the East. Looking southward, you enjoy the sight of the field of Mageddo and Hermoniim, and the Mediterranean Sea; at the north, the land of Zabulon, the chain of the Libanus and Anti-Libanus mountains, from which streams of water run into the Lake of Tiberias, are visible from the summit of Tabor. The rising and setting of the sun viewed from this spot is splendid beyond all description. It reminds me of that splendor with which the sacred face of Our Saviour appeared, nineteen centuries ago, on the top of this mountain; the type of that splendor, which trusting in His merits we hope to enjoy in the Kingdom of Heaven.

On the way to Banias or *Panias* the road which is very uncomfortable, passes through the land of Dan. It is necessary to stop at night at the Mill of Mellahah at Banias, the ancient *Cæsarea Philippi*, which is beautifully situated and contains about 1000 inhabitants. The Castle of *Subehibeh* behind the city, and on the top of an isolated mountain 1,200 feet high, is one of the best preserved ruins of Syria. Above the fountain there is a grove which the Greeks, during their occupation of Syria, held as a Sanctuary to worship their sylvan deity Pan. This city was built by the Tetrarch Philip in honor of Tiberias. Herod the Great erected here a magnificent Temple in honor of Augustus. Bar Banias (Jordan) is a boisterous river, and must be crossed in this locality by an ancient stone bridge. Mount Her-

mon, which has been seen towering from many places of the Holy Land is now close at hand, and nigh to this locality on the right, the spot is pointed out where the miraculous conversion of St. Paul took place, to which is attached a Partial Indulgence.

Damascus, the oldest city in the world, founded by Ur, grand-son of Noah, contains about 160,000 inhabitants, the majority of whom are Mohammedans; still the number of Christians is large. The climate is not considered very healthy, the air being heavy, and there is such a great quantity of water in the city, that its evaporation at night creates a kind of fog which is unwholesome. The city is evidently oriental, and much like Cairo, but its numerous bazars, many of which are roofed, are inferior to those of Cairo, except those containing silks, whose damask draperies are famous over the whole world. Like Cairo it is divided into quarters for Christians, Jews and Turks. At sun-set the gates of the quarters are closed, and it is very difficult to obtain admittance, which is never given unless you are provided with lanterns. The streets are narrow, crooked and dirty, even the street called *Straight* is very crooked. The buildings are very gloomy exteriorly, but most of the houses are comfortable inside, and provided with gardens. Many walls are nothing but mud. There are some Protestant Missionaries here but they are despised by both Christians and Turks. Although some of them are Americans, and others Germans, yet they are

all called "*Ingliz*," which name is applied to them in an opprobrious sense. The bibles which they distribute are received by the people for the sake of the cover, and the inside is used to kindle the fire. The great Cathedral of St. John Damascene has been turned into a Mosque ; it is in the form of a Cross, and its court has been surrounded by a grand cloister of pointed arches on columns of Roman marble. On the site of the house of Ananias, where the conversion of St. Paul was completed by his baptism, and where by the hands of the same Saint, he recovered his sight, there is the Catholic Chapel to which is attached a Partial Indulgence. There is also a Partial Indulgence on the window from which St. Paul was let down. It is an old tower of Roman architecture. Near it they point out the grave of St. George, the name of a soldier who is believed to have been instrumental in the Apostle's escape ; he became a convert and was crowned with martyrdom on that spot. There is a Partial Indulgence ; also on the house of Jude, where St. Paul remained three days, and another in the church, in which is the fountain where St. Paul was baptized. Although one of the boasts of the inhabitants is, that the Standard of the Cross was never hoisted in this city, still there are four Convents and Churches belonging to different Catholic rites.

There is a fine road direct from Damascus to Beyrout, but the customary route is to go by Libanus and Baalbec. The road from Damascus

to Zibdanieh, the summer residence of the Damascene aristocracy, is a paradise of charming gardens and groves of olive, almond, mulberry, and walnut trees. The mountains of Anti-Libanus rise in the rear to the height of 700 feet. The beautiful and luxuriant verdure which covers the banks of the river Barrada, makes the valley of the same name a most lovely country. Barada or Barrada is considered to possess the finest water in Syria. This is the river *Abàna* of which Naaman boasted, saying, "Are not Abàna (this river) and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" The road passes through the village of Suk-Wady-Barada, which is the *Abila* of the ancients, where Cleopatra ordered the murder of Lysanias.

Leaving this village, which contains about 3,500 inhabitants, the gigantic ruins of Baalbec appear in sight. The magnificent city of Baalbec, of which nothing now remains but a miserable village of 500 people, is still the wonder of the world. Baalbec means *City of the Sun. Baalbec* in Syriac corresponds to the *Heliopolis* of the Greeks. The remains of its Cyclopean Temples, are in vain searched for in any other part of the Globe. Egypt, Sicily, Poestum, Fiesole, Greece and Rome, have nothing to compare with them. It is sufficient to say that on the west face there are three stones of such huge dimensions, that their joint length is over 150 feet. Some others have been measured and found to be sixty-six feet in length by twenty in height

and twelve feet deep, raised to a height of twenty feet. No mechanical machinery now known, would be able to place these stones in their present position. Outside of this platform on the south-west corner, there is a Cyclopean Masonry, many of whose stones measure thirty feet in length by fifteen in width and thirteen deep. On this platform stood three Temples—the Temple of the Sun (Baal), the Temple of Jupiter, and the Circular Temple.

The Temple of the Sun is now replaced by the magnificent Roman one, whose six remaining columns of the Corinthian order, tower above the whole mass of ruins. Beneath the entire platform which supports these huge temples there are immense vaulted passages, two of them longitudinal, and two lateral, of great breadth. The style of these foundations is very similar to that of the foundation of the Temple of Solomon in Jerusalem. The stones are beveled but they are of a much larger size ; this circumstance has given reason to some persons to conjecture that Baalbec was the house of the forest of Libanus, built by Solomon for his Egyptian wife. Wiser critics, however, are of opinion, that the house of the forest of Libanus was built in Jerusalem, on Mount Moriah, on the site at present occupied by the Church of the Presentation.

The Great Temple, or the Temple of the Sun, was 290 feet long and 160 feet wide. Of the fifty-four lofty Corinthian columns, which once surrounded this colossal edifice, there are but six

standing. Their shafts are fifty-four feet high, and seven feet three inches in diameter at the base; nearly twenty-two feet in circumference, and the whole height of the pillars, including the pedestal and capital, is seventy-five feet. The stones forming the entablature were fastened together by wrought-iron clasps one foot thick.

Nothing is known of the origin of these wonderful ruins. We are only acquainted with the facts that Baalbec passed successfully under the rule of the Persians, Greeks and Romans, and that it was plundered by the Tartars in the year 639 A.D., who finally sacked and demolished it under Tamerlane. Some have been of opinion that the magnificent Temple of the Sun was built by Antoninus Pius, or by Septimus Severus, but they have no other foundation for this assertion, except that this temple was first represented upon the medals of those Emperors. Others give to the Temple of Jupiter, the name "*Temple of the Sun*;" but this opinion cannot be correct, because the Temple of Baal (generally known as the great temple) is that of the Sun, Baal meaning Sun. In this case there would be two temples of the Sun close to each other, which does not appear to be very probable. Under Constantine this temple was converted into a Catholic Church, and it remained so until its conquest by the Arabs. There is also here one of the finest Roman halls, with splendid porticoes, ornamented with beautiful marble statues of Jupiter, Diana and Leda, and five bas-relievos, and busts of Roman Emperors.

These monuments evidently belong to two distinct periods, namely, to the third Cyclopean, and to the best period of the Roman Empire. The Saracens have converted a part of the temple into a fortress employing in it materials from monuments.

About three quarters of a mile distant are the quarries, from which these huge stones were taken. One still remains, hewn all round, and cut, except one foot, which remains still attached to the quarry. The stone measures sixty-nine feet in length by seventeen in width, and fourteen in depth. In Baalbec, there is a Catholic Greek Church. The Catholic Greek Bishop of Baalbec resides here with a priest. Their holiness, hospitality, apostolic poverty and humility, not only in their countenances, but in their humble and unpretending dwelling, reminds the traveler of the time of the Apostles.

The journey from Baalbec to Beyrout occupies sixteen hours, and is accomplished in two days, stopping at Zahleh. The ride is through magnificent scenery, and after making the ascent of Libanus, the scenery becomes some of the loveliest in Syria. In Libanus the people are nearly all Christians, and mostly Catholics, belonging to the Maronite rite. There is a Partial Indulgence on this holy mountain, and another on the church built on it. At some distance on the right, the famous cedars may be discerned towering and rising majestically on the top of the mountain, so much celebrated in the Holy Scriptures. At pres-

ent there are not many to be seen. Zahleh is beautifully situated in a deep glen, and contains 10,000 inhabitants, mostly Catholics.

Beyrout is a city of 50,000 inhabitants, and is finely situated on a promontory projecting into the Mediterranean ; it may be styled the seaport and outlet of Damascus. Beyrout is by no means a handsome city, its streets being crooked, narrow, and not adapted to carriages, and, like Jaffa and Jerusalem, these conveyances are never seen ; but it is considered one of the healthiest towns in Syria ; and its suburbs are surrounded by commodious houses and groves of excellent fruit trees, and flower gardens. The cultivation of the mulberry-tree is the principal industry of this city. There are no buildings of any consequence, but there you may see some fine relics of antiquity, consisting of the remains of a moat, baths, and some pillars. There are many Catholics, and there is a Partial Indulgence attached to this city, and also to every Catholic Church therein.

Austrian, French, Russian and Turkish steamers touch at Beyrout, going and coming from Constantinople. I embarked on a Russian steamer, on my return homeward through Greece. Travelers not desirous of going to Constantinople may proceed to Smyrna, and then they can obtain a transfer for Sora, Athens or Sicily, or direct to Marseilles. My intention was to return to Italy *via* Brindisi.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LEVANT AND GREECE.

SAIL ON A RUSSIAN STEAMER—A GREEK QUACK—A LEADER OF MUSSULMAN PILGRIMS—CYPRUS—RHODES—PATMOS—SAMOS—SMYRNA—EPHESUS—I. ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL OF EPHESUS—II. ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL REJECTED BY THE POPE—SAIL TO PIRÆUS—ATHENS—NAUPLIA—MYCENCŒ—CORINTH—PATRAS—ZANTE—CORFÙ.

I EMBARKED on a Russian steamer, which was very good, and well officered. The captain was an old officer, and well experienced in his task of running the steamer between Odessa, in the Black Sea, and Alexandria in Egypt. He was a perfect gentleman in his manners, and spoke French fluently. Several of the servants were Italians, and most of the officers spoke Italian. The fare was excellent, and prepared after the Russian style. Dinner was always opened with a bottle of gin of the best quality, and at table, at all meals there were two qualities of wine, black and white. The wines were from the Crimea, and of a superior flavor. I never thought that Russia produced such fine wine. Excellent pears and apples come also from the Crimea, and were furnished at all times. On board this steamer I remarked two strange incidents. One was a Greek,

a kind of quack, a cunning-looking fellow, playing like a juggler, poorly clad, but the style of his dress was Frank and not Grecian, around whom nearly all the passengers had crowded. After several plays and dances, he took a little hand-furnace, and came on top of that part of the steamer reserved for first-class passengers. He kindled his fire, and commenced to prepare coffee, and while preparing it he danced round the furnace pronouncing words which we could not understand. The coffee being ready, he took small cups, saucers, and tea spoons, put in it something looking like cinnamon, and offered it to the spectators, who, distrusting him, refused even to taste it, except one man, who drank it, and he was supposed to be a confederate of his. He continued these kind of tricks to the annoyance of the passengers, who applied to an officer to clear him out of the first-class passenger deck.

The other was a rich Mussulman. He was returning from the pilgrimage to Mecca, in company with a large number of deck passengers, all pilgrims from Mecca, and his countrymen. He appeared to be a leader, or holding some office. He was so much attached to them that he was always in their company. Although he was a first-class passenger and had his state-room close to mine, yet he always slept on deck in their company. He never sat at table with us, but always took his meals with them on deck. The captain told me that he would apply to the Russian Government not to allow Mussulmans in the cabin be-

cause they are not clean ; they never use beds, never undress themselves when they sleep, but throw themselves, men, women and children all together on large divans ; of course cleanliness cannot be expected. This manner of sleeping is a Turkish custom, with few exceptions, almost universal in their private houses. In Jerusalem, the Italian doctor, who had been very successful in his practice, was continually telling me that an obstacle in the way of the recovery of their sick was the want of beds, because their divans are inconvenient, especially in sickness ; and if he intended to remain in that city, he would establish an apartment with beds to accommodate sick people till their recovery.

This rich Mussulman very often came to me, and conversed with me, but I could not understand him. Once, when the sea was very rough, he came to me, very much alarmed, and pointing to the waves at a great distance, said to me, "*Gran fortuna ! gran fortuna !*" As this is an Italian expression, I understood him to mean that he hoped to have good luck. Supposing that he understood some Italian, I replied, "*Si ! Si, Signor, gran fortuna,*" assenting to what he had said with a nod of my head. He got affrighted, and, full of consternation, ran to his people to tell a sad story. I felt surprised at this affair, and speaking to the captain, he laughed and explained to me that the Mussulmans by that expression, mean a very severe sea storm.

The sail to Smyrna is most delightful, passing

by so many classic islands. Cyprus, whose charming shores received Venus when she emerged from the foam of the sea, appears gradually rising from the azure deep ; her lofty mountains soon show their majesty upon the horizon. It is in vain that the eyes search after Paphos, Amathusia, Salamis, and Olympus, once towering with a rich Temple of Venus, to whom this Island was sacred. Leaving this classic island, Anatolia makes its appearance, presenting that *Makri* so justly dreaded and shunned by travelers, on account of the robbers and assassins that infest its highways. Having entered the *Sporades*, Rhodes comes forward with its abrupt limestone hills. Its mediæval tower is visible, and so also is St. John's church, with an abominable minaret. The palace of the Grand Master of the Knights is clearly discernible. In the northern promontory of the Gulf of Stanco, lies Budrun, the ancient *Halicarnassus*. Patmos, the place of exile of St. John the evangelist, and where he wrote the book of Revelation, is looked for with great anxiety by Christian travelers. Samos, the native place of Pythagoras and of Juno, and for a long time the residence of Herodotus, who here wrote his celebrated history, soon comes in sight. That Samos, whose rich fleets often made the Persians tremble, although fallen down and neglected, can yet show the marvellous ruins of the Temple of Juno, (Heræum). It was here that the first bronze statue was cast. Close to it is the little island of Icaria (*Nicari*), near which Icarus, son of Dædalus, fell into the sea and

his body floated on shore. Rounding the island of Scio, where valuable remains of the school of Homer and the Temple of Neptune are yet visible, the steamer leaving to the north Mitylene, the ancient Lesbos, the birth-place of the immortal Sappho, enters the Gulf of Smyrna, and drops anchor in the great port of Asia Minor.

Smyrna is the second large city in Turkey, and the largest in Asia Minor, and contains a population of 180,000 inhabitants, half of whom are Greeks, 60,000 Turks, 10,000 Jews, and the others belong to nearly every nation. There are also Persians and Gypsies. This city claims to have been founded by Alexander the Great. It is the emporium of the Greek trade of the Levant; but its commerce is chiefly in the hands of the English, French, Italians, and Dutch. Like the rest of the Turkish cities, it is divided into quarters; it is gloomy, and its streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty. There are many fine bazars. The Byzantine Castle is on the site of the Acropolis, and contains many remains. The corner nearest to the city is Cyclopean, and the further walls were built by Lysander. The antiquities around Smyrna are numerous; the baths of Diana, Niobe, the Lake of Tantalus, and the Cyclopean Cities. Magnesia is still in existence, not far from Smyrna, and at present is accessible by railway. The baths of Agamemnon are fine relics of old times, and many other monuments proclaim the glories of this place.

But the lion of Smyrna, and its environs, is

Ephesus, at present called *Ayasouloock*, forty-eight miles south of Smyrna, and approached by a fine railroad. Ephesus, once the capital of the Saracenic Sultans, the sacred city of Pagans and Christians, and the metropolis of Ionia, is now a miserable village of 500 inhabitants. Yet it is one of the great attractions to the learned, and the antiquarian. According to Justin, this city was built by the Amazons; but according to Strabo, by Androchus, the son of Codrus. This was the birth-place of Diana, whose magnificent temple, called *Artemision*, was the wonder of the world. To mention all the classic ruins, would be foreign to my purpose. Yet I must record that here are the remains of the Cyclopean city of the Amazons. Apollo was born here, and here Latona took refuge. This is the place of the metamorphosis of Syrinx into a reed; the lurking country of Pan; the watching-place of Juno, and the asylum of Apollo on Mount Solmissus. Here was the death-place of Orion, at Ortygia, the Panionium the capture of Passalus and Achemon by Hercules on Mount Pion. Here is the great Agora, where Anthony presided over his court, and went forth to attend Cleopatra. Here is shown the tomb of St. John the Evangelist, and of St. Timothy, the Cave of the Seven Sleepers, and the Portico of the Agora, where Justin Martyr disputed with Tryphon the Jew. This city has long claimed to have given birth to Homer. Bacchus, Crœsus, Artemisia, Queen of Caria, and many other great personages are connected with Ephesus.

But one of the greatest dignities of Ephesus is its having been the place of the celebration of the Third Œcumenical Council in 341, under Pope St. Celestinus, and the Emperor Theodosius II.; where Nestorius, Bishop of Constantinople, was condemned by two hundred and seventy-four Oriental Fathers. Nestorius contended that in Christ there were two natures and two persons, divine and human; hence, as a consequence, the Blessed Virgin was not the Mother of God, but only *Christotocos*, which would destroy the mystery of the Incarnation. He was condemned, and it was declared that in Christ there were two natures, divine and human, but only one *divine* person; hence the Blessed Virgin was truly Mother of God; that is, *Theotocos* and not *Christotocos*, as the heresiarch Nestorius blasphemed. The Christians at Ephesus had gathered in crowds around the hall, where the Fathers were assembled, and were waiting with great anxiety the decision of the council, whose session had been prolonged till late in the night. When the declaration was announced that Mary was Mother of God, the Christians were so pleased and jubilant, that they accompanied with lights, all the Fathers to their houses, singing hymns in honor of the Mother of God. This decree reached Rome just at Christmas, where it was received with immense joy and festivity; and it was on this occasion that the Church added to the angelical salutation the words, "*Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus.*"

Ephesus is noted for the other Œcumenical Council rejected and condemned by the Pope. This council was held in 449, under Pope St. Leo I., and the Emperor Theodosius II. the younger. The Pope sent his delegates in the person of the Bishop of Pozzuoli, a deacon and a Roman priest, who died on the way. A number of very wicked bishops were present at that council, who, with foul tricks, threats, and blows, succeeded in deceiving the other bishops who dissented from them, but who, through fear and selfishness, subscribed to the paper prepared by Dioscorus, Patriarch of Alexandria, a wicked, proud, and rich prelate. In this paper they assented to the heresy of Eutiches, and absolved him of excommunication. They excommunicated, deposed, and brutally beat St. Flavian, patriarch of Constantinople, who, three days afterwards, died of his wounds in Epipa, a city of Lydia, whither he and four other good bishops, had been relegated, because they had the courage to perform their duty, and tell the truth, and give up office, liberty and even their lives, rather than subscribe to heresy. Eusebius, Bishop of Dorilea, who, with great courage resisted their evil doings, was excommunicated, deposed, and sent to jail. The delegates of the Pope refused to subscribe to the acts, and fled to Rome by secret roads. St. Leo rejected that council, styling it in his letter to the clergy, *Latrocinium Ephesinum.* Here is another proof that in Œcumenical Councils the Bishops may err, and through fear, favor of princes, dan-

ger of being deprived of office and property, and for other human reasons may transgress their duty, forget the truth, and embrace error. The Pope never did so ; proving that his signature only, and not that of the Bishops, is infallible in Œcumenical Councils, because he is the pillar of truth when acting *ex cathedra*, and not the Bishops.

From Smyrna to Syra is only twelve hours sail. Syra is one of the Cyclades that ornament the Archipelagus, and is a part of modern Greece. This island is a great centre of steam navigation. Its excellent harbor affords a safe refuge to every ship, and the beautiful city, rising like an amphitheatre, gives every assistance to sailors of all nations. Eight hours sail and Piræus is reached ; that Piræus which is justly considered to be the most perfect harbor in the world, although it is not very large. It is the Port of Athens, which city ought to thank Themistocles for this advantage and benefit, but this ungrateful metropolis of civilization, arts and sciences, banished him, and even sought his death.

The distance from Piræus to Athens is about five miles upon a good and safe road, on account of being continually traveled. On the road the grave of Themistocles is seen at a distance ; the sweet groves of the Academy, the long range of Parnes, marking the sacred way to Eleusis ; Citharon, the thyme-clad Hymettus, and the lofty marble mountains of Pentelicon are also visible from the road.

Athens, the capital of Greece, is famous for

what it was, and not for what it is at present. It contains about 40,000 inhabitants, and is not a beautiful city; its streets are narrow, and the buildings are generally poor-looking. Yet this city was once the capital of a most flourishing republic, whose feats in arts and sciences and arms rendered it superior to every other nation. The Greeks can boast that even when they were conquered, they conquered their conquerors, communicating to them their manners, learning, and arts. The Propylon and Parthenon considered a miracle of art, rebuilt during the administration of Pericles, 444 years before Christ, was two hundred and seventeen feet long, ninety-eight wide and sixty-five high. Here stood the famous statue of Minerva by Phidias; a real master-piece of art, made of ivory, forty-six feet high, whose gold decorations alone were worth over half a million of dollars. This edifice was destroyed by the explosion of a powder magazine during the Venetian siege in 1687, and what remains of it, is enclosed in the Acropolis, which was entered by the Propylon. the ancient gateway of the entrance to the Acropolis. What remains of this wonderful structure is sufficient to strike the spectator with veneration, astonishment and awe. A peristyle of forty-eight Doric columns surrounded the walls of the principal building. The edifice was divided into two sections, the ceiling of which was supported by columns of the finest white marble from Mount Pentelicon. The Parthenon was consecrated to Minerva, the tutelar deity of the Athenians.

It is not safe to visit the places surrounding Athens, on account of the many robbers that infest those localities; yet there are antiquities enough in the city to entertain a traveler for a few hours.

In the lower town there is a Doric Temple formerly dedicated to the demigod Theseus, but now is converted into a museum. The tribunal of the Areopagus, the theatre of Bacchus, and the ruins of the temple of the Olympian Jupiter, are still visible. But what a reflection to think that here Socrates lived, and suffered; here Plato walked; here Æschylus and Sophocles sang! . . . Amongst the modern buildings the King's Palace, Mint, and a few more edifices are seen. Yet Greece is rising again, and if the Greeks could shake off the barbarian hordes of invaders, that glorious country would once more rise to enlighten other nations.

The most pleasant way to go to Corfù is to take the boat to Nauplia, thence by land to Corinth, whence a fine steamer sails regularly for Corfù. It is proposed to cut the isthmus of Corinth, and run a steamer direct from Brindisi to Athens. Nero began to dig a canal through this isthmus, but his successors were ashamed to complete a work commenced by the most infamous monster of iniquity that ever disgraced humanity. The way to Nauplia is most pleasant. The once rich Ægina shows its Doric Temple of Jupiter for a long part of the voyage, and the beautiful Islands of Hydra and Spezzia keep company with the

steamer for a long time. Hydra is a beautiful city, rising in the form of an amphitheatre. The Gulf of Nauplia (of Romania), is soon reached. The Palamede, the Acropolis of Nauplia, reminds one of the heroism of the Greeks, in wresting it from their Turkish oppressors. The Acropolis of Argos becomes visible, and the ruins of Mycenæ, the royal seat and tomb of Agamemnon, makes its appearance at a distance. The ruins of Tiryns, the home of Hercules, son of Jupiter and Alcmena, consist of Cyclopean masonry of the first period. The remains of Mycenæ are also Cyclopean masonry of quadrilateral stones of the third period. Other ruins are passed of masonry belonging to the second Cyclopean period. The road from Mycenæ to Nemæa is beautiful, but the Temple of Jupiter is represented only by three Doric columns, standing in the centre, with ruins scattered around. A single shepherd now occupies the lovely plain of Nemæa. On the road from the brow of a hill to the south-east is the cave of the Nemean Lion.

The Gulf of Corinth is most beautiful; Parnassus to the north-west, Helicon in front, and Parnes, and Hymettus, making still a dim appearance to the east. To the right the lofty heights of Acrocorinthus form an enchanting scene.

Corinth was founded by the famous Sisyphus, but of its ancient splendor nothing remains except a few ruins. The extravagance, luxury and pride of the inhabitants were proverbially too great for many people to live there, hence the

proverb, "*non cuivis homini licet adire Corinthum,*" (it is not for every man to go to Corinth). At present all is gone ; there is a poor, miserable tavern, which is not fit to lodge gentlemen. The three harbors are filled with sand. St. Paul lived here about eighteen months. A few beautiful columns belonging to the Temple of Venus, the goddess of the city, are the only things to be seen ; yet much might be obtained by excavation, as capitals and bas-reliefs are found in great numbers. Near Callimachi, on the Saronic Gulf, is Cenchrea (or *Cenchreæ*), the eastern harbor from whence St. Paul departed, but no remains exist of it. Near this locality is the great *Stadium* of the Isthmian Games, and the remains of a forum. From here the steamer is taken for Corfù ; she stops a short time at Patras, where St. Andrew received martyrdom, and where no traces can be found of any ancient church.

The mountains of Epirus now appear, rising majestic above the sea. The towering summits of *Acarnania* on the opposite coast, are clearly observed. The steamer makes a short stay at Zante, (the ancient *Zacynthus,*) the capital of the Island of the same name, one of the Ionian Islands. It is a town of 20,000 souls, pleasantly situated, and looks like an Italian town ; it possesses a spacious harbor. Passing Maura, with Sappho's Leap, the steamer enters the commodious harbor of Corfù.

This Island, the principal of the Ionian Group, rises beautifully from the sea. The capital of this island, and of the seven Ionian Islands is also

called Corfù, and it is the ancient *Corcyra.* The city is very old, and the streets are narrow and crooked. The view from the top of the Citadel is magnificent, and the pass of Pantaleone is grand. Past the village of Castrades there is a beautiful walk to the One-Gun Battery, where fable and tradition say that Ulysses' ship was wrecked, and transformed into the chapel-crowned inlet beneath the spectator's eye. In the church of St. Spiridion is his body in a silver case. The Catholics number about 8,000.

CHAPTER XV.

EUROPE AGAIN.

BRINDISI—ARRIVAL AT LORETTO—SANCTUARY OF THE HOLY HOUSE—THE CITY—ANCONA—RIMINI—ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL OF RIMINI REJECTED BY THE POPE—THE BISHOPS FALL INTO ERROR—AUTHORITY OF THE POPE OVER THE COUNCIL—TURIN—FAIR IN TURIN—CROSSING THE ALPS IN WINTER—PASS OF MOUNT CENIS—FRONTIERS OF FRANCE—LYONS—ŒCUMENICAL COUNCILS—PARIS—DIEPPE—LONDON.

AFTER a few hours sail we entered the harbor of Brindisi on Saturday night. In the morning, in company with a Jew, a passenger from Calcutta, I went to the Cathedral to attend Mass. He was very liberal in his views, and, for want of a Synagogue, came with me to hear Mass. He remarked that neither he nor his nation were accountable for the crime of having crucified Jesus, who, he said, may have been the promised Messiah ; but at all events Jesus was a just and holy man. We walked through the city, and dined together in a hotel. He praised very much the ordinary wine of Brindisi, which is very much like port-wine, and said that in England that wine would pass for genuine port. I wrote many letters. We entered a barber-shop to be shaved. The barber refused to make any price, saying, "Your lordships, (*Le Signorie vostre,*) give what

you please. I leave it to the liberality of your lordships." Of course we gave him several francs.

After 5 P. M., we started together in a first-class railroad car, he for France and I for Loretto. A few minutes after 10 P.M. we were in Barletta, where I intended to stop to see the famous large box of solid silver of superior workmanship, but I was prevented by the company of my friend. This box, or chest, is used on Good Friday on the following occasion: When the chalice containing the consecrated Host is removed from the repository, at the Cathedral, it is put into this box and closed. Then a solemn procession (not that used on that day) is formed by all confraternities and clergy; then follows this sacred tabernacle (the silver box), borne on the shoulders of four barefooted canons, surmounted by a canopy, whose poles are held by the nobility of Barletta. This procession proceeds through the streets of the city, every one in the posture of penance, devotion and expression of love towards this mystery, enters several churches, and stops in the principal square of Barletta. There, all forming a circle, fall on their knees, adore the Son of God made man and dead for us, make an act of contrition for their sins, and a desire of amendment, and return to the church from which the procession had set out, and the ceremony of Good Friday is continued. This is an ancient practice, and it is scrupulously performed every year.

At 8 o'clock A. M., the next day, the 24th of February, we were in Loretto, and I took leave of

my friend, and we exchanged cards, promising to meet again in Paris, if possible. I had sent my baggage to Turin, and in a carriage I ascended the high and steep hill in search of the House of Loretto, where I landed, and as a pilgrim made my devotions to that sanctuary. I applied in the sacristy for a cassock, and said mass in that House, where the commencement of our salvation took place. I gave communion to several pilgrims.

This precious Sanctuary, the House of the Blessed Virgin, in which the Annunciation was made by the archangel Gabriel, "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb," and where she gave her consent to be the mother of God, and where the Word was made flesh, was transported by the angels, first from Galilee to Dalmatia in 1291 ; from thence to Italy near Recanati in 1294 ; and finally in 1295 to the spot where it now remains. This house is thirty feet long, fifteen wide and eighteen high ; it is built of ebony and small bricks, and is covered by a kind of wooden roof overlaid, I think, with tiles. There is a window apparently opening on the loft ; but it seems to have communicated with the roof and another window through which the archangel Gabriel appeared to her. This holy house is now covered externally with fine marble, and upon this Sanctuary a large and splendid church has been erected. An immense number of pilgrims continually visit this Sanctuary. It was once very rich by the contributions and offerings

of the pilgrims; but the treasury, in 1798, was pillaged by the French, as they have always done in every part of Italy, where they unluckily happened to gain a footing. They also carried away the image of the Blessed Virgin to Paris—that image which is a masterpiece of the pencil of Raphael, representing the Blessed Virgin throwing a veil over the infant Jesus; but they were obliged to restore it in 1802.

On leaving the church I was much annoyed by a lazy crowd of venders of beads, pictures, etc., and so much so, that some policemen were obliged to come to my rescue, rebuking them, and commanding them to leave travelers alone in peace. I dropped into a coffee-house, for some coffee, and then I went to a hotel. I visited the town; but it offers nothing worthy of seeing, except that grand Sanctuary. Loretto once formed a part of the *Marca* of Ancona, and belonged to the Roman States; for the present it forms a portion of the Italian kingdom. It is an old town of 5,000 inhabitants, who live principally by the resort of pilgrims.

After dinner, I left for Ancona. In the cars, I had the pleasure of meeting the worthy Bishop of Sinigaglia, Mgr. Joseph Aggarbati, who left on my mind a great impression of his virtue, talents and piety. I could not enjoy his company for a long time, but promised to call on him, if I could stop on my way to Rimini. Ancona does not present anything to detain the traveller. I saw the city, which has some fine palaces, and streets; the harbor is one of the best in Italy,

and the triumphal arch, erected by the citizens to Trajan, in thankful acknowledgment for his having improved their harbor. By the evening train I left for Rimini.

This city is the ancient *Ariminum*, once a thriving and large place, but it now contains only a little over 8,000 inhabitants. One of the relics of antiquity, is a handsome white marble bridge of five arches, commenced by Augustus, and finished by Tiberius, over the river Marecchia, on the point where the Flaminian and Æmilian roads met. Before one of the gates, there is an ancient triumphal arch, erected in honor of Augustus. The cathedral is built on the ruins of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, and its materials, like several other churches, are marble, taken from the ruins of the old port.

But Rimini is notorious for the Œcumenical Council, whose acts were condemned by the Pope. This council was held in the year 363, by 400 Bishops from Illyricum, Italy, Africa, Spain, and France ; among whom there were 40 Arians. It had been convoked by Pope Liberius, who was represented by his delegates. The Arians succeeded in making all the Bishops, except four or five, and the Pope's Delegates, subscribe to the worst Arian formula, cunningly presented by the Arian Bishops, Ursacius and Valente ; that is, rejecting the word *Consubstantiale*, and declaring Jesus Christ, the Son of God, to be *equal* to the Father ; in this manner making the Son of God only a creature, although nobler than the others.

Then, as St. Jerome exclaimed, *the whole world cried out with astonishment, seeing itself to have turned Arian.* Here is another evidence that the infallibility of the Church is not in the Bishops, either separately or collectively ; and their signature to the acts "*Definiens subscripsi*" does not mean any infallibility, because they may subscribe to a heresy, as was the case in this Council ; in that of Antioch, subscribing to the Arian heresy, by condemning the word *homousios* (ομοσιον) ; in that of Milan by indirectly condemning the Council of Nice ; in two Councils of Constantinople, in which they subscribed to the doctrine of the *Iconoclasts*, and in several others, which Councils were all rejected by the Pope. But when the Pope puts his signature, then the Council is infallible, the doctrine is the doctrine of the Church, and is obligatory on all the faithful.

This holy Father, St. Jerome, called by the Church, the *Great Doctor*, in that expression clearly professed that the *Infallibility* was not with the Bishops, but only with the Pope, who was absent from Rimini. Except the ordination, he did not find any other thing in Bishops which was not with Priests. "What is it," says he, "that a Bishop does, which a Presbyter cannot do, except ordination?" "Quid enim, excepta ordinatione facit Episcopus, quod non facit Presbyter." (*Hieron: Epist: ad Evagrium*). Nay, in the same Epistle, and in his comment on the first chapter to Titus, this Father's conjecture about the origin of Bishops, is, that having observed that

the name of Bishops and Presbyters are used promiscuously in the Scriptures, and that the Apostles call themselves Presbyters, he concludes "that at first there was no distinction between their offices, but that Apostle, Bishop, and Presbyter, were only different names of the same thing; and that the Churches were then generally governed by a College of Presbyters, equal in rank and dignity to one another. Afterwards, discussions being occasioned by this parity among Presbyters, to remedy this evil it was decreed that one of the Presbyters in every church should be set over the rest, and peculiarly called Bishop." St. John Chrysostom finds little difference between Bishops and Presbyters. In the eleventh Homily on the first Epistle to Timothy, he says that "the reason why the Apostle, having delivered rules for the behaviour of Bishops, immediately proceeds to the Deacons, without mentioning the intermediate order of Presbyters, was this: that there was not a great difference between Bishops and Presbyters; for even Presbyters are instructed to teach and preside over the Church, ... there being scarcely any act of the Episcopal office, which may not be exercised by Presbyters, except ordination." (*S. Chrysostomus Principio Homil. XI. in I Tim:* Διαλεγομενος περι Επισκοπωύ, και Χαρακτηρισας etc. . . .) Theodoret says the same: "The same persons were anciently called Bishops and Presbyters," (*Theodoretus in I Tim: III,* Τες αυτεν εκαλεν ποτε Πρεσβυτερες και Επισκοπες etc.) Other ancient Fathers speak likewise;

so no infallibility was ever acknowledged in the Episcopacy. The Pope being by Divine institution the Vicar of Christ, having jurisdiction over the flock of Christ, it was necessary for him to be infallible. Such necessity does not exist with Episcopacy, because Bishops are to be *confirmed* by the Pope. The church is Papal. *Unum ovile, et unus Pastor.*

It was to St. Peter alone, as Pope, Vicar of Our Saviour, and not to the other Apostles, that was given the commandment to feed His sheep and His lambs, and for whom alone Christ prayed that his faith should never fail. He alone was commanded to confirm his brethren—the Pastors of the Church, either Bishops or Priests. The signature of the Bishops, after that of the Pope, means that they believe the same things with the Pope, and are united with him in the same faith, and in all the regulations, acts, etc., of the Council. The Bishops are obliged to do so, otherwise they would be heretics, but their signature, either single or collective, does not add any intrinsic strength, it only gives extrinsic force to the acts of the Council. If they sign the acts of the Council, before the Pope has appended his signature, as is the case when the Pope does not preside personally, then the acts of the Council express the belief of the Bishops, but not that of the Church. Their belief may be erroneous, as in the above instances, but the belief of the Church can never be erroneous. But when the Pope approves the acts, then their belief is that of the Church. If the

Pope rejects them, as in this case, the Pope, hence the Church, teaches the Bishops that they are in error. The Church is not the assembly of Bishops, even of all the Bishops; but it is the society of the faithful under one head, and the visible head is the Pope alone. He is the only Pastor, because, as the Angelical Doctor says, he has the plenitude of Pontifical power; but the Bishops are selected to bear a portion of the power which belongs to him, like judges appointed over each city.

I left for Turin, where I arrived on the last day of the Carnival, about noon. As I had already visited this beautiful city, I went to see the great fair held in the street from the *Largo del Castello* to the *Piazza of Victor Emmanuel.* It is impossible to attempt to describe it. Both sides of this wide and principal street were lined with venders of every description of articles, besides a circle formed on the *Largo del Castello*, and another in the *piazza.* Everything imaginable was to be found there, and in all the shops of the covered streets on each side. No horses or carriages were allowed, yet the crowd was such that people walking in line were literally packed. In one of the public gardens, there was a jet of water many yards high, the top of which opening like a rose in falling down, formed a beautiful high pillar of water. This pillar appeared to support a colossal statue of Italy, which stood on the top of the jet. Nothing was visible to hold it, except the water. In the evening, the entire street from end to end,

lengthways, was divided by a row of tall, artificial trees, of several species, whose leaves, blossoms and fruits, were formed by jets of gas, which illuminated the streets. The beauty and grand effect of this illumination are beyond all description. The sun was represented by an electric light in the *Largo del Castello*. There was no end to bands of music. . . . Yet no confusion, no quarrels, no swearing, no profane language, no angry words, drunkenness, etc., were to be seen; every one appeared to be content to enjoy themselves, and to let others do the same.

About 11 P. M., we left for Susa, where we arrived the same night. Although it was winter, yet there was not snow enough to cross the Alps on runners, but the diligence connecting the extremities of the Italian and French lines of railways ran on wheels. The snow had disappeared from Piedmont, and vegetation was rapidly progressing. In the south of Italy I observed trees in full bloom, and fields dressed in luxuriant green. The temporary railroad, built on Mont Cenis, had not yet commenced to go into operation; this temporary railroad is to be used till the tunnel through Mont Cenis is finished, which will take from three to four years longer. At daylight we passed the Italian side of the famous Mont Cenis Tunnel, which appears like a large Cyclopean arch.

As we approached the summit of the Alps, the snow was more abundant, and at a certain point we abandoned the wheels, and continued our

journey on runners. Like the other passes of the Alps, there are several houses of refuge to keep the road clear of snow, and give assistance to travelers; and near the top there is a Hospice of the monks of St. Bernard. The winter scenery from the top of the Alps is grand; fields of snow, masses of ice, piled one upon the other. Terrible avalanches, shooting from the sides of mountains, had broken through the cast-iron roofs of the railroad. Angry torrents were forcing their passage through masses of rocks and ice; others leaping from wild glaciers, went roaring, foaming, and turning into ice. I observed many places on the new railroad covered by avalanches; several cast-iron galleries had been smashed by them, while others had entirely disappeared. The scenery was extremely savage and wild, but it was grand, and completely exhibited the majesty and grandeur of the summit of the Alps in the middle of winter. Yet the cold was not very intense; it was not much, compared with that which I have suffered in America. The descent on the other side was frightful and very alarming. The postillion had taken away four horses, and the heavy diligence pulled, or rather checked by two horses, went rushing down the Alps with fearful rapidity. This was not the worst; the turning of the many sharp angles of the zigzag road, going down from a very high and steep mountain, was exceedingly dangerous. It is dreadful to look below into the deep valley, in descending this nearly perpendicular mountain. If a horse should put a

foot wrong, and step beyond the proper space in turning the angles, horses, stage, and passengers would dash down a frightful precipice and be reduced to atoms. It is true that these dangerous places are all protected by railings, and the horses are so experienced that they would not put one foot wrong, yet this case has sometimes happened.

At the frontier, our baggage was examined and I was surprised on hearing the officers calling for the pasports, and they were so strict in their demands, that several passengers had been detained there, till they had received their passports from Florence. I say that I was surprised, because in Europe, excepting in the Roman States, there is no passport demanded ; but the officers remarked, that it was a new regulation from the French Government requiring a passport from every person, except Belgians, Swiss and Germans. This new regulation had not been promulgated by the French representative in foreign countries, hence it is easy to imagine the annoyance, expense, delay, and loss to business men, at the frontiers. I spoke to some gentlemen going on business to London, who had been delayed for a week at the frontiers ; and so with others going to Paris. Napoleon received many a very equivocal compliment for this order, so remarkably *Napoleonic*. I had my American passport, which was examined, and I passed. At St. Michael we took the cars, and after a short time arrived in Lyons.

This city, the centre of manufactures in France, especially in silk, is considered the second in the Empire in point of size and population, which is reckoned to be about 200,000. It is situated at the confluence of the Rhone and Saône. On the top of the heights stands the Church of Notre Dame de *Fourvière*, whose dome supports a colossal copper statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary. This church is esteemed as a sanctuary, and contains the offerings of many persons, presented during the time of the cholera. There is a fine Museum and Observatory. The Hotel de Ville is the place where the Revolutionary Tribunal sat after the siege of Lyons ; and the barbarous cruelty of Collot d' Herbois, who slaughtered thousands of innocent people has never been, and will never be, forgotten.

Lyons is the place where two Œcumenical Councils were celebrated. The object was about the regulation of discipline ; to free the Holy Land from the oppression and persecution of the Saracens ; the union of the Greeks ; and in the Second Council it was decided also that the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father and the Son. It was here that in the Solemn High Mass, celebrated by Pope Gregory X. the *Credo* was sung in Greek, with the particle *Filioque* repeated three times.

I continued my journey to Paris, where I stopped at the same hotel at which I had put up last year. I wrote to America and to my family in Italy. I made several purchases of articles that I would need in America. On Sunday, I cele-

brated Mass in the Chapel *des Missions Etrangers*, and I feel thankful to the kindness of the directors of that church, who, having regard for me as a stranger, allowed me to celebrate during High Mass. The church was so crowded, that it was not possible to pass, without the assistance of the Sexton. I went to the Agent of the *Montreal Ocean Steamship Company*, and learned that the steamer Hibernian was to leave Liverpool for Portland, U. S. A., on the following week, Thursday, March 5th, the same steamer in which I had come from America. I liked that boat and the officers, so I took my passage in it, and the best state room, with the privilege of taking another steamer, if from some cause I should miss sailing in the Hibernian.

I found that the Dieppe and New Haven line was the only one that could issue through tickets to Liverpool, so I procured one from the agent of that line. I intended to start from Paris, on the evening of Monday, March 2d, but the trouble was with my baggage, which was not yet ready, on account of my purchases, some of which were subject to duty ; but those who had charge of my baggage, promised to have it ready in time. Yet, it could not arrive at Liverpool in time for the steamer, even if I sent it by express, as we say in America. The agent was very kind, and offered to send my luggage as baggage, so that it would accompany with me, by delivering it at his office at a stated hour, and paying extra. All my luggage was ready at the proper hour. A gentle-

man, a merchant, went with me to the American Consul, to declare what articles were contained in a large box, and their value; and as it was late, and we were afraid that we should find the Consular Office closed, we arrived there in a high state of perspiration, having been obliged to walk very fast. The clerk of the consulate told the gentleman in French that the American Consul was not in, which was not true; perhaps he meant he was not in for business, as the business hours had expired; and he added that nothing could be done on that day. I heard the voice of another person in an adjoining room, and asked whether that voice was the Consul's. He said, Yes. I went in and spoke to him in French on the subject, and he replied that it being late, nothing could be done; but when I spoke to him in English stating that I was obliged to leave Paris for America that evening, he condescended to our request, and the papers, which cost the merchant nine francs, were made out. One paper was given to me, another sent to Portland, and another was kept on file in the consulate. But all this trouble seemed to have been useless, for when I arrived in Portland I learned from the customs officer that, notwithstanding the invoice which they had received, the box was to be opened, which was done during my absence, and the contents were to be valued in Portland. So much for a Republican government.

All my luggage was at the agent's office at the appointed time. I paid the extra charge and re-

ceived a note, the receipt of the company for the security of my baggage. I was advised to attend to it in New Haven, at the English custom house, and in London. It was my business to transport it from one station to another only in London; all the rest was to be done and attended to by the Company.

I returned to the hotel, settled my bill, and taking the baggage that I had there rode to the station. There I presented my ticket and had my other baggage checked for London. I was not aware that it was marked for a station different from that marked by the agent for my other luggage, an error which I discovered in New Haven. There was nothing remarkable in the journey till I reached London, except that I was obliged to pay again in the steamer from Dieppe to New Haven, notwithstanding my through ticket; but, as I remarked before, I was advised to complain to the agent in New Haven, and my money was returned with the thanks and apology of the Company.

The custom officers, with that politeness for which the English nation is so distinguished, refused to open any of my boxes marked for America, and my other trunks were merely opened, but nothing was disturbed. They discovered the error of my baggage being directed to two different stations in London, and they very kindly offered to correct it for me upon my delivering to them the paper which I held for baggage, the direction of which was to be changed.

It was done so. In London the station master was looking for that baggage whose direction I had changed; it was found all right, and taking all my articles I drove to the station for Liverpool. I went to an eating-house near by and made a good breakfast, of which I stood very much in need.

CHAPTER XVI.

ENGLAND AND THE OCEAN.

OXFORD—LIVERPOOL—BOLTON—EMBARKATION—LOUGH FOYLE—MOVILLE—THE OCEAN—A STORM—COASTS OF NOVA SCOTIA—ACADIA—PORTLAND—CONCLUSION.

I LEFT London for Oxford by the next train. This is the only place that I intended to visit on my way to Liverpool. Oxford is a beautiful city of 36,000 inhabitants, finely located at the confluence of the Cherwell, Thames and Isis. This city is renowned for its University, which is one of the best in the world, and superior even to the famous University of Cambridge. This institution is very ancient, and its origin is not known; but it is believed to have been founded by Alfred the Great. It consists of nineteen colleges and five halls, each of which constitutes an establishment by itself, having its own regulations, professors, students and revenue; yet they are united and governed by one University. They are principally located on the main street, and their magnitude and splendid architecture, with other magnificent buildings and ornamental trees, render this street one of the best in the world. The number and variety of

spires, towers, domes and other public edifices, make a grand and imposing appearance.

I did not stop long, but left for Liverpool directly, enjoying the view of the fine manufacturing cities and towns on the road to Liverpool, where I arrived at nine P.M. the same evening. At the station I found the agent of the steamer, or somebody connected with it, inquiring after me. He had been telegraphed from Paris by the agent in that city, and had very kindly come to the station to meet me. He advised me not to take my luggage, but to leave it at the station till Thursday, the day of the sailing of the Hibernian. I expressed my desire on the next day, which was Wednesday, of going to Bolton, to see some of my friends before leaving Europe. He encouraged me to do so, because Liverpool at that time was full of strangers and swarming with thieves. It was the Liverpool horse-races; hence it was not safe to take my luggage at that hour of the night and look after a hotel. I hired a carriage, and after going through a dozen hotels I succeeded in finding a miserable room in a very ordinary tavern.

Next morning, March 4th, I went to Bolton to see my friend, Rev. Canon Carter, whom I was pleased to find in good health, as also Mrs. Smith, and other of my acquaintances. After dinner, accompanied by the same friends, I went to the station and took my final departing adieus from them. I returned to Liverpool where I found a decent room in a better hotel. After supper I

walked through the city, and not far from St. George's Hall was robbed of my silver watch ; the only thing that I lost during my travels.

Next morning, Thursday, March 5th, it was raining and stormy. I went to a church, not far from the Adelphi Hotel, to prepare myself for crossing the ocean. I then provided myself with a Liverpool watch and went to the steamer office. The agent requested me to change the number of my state room, because that which had been assigned to me by the agent in Paris, under the impression that it was the best, was not the best, to which I was entitled from having paid the highest price, and according to the telegraphic dispatch sent from Paris. On the map of the Hibernian he showed me which was the best state room. Of course I changed it, and we agreed that I should be alone in my state-room. I made a few more purchases in Liverpool ; amongst the rest some wines for the passage, and at two P.M. took all my baggage to the wharf, where I admired the excellent order kept by the police. An officer was stationed at the head of the stairs leading down to the grand and splendid cast-iron floating wharf. I was requested to show what was my destination ; then he called one of the appointed carriers, who in turn convey the baggage, and ordered him to take it down to the wharf at the place of embarkation. He took a printed paper and counted the number of pieces before me, as they were taken down from the carriage, and having marked them on the paper handed it to me

mentioning what I was to pay to them. At three P.M. the steam tender arrived, which took all our luggage, and the first-class passengers, and we went on board the Hibernian. Captain Brown, the excellent commander of the steamer, recognized me and welcomed me on board; and so also did the good-natured and very fat Scotch steward; but the waiters were not the same. My state-room was very good and I had it all to myself.

The weather was very stormy, the wind ahead, promising a continuation of tempests and contrary winds. I asked the captain if he intended to sail in a storm; he said, "Yes! there is no danger to be apprehended. In March we expect nothing but storms, but that is nothing; we have a good boat, only we may take more days on the passage." At five P.M. we sailed, in the midst of a severe storm, anxiously expecting to reach the American shore. Early next morning we passed close to Rachlin Island, where, on account of the continued fogs, the inhabitants seldom see the sun. We rounded the Giant's Causeway and entered into Lough Foyle, opposite Moville, on Friday, March 6th. We stopped there till late in the afternoon. I observed that the fields in Ireland were green, and well cultivated. How different from those of North America, where I expected to find snow several feet deep! The officer who had charge of the sails, foreseeing that we were to encounter a continuation of contrary winds and storms, took in nearly all the sails, the main yards, the top masts and top yards; lowered the masts, and

prepared the steamer to brave the storms. After receiving the mails and passengers from Londonderry in that same old and primitive concern, denominated a tender, and steamer, we left for America. The storm increased and I entered my state-room, where I remained for several days, with a severe spell of seasickness; the most of the passengers were in the same condition. I had the poor consolation to observe that I was not the worst amongst them.

The storm continued for eleven days and gradually increased with the wind always from the west. We passed only one steamer of the same line, coming from America. After three or four days, I tried to drag myself on deck, but it was not safe; the billows dashing against the boat washed on deck fearfully, and it was found necessary to place ropes across the steamer to prevent the officers from being carried overboard. In eleven days we had not made more than 1400 miles, and the storm was growing still worse.

The captain, fearing we might run short of coal, had ordered the fires to be slacked, as it was useless to waste coal without making much progress. All the passengers were more or less sick, but they endeavored to help themselves, except an American, who was so much discouraged that the captain went several times to rouse him from his berth. He had never left his state-room.

Finally several passengers went to arouse and encourage him, and they succeeded in making him get upon deck.

The 12th of the month was the worst. We made only ninety-one miles on that day. The sky was thick and dark, billows broke dreadfully against the boat, which several times was entirely covered by the waves, and the water washed into the cabin and state-rooms. I observed the storm from my bed ; the waves were washing and burying the windows ; and I counted the time of their submersion and emersion. Once I was alarmed ; the steamer was all under water ; I did not see the huge billows clearing the windows ; I observed a continuation of the rushing of water as if we were going down to the bottom. The room was darkened. I could no longer hear the noise made by the engine. I said to myself, "We have foundered!" But thanks to God and to the Blessed Virgin, I saw once more the water leaving the windows ; the steamer had emerged again from the deep.

The next day the weather was still worse. I observed the steward shaking his head, and saying, "It is bad weather!" I ventured to go on deck, to see the wild scenery of the madly infuriated ocean, which was beyond description. Gigantic waves like huge mountains were rolling with grandeur and terror, and their foaming crests, at a distance, reminded me of the sublimity of the snow-capped Alps, which I had witnessed just last month from the summit of Mount Cenis. The deep, solemn roaring was deafened only by the piercing shrill whistle of the wind, furiously blowing against the cordage and masts of the steamer.

These frowning billows, after having dashed fearfully against the boat, and shaken it in every compartment, opened a deep and frightful valley, gaping at us, and ready to swallow our boat, which, after emerging from this abyss of water, was again lifted upon the crest of the next enormous rolling billow, and it made us look up at an ominous sky, overcast with angry and dark clouds hanging over our heads, throwing spits of rain and snow, and turning the day into night. Majestic as was this scenery, I would not like to see it again. The sailors said they had seen no worse weather but once only, and that was when the ship they were on was sinking. But thanks to God and to St. Patrick, whose statue was on the head of the Hibernian, on the 17th day, St. Patrick's Day! the wind changed, and we made 300 miles on that day. We had fine weather for the rest of the voyage, and were soon on the Grand Bank, teeming with ducks. On the 19th we discovered land on the coast of Nova Scotia, and went close by Sable Island, which is an immense bank of sand (*sable* in French). We passed in sight of the sandy south-west coast of Nova Scotia.

This peninsula was discovered by John Cabot in 1497, and is believed to have been the first land discovered on the Continent of North America. The French who first settled it named it *Acadia*, but the English changed that name to *Nova Scotia*, when in 1621 it was granted to Sir W. Alexander. The name of *Acadia* has

puzzled, and does yet puzzle antiquarians. It is an Indian word of the Micmac tribes, meaning *our dwellings*, or *where we live*.

It was not the name which the Indians called it, but it was called so by the French, who hearing the Indians saying *Akadie* (we live there, there are our dwellings), very naturally took that expression for the name of the country. On the afternoon of Saturday, the 20th of the month, we entered the harbor of Portland.

I feel particularly thankful to Divine Providence for the happy accomplishment of my long journey and pilgrimage. Nothing of any consequence happened to mar it, and my object was satisfactorily accomplished, with the exception of the appropriation for the Indian Missions from the Propagation of the Faith in France, because there was a rule that nothing could be given to any person except the Bishops.

A journey to the East is not exempt from danger, especially to a person travelling alone. Besides his purse a traveller must have other stores. Good temper and a disposition to fall into the manners of the place are most necessary. A good amount of forbearance and respect for the customs of the country are indispensable ; and a remembrance that there must be *ups* and *downs* will assist the traveller to avoid quarrels and unpleasant moments. Prudence and gentlemanly manners give more comfort and pleasure, than to have one's own way, which costs much and is worth little. A traveller of such disposition will

never be alone, and his company is rendered desirable in the best society.

END OF VOL II.

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